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SHAKESPEARE, William

SHAKESPEARE'S PRINCIPAL PLAYS

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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Shakespeare

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PREFATORY NOTE

The restriction of this volume to the twenty plays most commonly read and most frequently acted has permitted the use of a type of comfortable size and the inclusion of introductory and explanatory matter without which the plays can hardly be understood by the ordinary reader. Since Shakespeare's time, words have fallen out of current use or taken on new meaning, customs and institutions have changed, and the methods of stage representation have been revolutionized. Without burdening the reader with superfluous antiquarianism, the editors have endeavored to supply such information as would be of help and interest.

In the introduction to each play a somewhat fuller account of its stage history has been included than has hitherto been usual in editions of this scope, and particular attention has been given to the important Shakespearean revivals, on both sides of the Atlantic, of the last hundred years. Information as to recent performances is not easy of access, and this is possibly the reason why editors in the past, while giving due space to nineteenth century criticism, have omitted or slighted performances which, often remarkable in themselves, are surely worthy of record as restoring Shakespeare to the stage free from the additions and corruptions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In this connection the editors wish to acknowledge with hearty thanks the kindness with
essor Talcott Williams, Director of the School of Journalism of Colum
put at their disposal his unique collection of English and American r
which is specially rich in Shakespearean references.

The text is in general based on that of the First Fo
The original stage directions have been, as far as
editors enclosed in square brackets; where th
significant, they have been included, s

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

SOURCES OF THE PLOT—While Shakespeare's
e of his material in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
profoundly original, the threads interwoven in the
ot were already familiar to Elizabethan readers.
r Thomas North's translation of Plutarch (first
blished in 1579) mentions in the *Life of Theseus*
e marriage of that hero with the Amazon Queen
ippolyta and his love affairs with Perigouna,
gles, Ariadne, and Antiopa, referred to in II. i.
-80. Chaucer had made Duke Theseus a leading
rsonage of his popular *Knight's Tale,* and had de-
ribed how on a hunting expedition on a May morn
heseus had found two lovers fighting for the hand
a fair lady. The names Ægeus, Lysander, and
emetrius are found in Plutarch, and Philostrate is
e name assumed by Arcite in disguise in the
night's Tale. As Chaucer made Theseus a hero of
edieval chivalry, Shakespeare made him an Eliza-
ethan nobleman, and his marriage is celebrated in
e Elizabethan manner, "with pomp, with triumph,
nd with revelling," in which Bottom and his com-
anions, obviously Shakespeare's contemporaries, fall
nto their appropriate places. The story of Pyramus
nd Thisbe, which forms the subject of their "very
ragical mirth," was a commonplace of classical
nythology, to be found in Shakespeare's favorite
Ovid, in Chaucer, and in many other authors.

The combination of these two groups of courtiers
nd clowns with the fairies was a master stroke of
nvention, though some hint had been given for it in
he introduction of fairies by Lyly in his classical
play *Endymion* (pr. 1591). Lyly's fairies dance and
sing, but they take a subordinate part in the plot
and are not individualized. Oberon indeed had been
mentioned by name as "King of Fayries" in Greene's
Scottish History of James IV, but he serves merely
as presenter of the play and stays outside of the
action. This play was entered in the Stationers'
Registers for publication on May 14, 1594, and our
earliest printed copy is dated 1598, but it must have
been written before Greene's death in 1592, and it
was probably acted about 1590. Oberon's literary
genealogy is easily traced. He is the Alberich (elf-
king) whom we know in German mythology as the
guardian of the treasure of the Nibelungs, and passed
under the name Alberon or Auberon into French
romance, where he appears, first in verse and then in
prose, as "the king of fairyland," situated somewhere
in the far East. Lord Berners' English translation,
The Book of Duke Huon of Bordeaux, first printed
about 1534, gave the fairy king the name of Oberon,
and doubtless formed the foundation of the play of
Huon of Bordeaux, acted in 1593-4, and now lost.
Spenser connects Oberon's name with Huon's at the
beginning of Book II of *The Faerie Queene* (1590)
and the fairy king under the name of Auberon was
a character in an entertainment offered to Queen
Elizabeth at Elvetham in Hampshire in 1591. There
are contemporary references to other fairy plays, but
it is most likely that the suggestion came to Shake-
speare by way of Lyly, whose device of mythological
compliment to Queen Elizabeth is used in *A Mid-
summer Night's Dream,* II. i. 155-164, and whose
presentation of *The Woman in the Moone* as "a poet's
dream" is recalled in the title of Shakespeare's play
as well as in Puck's epilogue and other passages.

Spenser gave his fairy queen the name of Tanaquil
or Gloriana, and identified her with Queen Elizabeth.
Shakespeare probably chose the name Titania because
he liked it; it is a Latin adjective, meaning "titan-
born," applied by Ovid to Diana, who was identified
by Shakespeare's contemporaries with the queen of
the fairies. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, as he is in-
differently called in the play, belongs to native folk-
lore rather than to classical or romantic tradition.
Puck is a general term rather than a proper name,
and it is to be noted that in the final speech of the
play Robin describes himself as "the Puck"; Shake-
speare doubtless used the word "Puck" in the stage
directions to indicate Robin Goodfellow just as he
used the word "Clown" to indicate Bottom. It is the
same word as Devonshire "pixie" and Scottish
"pauky," and has numerous analogues in European
languages signifying a sprite or hobgoblin. Robin
Goodfellow was the familiar English name for a mis-
chievous but helpful fairy. Before Shakespeare,
several writers had put on record the popular beliefs
that Robin skimmed the cream from the milk bowls,
threw down the pewter dishes if they were not well
scoured, pinched maids in their sleep that swept not

their houses clean, ground malt and mustard, swept houses at midnight for a mess of white bread and milk, danced in rounds in green meadows, and led poor travelers out of their way notoriously.

DATE—All that is certainly known of the date of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is that it was in existence in 1598, when Francis Meres included it in his published list of six comedies and six tragedies he ascribed to Shakespeare. A plausible conjecture has connected Titania's description of the results of her quarrel with Oberon (II. i. 88-117) with the exceptionally bad weather which prevailed in England in 1594; and it is to this or the following year that the critics have been generally inclined to assign the play on grounds of versification, construction, characterization, and the like. In its exuberant lyrical note, of which the abundance of rhyme is merely the technical expression, the comedy is most closely connected with *Romeo and Juliet,* and the two plays, in subject as well as treatment, have more in common than appears at first sight. Both deal with star-crossed lovers, and it can hardly be a mere coincidence that the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe" treats the same theme in burlesque. There are curious echoes from one play to the other, as if Shakespeare had both in mind, or was actually engaged in writing both, at the same time. Lysander's lines (I. i. 134–149) are an admirable setting forth of the subject of *Romeo and Juliet,* and Juliet uses the very same metaphor in the lines:—

"Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens."

Mercutio's famous Queen Mab speech suggests that Shakespeare's mind was still occupied with fairy pranks, and that the young poet could not resist the temptation to weave into the new product of his imagination a piece of the gorgeous web lying over from his last work.

STAGE HISTORY—The varying fortunes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a stage play cast curious sidelights not only on the history of the theatre and the variations of public taste, but upon changes of national importance. Allusions by Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors show that the play was exceedingly popular up to the time of the closing of the theatres by the Puritans. The interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe was imitated by the students of St. John's College, Oxford, in a burlesque entitled *Narcissus, a Twelfth Night Merriment* (1602); Ben Jonson took some hints from the fairy scenes for *The Masque of Oberon the Fairy Prince* (1611) and some from Bottom and his companions for the "Dance of Mechanics" in *Love's Welcome: the King and Queen's Entertainment at Bolsover* (1634). In 1631 the ass's head became a political issue, and the actor of Bottom's part was condemned to wear it publicly in the stocks at the gate of the Bishop of Lincoln, who was accused by his Puritan enemies of having *A Midsummer Night's Dream* acted privately in his own house on a Sunday evening. The Commonwealth banished the fairies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* along with other superstitions, but the "humours" of Bottom the Weaver were still presented "by stealth, under pretence of rope-dancing or the like." Meanwhile Peter Quince and his fellows had crossed the sea, no doubt in the repertory of the English traveling companies, and had given the German dramatist Andreas Gryphius material for a *Schimpfspiel* or *Pasquinade* entitled *Absurda Comica oder Herr Peter Squentz,* printed in 1663. This may have been directly imitated from "The Merry conceited Humours of Bottom the Weaver, as it hath been often publikely acted by some of his Majesties Comedians, and lately privately presented by several apprentices for their harmless recreation, with great applause," which was published in 1661, immediately after the Restoration of Charles II, along with other pieces of the same character, as an appropriate means of expressing "the general mirth that is likely very suddenly to happen about the King's Coronation." Next year Pepys saw the whole play, and his verdict on it is characteristic of the taste of the time:—"To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life."

Thirty years later, in 1692, *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* under the title *The Fairy Queen,* began a long and variegated career as an opera. Purcell, the greatest of English musicians, composed the instrumental and vocal parts, there were elaborate dances, and the scenery and mechanical effects surpassed anything seen before. "The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfied with it; but the expenses in setting it out being so great, the company got very little by it." In the main, the action of the play is preserved, but the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe having been transferred to Act II, its place in Act V is taken by an elaborate masque, including a duet between a Chinese and a "Chinese-woman" and a dance by six monkeys. In other parts of the play additional attractions are introduced in the shape of

ree drunken poets, the Indian boy, two great drag-s, two swans who turn into fairies and dance, four vages, a troop of fawns, dryads and naiads. "Pyramus and Thisbe" was the title of "a comic asque" presented in 1716, and of a "mock opera" rformed in 1745 at Covent Garden. David Gar-k was responsible for "The Fairies. An opera ken from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. As it is rformed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. ne songs from Shakespeare, Milton, Waller, Dryden, ansdowne, Hammond, etc." (1755). In this version e "rude mechanicals" did not appear, and the play derwent further mutilation at the hands of Col-n a few years later. For the next half century akespeare's comedy held the stage only in the guise a rude farce, from which "Theseus and all the rious characters" were omitted. F. Reynolds in 16 claimed the credit of "restoring to the stage the st, the divine drama of *A Midsummer Night's ream*" for a performance at the Theatre Royal, ovent Garden; but his version is still very far from llowing the original. Passages are transposed, mitted, inserted, new songs are introduced together ith a dance during which the Indian Boy is brought orward, and the play closes with a recitative by lermia, "Warriors! March on! March on!", fol-wed by a grand pageant commemorative of the riumphs of Theseus and the chorus:—"His fame —Proclaim—And sound—Around—Great Theseus' ame!"

Modern revivals must date from the performance f Tieck's *Sommernachts-traum* at the Berlin Royal heatre in 1827 in the presence of King Frederic Villiam IV and all the notabilities of the Prussian apital. Mendelssohn conducted the orchestra and is overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was erformed for the first time. Shakespeare finally ame to his own again on the English stage soon fter the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1856 harles Kean revived the play in its original form t the Princess Theatre in London. The part of Puck was assigned to "a blond roguish girl about ten years ld, who under the name of Ellen Terry was o be a favorite interpreter of Shakespearean parts o English-speaking audiences for half a century. Bottom was played by Harley, one of the leading omic actors of the day, whose last words on his death-bed a few years later were a quotation from this part, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." Bottom was esteemed the greatest comic char-acter of Phelps, who conducted a notable series of Shakespearean revivals at the little theatre at Sad-ler's Wells, Islington, from 1844 to 1862. His pro-duction of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1853 was also remarkable for the use of gas for the first time as a stage illuminant and the introduction of a diaphanous blue net, the same size as the act-drop, without a seam, to give a "misty effect" to the fairy scenes. More recent productions have made further advances in scenic illusion, for which the modern developments of stage machinery, decoration, and lighting give ample opportunity. In the early nine-ties *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of the most successful plays in the repertory of F. R. Ben-son's company, which acted at the Globe Theatre in London, and made extensive tours in the English provinces; a revival by Charles Calvert, at Man-chester, Eng., was also very successful. In 1901 Beerbohm Tree gave a splendid performance in Lon-don with himself as Bottom and Lottie Freear as Puck, and he repeated the triumph ten years later with Arthur Bourchier in the great comic part, Puck being taken less successfully by a boy actor. An-other notable English Bottom of recent years was Oscar Ashe. Granville Barker's production at the Savoy in 1914 was a triumph of gorgeous decorative-ness—fairies all gold against a background of green and purple with Puck as a single patch of scarlet. This remained unrivalled until Christmas, 1925, when Basil Dean put on a "radiantly beautiful" setting at Drury Lane, with dances by Fokine to Men-delssohn's music. The open air performances of Ben Greet's company were long familiar to college students on both sides of the Atlantic.

The first performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in America took place at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1826; it was revived at the same theatre in 1841 with Charlotte Cushman as Oberon. William E. Burton achieved a triumph in the character of Bottom in a magnificent setting at his New York Theatre in 1854, and at the same time a rival repre-sentation of the comedy was given at the Broadway Theatre. A revival at Laura Keene's New York theatre in 1859, with William Rufus Blake as Bot-tom, was a failure; but Joseph Jefferson's production at the same theatre (then called the Olympic) ran for a hundred nights in 1867-8. J. L. Fox gave a famous portrayal of Bottom and repeated it in Au-gustin Daly's production at the Grand Opera House, New York, in 1873. Daly's Theatre, New York, saw a revival of unprecedented splendor in 1888. Little of the original text was omitted, but there were some transpositions for the sake of stage effects, the most noteworthy being the gathering of fairies with glim-

mering fireflies at the close of Act III, and the voyage of the barge of Theseus to Athens from the wood at the end of Act IV. The Astor Theatre in New York opened with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1906 (Annie Russell as Puck) but the setting was adjudged less magnificent than that of eighteen years earlier. Open air performances were given at Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J., under the direction of Mrs. C. C. Goodrich, in 1916, and at Hollywood Bowl, California, before 8,000 spectators, with a notable cast, in 1922. Representations in New York by High School girls in 1914 and by marionettes in 1920 show the play's lasting appeal to youth.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is a favorite play with German audiences, and the setting by Max Reinhardt in Berlin in 1905 is still remembered, though an attempt at Düsseldorf in 1911 to outvie it perhaps holds the record for general gorgeousness and ingenious stage effects. There were competing revivals—one by Max Reinhardt—at Vienna in 1925. The play has been translated into all the principal European languages and is often acted.

CRITICAL COMMENT—Dr. Johnson remarked, "I know not why Shakespeare calls this play 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day;"—to which the obvious answer is that the poet may imagine events as happening at another season than that which he conceives as suitable for the dream itself to occur. Dr. Johnson further objected to the combination of "the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta with the gothic mythology of fairies" as an example of Shakespeare's practice of giving "to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility." But, on the whole, the judgment of the great eighteenth century critic was favorable. "Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed." The critics of the Romantic Movement naturally approached the play with less condescension and more enthusiasm. Hazlitt (*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, 1817) carefully analyzes the personal characteristics of Bottom and his companions, commends the infinite delicacy and subtlety of the portrayal of the fairies, and draws attention to the various beauty of the lyrics and the blank verse. In his opinion "all that is finest in the play is lost in the representation," and this appears to have been the common view in the first half of the nineteenth century, before th period of the modern revivals. Edgar Allan P wrote: "When I am asked for a definition of poetr I think of Titania and Oberon of the *Midsumm Night's Dream.*" Hartley Coleridge said: "It is a poetry, and sweeter poetry was never written." A recent editors are enthusiastic in their admiration.

German appreciation dates from the translation b Wieland in 1762. Tieck in his notes on Schlegel translation started the notion that the play was writ ten in imitation of masque and anti-masque for th wedding of some nobleman, and this idea was after wards elaborately developed by Elze, despite the fac that at the time the play was written the anti-masqu was unknown, and the masque was merely a danc in costume, without any dramatic elements. Simroc in *Shakespeare's Sources* dived deep into fairy myth ology. On the whole, German criticism has con tributed less to the elucidation of *A Midsumme Night's Dream* than to that of almost any othe Shakespearean play.

TEXT—The text of this issue is founded on tha of the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays pub lished with the authority of his friends and fellow actors Heming and Condell in 1623, seven years after his death, and subsequently known as the First Folio They appear to have given to the printers a stage copy of an edition of the play which had been pub lished not long before with the title: *"A Midsommer nights dreame.* As it hath been sundry times pub likely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts, 1600." Re cent investigation tends to show that this date of 1600 was intended to mislead, this edition being really issued in 1619; it was obviously reprinted from an earlier edition of 1600, printed for Thomas Fisher, who obtained a license for its publication on Oct. 8 of that year from the Stationers' Company. The two quartos show some slight differences from the folio text, and are sometimes more correct; important variations from the first folio adopted in this issue on the authority of the quartos or suggested by later editors are recorded in the Notes at the end of the play, Q_1 signifying the Fisher quarto, and Q_2 that of Roberts; F indicates the reading of the first folio; the later folios are reprints of the first, and their mistakes and corrections are alike disregarded. For the sake of convenience in reference, the Globe numbering of lines is retained.

C.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

[Scene: Athens, and a wood near it.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Theseus, duke of Athens.

Egeus, father to Hermia.

Lysander, } in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, }

Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus.

Quince, a carpenter, }
Bottom, a weaver, }
Flute, a bellows-mender, } presenting
Snout, a tinker, }
Snug, a joiner, }
Starveling, a tailor, }

- Prologue.
- Pyramus.
- Thisbe.
- Wall.
- Lion.
- Moonshine.

Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, king of the fairies.

Titania, queen of the fairies.

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.

Peaseblossom, }
Cobweb, }
Moth, } fairies.
Mustardseed, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.]

ACT FIRST

[Scene I.—*Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, [Philostrate,] with others.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*]
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth.
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness and, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens.
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god,
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is.
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius,
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along;

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.
Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
Lys. Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny.
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revénue, and she hath no child.
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance for a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
(In number more than ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves you fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort. He no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me;
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow! Pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. *Exit Herm.*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! *Exit Lysander.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.
Ex

[SCENE II.—*Quince's house.*]

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joine Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mende Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Tailo

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, ma by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's nam which is thought fit through all Athens t play in our interlude before the Duke and th Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the pla treats on, then read the names of the actors and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, *The most lamentabl comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus an Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, cal forth your actors by the scroll. Masters spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

'The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.'

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

tin. Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

u. Here, Peter Quince.

tin. You must take Thisby on you.

u. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

tin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

u. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

tin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

ot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne! Thisne!' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

uin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

ot. Well, proceed.

uin. Robin Starveling the tailor.

ar. Here, Peter Quince.

uin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout the tinker.

nout. Here, Peter Quince.

uin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug the joiner, you, the lion's part; and I hope here is a play fitted.

nug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

uin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

ot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

uin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ll. That would hang us, every mother' son.

ot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you and 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND

[Scene I.—*The Palace wood a mile without the town.*]

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Robin Goodfellow at another.

Robin. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Robin. The King doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Robin. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter the King of Fairies [Oberon] at one door with his train; and the Queen [Titania] at another with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
Hath every petty river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock,
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.

The human mortals want their winter here.
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order,
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
Exit [*Titania with her train*].

Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music?

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
[*Exit Dem*
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wo
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. *Exi*
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leav
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wan
derer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*A bank of thyme, oxlips, and other wild flowers in the wood.*]

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence,
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

1. Fairy.] 'You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.'

Cho.] 'Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So, good night, with lullaby.'

2. Fairy. 'Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.'

Cho.] 'Philomel, with melody,' etc.

1. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.*] *Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon [*and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids*].

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart can you make of it;
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off, in human modesty;
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear!
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. *Exit.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Awaking.*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena now I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! *Exit*
Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there,
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight. *Exit*
Her. [*Awaking.*] Help me, Lysander, help me do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? Speak, and if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately. *Exit.*

ACT THIRD

[SCENE I.—*As in the last scene, Titania lying asleep.*]

Enter the Clowns [*Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling*].

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake

our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

ot. Peter Quince!

uin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

ot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

nout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

tar. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

ot. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, 'Ladies,' or 'Fair ladies, I would wish you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac! Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake. And so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin [*Goodfellow, behind*].

Robin. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. 'Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,'—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. —— 'odours savours sweet,
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear.'
Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Exit.*]

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. 'Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.'

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter. Your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—'As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.'

[*Re-enter Puck, and Bottom, with an ass's head.*]

Bot. 'If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.'

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

Exeunt [*Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling*].

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn.
Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*]

Enter Peter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

'The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.'—

Tita. [*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me fro
my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings.*]

'The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.'—

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolis
a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, thoug
he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtues, force perforce, dot
move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have littl
reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, rea
son and love keep little company together now
a-days; the more the pity that some hones
neighbours will not make them friends. Nay
I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough t
get out of this wood, I have enough to serv
mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt o
no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the
deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost
sleep.
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth [*and*] *Mustardseed.*

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*The palace wood.*]

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.

Enter Puck.

How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He 'murder' cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me; would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood.
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lies down [*and sleeps*].

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple dye
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

[*They stand aside.*] *Enter Lysander and Helena.*

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Waking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;—
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to that sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think. It cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse,
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this? [*clinging to him.*]

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no, sir;
Seem to break loose. Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?
Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated poison, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. [*releasing Lysander.*] What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! Nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not.
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.
[*Exit.*]
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit.*]

Oberon and Puck [*step forth*].

Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue;
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay.
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speak again!
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on.
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I;
I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
Shifting places
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
Lies down.
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*]

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Robin. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.
Sleeps.

Robin. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Robin. On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[*Exit, leaving the lovers asleep.*]

ACT FOURTH

[Scene I.—*The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia still lying asleep.*]

Enter Titania, and Bottom, and Fairies, and Oberon behind them.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?
Peas. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.
Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?
Mus. Ready.
Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.
Mus. What's your will?
Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?
Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let us have the tongs and the bones.
Music. Tongs. Rural music.
Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be always away.
[*Exeunt fairies.*]
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Obe. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

[*Touching her eyes.*]

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen!

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

Music, still.

Robin. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Robin. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

Sleepers lie still. Exeunt [*Oberon, Titania, and Robin Goodfellow*]. *Horns winded* [*within*].

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and all his train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and they wake. Shout within; they all start up.

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord: you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair Helena in fancy followed me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;
But like a sickness did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

Exeunt Duke and Lords.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

Bottom wakes. Exeunt lovers.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and

left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit.

[SCENE II.—*Quince's house.*]

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Snout. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon'; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug the Joiner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words. Away! away!

Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

[SCENE I.—*The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords [and Attendants].

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true; I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!
Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe.
Make choice of which your Highness will see first. [*Giving a paper.*]
The. [*Reads.*] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [*Exit Philostrate.*]
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do, [yet would,]
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. *Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter the Prologue, Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a trumpet before them. Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush o
thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you wi
know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scor
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there t
woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth di
stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefu
blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling blood
breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all th
rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twai
At large discourse, while here they do remain

Exeunt all but Wall

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter Pyramus.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall through whom I see no bliss!
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

e. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

r. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

is. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

yr. I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,
To spy and I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

his. My love thou art, my love I think.

yr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

his. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

yr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

his. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

yr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

his. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

yr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

his. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

'all. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Exit.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.
Hip. I am weary of this moon. Would he would change!
The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lys. Proceed, Moon.
Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. Oh——

The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, Lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.
Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle. Exit.*]

The. Well moused, Lion.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, you Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.
Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lion frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dam
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop. [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled,
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light,
Moon, take thy flight, [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*
Dem. No die but an ace, for him; for he is but one.
Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.
The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.
Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thisbe.

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.
Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.
Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.
Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.
Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—
This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my love?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan.
His eyes were green as leeks

O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

[*Draws the dagger of Pyramus and stabs herself.*]

And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends.
Adieu! adieu! adieu! [*Dies.*]

e. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

m. Ay, and Wall too.

ot. [*Starting up.*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

e. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*]
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels and new jollity.

Exeunt.

Enter Puck.

uck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

[*Song and dance.*]

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Song [*and dance*].

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be,
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*]

Robin. If we shadows have offended,

Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long,
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Exit.*

FINIS

NOTES

The 'Names of the characters,' omitted in Q (the quartos) and F (the first folio), were supplied by later editors, who also made the divisions into scenes, and amplified the stage-directions. These later additions are enclosed in square brackets.

ACT I

I. 1-11 The four days and four nights here said to separate the noble lovers from their marriage are not borne out by the conduct of the action, which seems to require only three days, or at most four days and three nights. Ingenious attempts have been made to interpolate a day, which Furness would place at the end of Act II and Fleay at the end of Act III, where the folio stage direction reads: 'They sleepe all the act.' But it seems simpler to suppose that Shakespeare was no more precise about the time in this play than in others.
5 dowager, a widow whose dower or annuity is a charge upon the revenue from an estate.
10 New-bent] Rowe; Now bent Q F.
15 companion, fellow (used to express contempt).
33 gawds, trinkets, toys.
54 In this case lacking your father's support.
70 livery, any distinctive dress. Cf. II. i. 113.
71 mew'd, confined, shut in.
80 patent, privilege.
81 lordship, control; whose, unto whose.
98 estate, grant.
100 possess'd, endowed with possessions.
106 to his head, to his face.
110 spotted, corrupt, the opposite of 'spotless.
113 self-affairs, my own private affairs.
131 beteem, allow, or, perhaps, pour forth.
132 Ay me!] Q; *om.* F.
134-149 For parellelism with *Romeo and Juliet*, see Introduction.
136 low] Theobald; loue Q F.
137 misgraffed, ill grafted, ill matched.
139 friends] Q; merit F.
145 collied, coal-black.
146 spleen, fit of passion.
155 fancy, love.
160 respects, regards.
167 observance, Chaucer's term for the English custom of celebrating May Day by gathering flowers and branches of trees, ascribed by him to the Athenian characters of the *Knight's Tale*.
173 the Carthage queen, the Carthaginian queen Dido, deserted by the 'false Trojan,' Æneas.
183 lode-stars, stars to steer by, like the pole-star.
186 favour, countenance, features.
190 bated, excepted.
191 translated, transformed. Cf. III. i. 122, ii. 32.
200 no fault] Q_1; none Q_2 F.
209 Phœbe, Diana, the moon.
216 sweet] Theobald; sweld Q F.
219 strange companies] Theobald; strange companions Q F.
232 holding no quantity, of no intrinsic value.
242 eyne, eyes.
249 a dear expense, a great sacrifice with very little return, a bad bargain.

ii. 3 scrip, list.
31 Ercles, Hercules, a favorite ranting character of the early English stage, perhaps taken over from Seneca's *Hercules Furens*.
37 Phibbus' car, the chariot of Phœbus, the sun.
67 here] Q; there F.
69 if it] Q; *om.* F.
85 you] Q; *om.* F.
114 hold or cut bow-strings, in any event.

ACT II

i. 9 orbs, the circles of darker grass once called 'fairy-rings,' but now ascribed to fungi.
26 perforce, by force.
30 square, quarrel.
34-59 For the traditional tricks of Robin Goodfellow, see Introduction.
36 quern, hand-mill for grinding corn.
38 barm, yeast.
48 crab, crab-apple.

dewlap, loose skin about the throat. Cf. IV. i. 6.
aunt, old woman.
quire, company.
neeze, sneeze.
Fairies] Theobald; Fairy Q F.
38 Corin and Phillida (or Phillis) were the traditional lovers of pastoral poetry.
80 Perigenia (or Perigouna), Ægle (or Ægles, the early texts here all reading *Eagles*), Ariadne and Antiopa are all mentioned in Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* as translated by North. See Introduction.
spring, beginning.
continents, containing banks.
corn, wheat.
murrion, afflicted with murrain, or plague.
nine men's morris, a game similar to 'fox and geese,' played with holes made in the turf, the 'men' consisting of stones or pegs.
thorough] Q_1; through Q_2 F. So above 3, 5.
childing, productive.
liveries. See note on I. i. 70.
chide, quarrel.
168 There has been a super-abundance of discussion about these lines, in which many critics discern an elaborate court allegory, after the manner of Lyly. Undoubtedly a compliment to Queen Elizabeth is intended in lines 161-164, and it is possible that particular reference is made to an attack upon her affections by the Earl of Leicester at the entertainment he offered her at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. During the festivities Triton appeared 'in the likeness of a mermaid,' and on the water there were fireworks and a dolphin artificially constructed with musical instruments concealed inside. The language of the text bears some striking resemblances to contemporary accounts of the festivities; Kenilworth is so near Stratford that Shakespeare must have heard of them, though he was only eleven years old at the time, and it is not improbable that he saw them, as the celebration and the Queen's presence naturally drew spectators from all the country-side.
love-in-idleness, the *viola tricolor*, or pansy.
round] Q_1; *om.* Q_2 F.
wood, mad. Punning was in fashion, and Shakespeare often indulged in it in his early plays.
adamant, loadstone, magnet.
you] Q_1; thee Q_2 F.
use] Q; doe F.
respect, regard.
the field] Q_1; and field Q_2 F.
I 'll] Q; I F.
weed, garment.

roundel, a dance in a ring.
cankers, worms. Cf. III. ii. 282.
rere-mice, bats.
offices, duties.
newts, small water lizards found in English brooks and ponds.
our] Q_1; your Q_2 F.
ounce, lynx.
31 pard, leopard.
71 weeds, garments.
79 owe, own, possess.
86 darkling (adv.), in the dark.
104 here] Rowe; her F; *om.* Q.
140 they] Q; that F.
150 you] Q; yet F.
154 of all loves, a pretty oath used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

ACT III

i. 5 tiring-house, dressing-room.
14 lakin, Ladykin, the Virgin. parlous, perilous.
25 eight and six. A line of fourteen syllables is frequently used in early drama.
46 them] Q; him F.
55-59 This moonlight, as well as that by which Quince at the end of Act I proposes to rehearse, is not altogether consistent with the waning moon of the opening lines of the play; but see note on I. i. 1-11.
97 juvenal, an affected word meaning 'a young man.'
122 translated. See note on I. i. 191.
128 ousel, blackbird.
131 with] Q; and F.
134 plain-song, air without contrapuntal variations, which were called 'descant.' The English cuckoo has only two notes, usually a minor third sung downwards. It was popularly supposed in Elizabeth's time to cast opprobrium on husbands for their wives' infidelity.
142 This line is misplaced after 144 in Q_2 F.
150 gleek, jest.
165 F omits this line, adding 'and four Fairies' to the stage direction printed in our text.
190 squash, a soft, unripe peascod.
205 enforced, violated.
206 loves] Pope; lovers Q F.

ii. 5 night-rule, frolic.
9 patches, fools or tatterdemalions. mechanicals, mechanics.
13 barren sort, dull company. Cf. 21.
17 nole, head.
19 mimic, actor.
21 russet, gray or brown. choughs, jackdaws.
32 translated. See note on I. i. 191.
36 latch'd, anointed, charmed.
71 worm, serpent. adder, viper.
74 mispris'd mood, mistaken fancy.
80 so] Pope; *om.* Q F.
90 misprision, mistake.
96 cheer, countenance.
119 alone, in itself.
122-135 The balanced rhymes of these speeches, followed by rhymed couplets, and afterwards by blank verse, should be compared with the sonnet Romeo and Juliet interchange at their first meeting and the blank verse that closes the first act of that play.
129 devilish-holy. For a more elaborate example of the same kind of rhetorical antithesis, see *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 180-186.
167 till] Q_1; to Q_2 F.

173 **Helen**] Q_1; *om.* Q_2 F.
175 **aby**, pay for. F misprints *abide.*
188 **oes**, circles, spangles.
195 **injurious**, insulting.
203 **artificial gods**, divine artificers.
204 **needles**, pronounced as one syllable and perhaps written by Shakespeare 'neelds.'
213 **the first**, i. e., bodies.
like] Theobald; life Q F.
214 In heraldry the shield bearing the coats of arms of two married persons is surmounted by the husband's crest.
250 **prayers**] Theobald; praise Q F.
268 **A weak bond.** Hermia's arms still encircle Lysander.
279 **doubt**] Pope; of doubt Q F.
282 **canker-blossom.** See note on II. ii. 3.
286-305 Evidently Hermia is short of stature, dark of complexion (line 257) and shrewish in disposition; Helena is tall and fair (line 296) and timid.
300 **curst**, shrewish, ill-tempered.
302 **right**, true, absolute.
317 **fond**, foolish.
329 **knot-grass**, supposed to retard growth.
332 **intend**, profess.
334 **aby.** See note on III. ii. 175.
339 **coil**, confusion, turmoil.
344 F omits this line.
346 **wilfully**] Q; willingly F.
352 **sort**, fall out, happen.
380 **Aurora's harbinger**, the morning star.
383 **crossways.** Suicides were buried at crossroads.
flood. People drowned at sea also lacked the protecting power of the last rites and burial in consecrated ground.
425 **now**] Q_1; *om.* Q_2 F.
461-3 Proverbial expressions of the time.

The final stage direction of this act in the Folio reads, 'They sleepe all the Act.' See note on I. i. 1-11. Some transition was needed from the darkness of this scene to the morning light of the next act.

ACT IV

i. In the first part of this scene Bottom is called 'Clown' in all the early texts.
2 **amiable**, lovely. **coy**, fondle.
20 **neaf**, fist.
25 **Cavalery Cobweb** is evidently here confused with Peaseblossom; but the confusion may be intentionally ascribed to Bottom.
35 **bottle**, a small bundle, weighing from 2½ to 5 lbs. Cf. 'to look for a needle in a bottle of hay.'
41 **stir**, disturb.
45 **woodbine**, bindweed or convolvulus; also, and more usually, honeysuckle.
74 **Be**] Q; Be thou F.
76 **Dian's bud**, the *agnus castus.*
Cupid's flower. See II. i. 168 and note.
83 **this**] Q; his F.
99 **sad**, serious, solemn.
108 **observation**, the May observance, again referred to in l. 137.
109 **vaward**, forepart, vanguard.
116-118 The chronology, geography, and natural h
tory of this passage are all at fault—probably d
ing to Shakespeare's confused recollection of p
sages describing the hunting of Cadmus, a
commending the hounds of Crete and Sparta,
Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* with which he combined
own knowledge of English kennels. It was t
practice of English country gentlemen to mat
the notes of their hounds. See Spectator No. 1
123 **flew'd**, with deep hanging chaps.
sanded, with sandy markings.
126 **dew-lapp'd.** See note on II. i. 50.
135 **their**] Q_1; this Q_2 F.
138 **solemnity**, the May observance.
143 **St. Valentine's Day** is in February. It was
pretty fancy of the Middle Ages that the bir
chose their mates on that day. See Chaucer's *Pa*
lement of Foules.
157 **peril**, jurisdiction.
167 **fancy.** See note on I. i. 155.
170 **is**] Steevens; *om.* Q F.
171 **gawd.** See note on I. i. 33.
176 **saw**] Steevens; see Q F.
197-8 The charm has been removed from Lysande
eyes, but not from those of Demetrius.
214 **patched**, clad in the motley of the profession
jester.
225 **at her**, i. e., Thisbe's; Theobald proposed to re
'after,' which has been very generally accepte
thus transferring the allusion to Pyramus. B
Bottom says 'a play,' not 'our play,' and it is a f
tile undertaking to reduce his nonsense to flat co
mon-sense.

ii. 21 **sixpence a day.** It is on record that Que
Elizabeth granted a pension to a university act
who pleased her, and though this was in 1564, su
generosity was so unusual that it may have be
remembered.
31 **right**] Q; *om.* F.
39 **preferred**, accepted.

ACT V

i. Except in line 76, the Folio substitutes Egeus f
Philostrate throughout this scene, doubtless becau
the parts were then played by the same actor.
8 **compact**, made up, composed.
11 **Egypt**, an Egyptian, a gypsy. The Elizabethan
admired blondes.
26 **constancy**, consistency.
32 **masques**, dances in costume, at this period of
comparatively simple character.
34 **after-supper**, dessert, often served after risin
from table, in another room.
39 **abridgement**, pastime.
42 **brief**, summary, list.
44-60 This is the quarto arrangement of these lines
the Folio gives the reading of the brief to Ly
sander, the comments only to Theseus.
47 **Hercules** is referred to in North's Plutarch a
the kinsman of Theseus. Both took part in th

ht against the Centaurs described in Ovid *Meta-orphoses* XII, where the story of Orpheus (149-) is also to be found.

53 This is possibly a reference to Spenser's poem *ie Teares of the Muses*, which was published in 91 and is a satire on the contemporaneous neg-ct of learning and literature, put into the mouths each of the Nine Muses in turn.

57 Cf. I. ii. 11-12, where the wording is some-nat different. Such incongruous titles were not ncommon in the early drama, as in Preston's 'la-entable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, ntaining the life of Cambyses,' to which the yramus interlude bears some striking resem-ances in detail.

unbreath'd, unpractised, inexperienced.

yet would] Coleridge; *om.* Q F.

to my capacity, as I understand it.

dress'd, ready.

117 The device of producing nonsense by mis-laced punctuation is used in the first regular Eng-sh comedy that has come down to us, *Ralph Rois-r Doister.*

recorder, a musical instrument resembling a flute.

awyer . . . them. This part of the stage direction found only in F. It is part of the evidence that e first folio was printed from an acting copy. awyer was an actor in Shakespeare's company.

hight, is called.

trusty] Q; *om.* F.

150 The excessive use of alliteration which char-cterized the early drama is here ridiculed, possi-ly with special reference to the work of the court ramatist Edwards, whose *Damon and Pythias* was cted in 1564.

sinister, left. 'Wall' apparently holds up one and for Pyramus and the other for Thisbe.

sensible, conscious, capable of feeling.

now] Q; *om.* F.

200 Leander and Hero, Cephalus and Procris are he classical lovers intended.

I] Q; *om.* F.

Ninny's tomb. Cf. III. i. 99-100. The lines of he interlude rehearsed in that scene are not the ame as those recited before Theseus, but this par-icular jest was thought worthy of repetition. It ccurs again below (l. 268).

208 mural down] Pope; moon used Q; morall down F. Pope's emendation seems to be the best that can be done with this hopelessly corrupt passage.

227 fell, fierce, angry, as in II. i. 20; or perhaps we should read 'lion-fell,' i. e., lion's skin; but see note on IV. i. 225.

243 lantern, Lanthorne F, which gives more excuse for the pun which follows.

249 do] Q; doth F.

254 in snuff, in a bad temper—a favorite Shake-spearean play upon words.

261-264 The man in the moon was identified with the profane gatherer of sticks on the Sabbath. See Numbers XV. 32-36.

279 gleams] Staunton; beames Q F.

283 dole, sorrow.

291 thrum, the tufted part beyond the tie, at the end of the warp, in weaving. Cf. Barrie's 'A Win-dow in Thrums.'

292 quell, slay.

325-327 he . . . bless us. These lines, found in both quartos, are omitted in F, no doubt in submission to the statute of 1605 which forbad the use of pro-fane language on the stage.

330 means, laments. Shakespeare uses the word elsewhere in the same sense; the correction to 'moans' is unnecessary.

360 Bergomask. 'A rustic dance as performed by the peasants of Bergomasco, a Venetian province, whose clownish manners were imitated by all the Italian buffoons.'—Nares.

366 hanged] Q; hung F.

379 behowls] Warburton; beholds Q F.

381 fordone, worn out, exhausted.

391 triple Hecate. The goddess with whom the queen of the fairies was identified had three forms —Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell.

404 your] Q_1; this Q_2 F.

408-429 F prints these lines in italics, under the heading 'The Song.' The quartos, with obvious correctness, make it a speech by Oberon, and mark 'exeunt' at the end of it. A song after Oberon's preceding speech and one after Titania's have ap-parently been lost.

440 the serpent's tongue, hisses.

444 hands, applause.

APPENDIX—THE KENILWORTH FESTIVITIES (1575).

Halpin's theory (or rather Boaden's, to give credit the true originator) that a well-known passage in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (II. i. 148-168) refers the Kenilworth festivities has been generally ac-ted, though the suggestion that Shakespeare de-ibed the incidents from his recollection of a visit de as a boy of eleven seems fanciful. He is more ly to have come across the account of the festivities the contemporary pamphlet, *The Princely Pleasures Kenilworth Castle*, or in the reprint of it in Gas-gne's collected works of 1587, which seem to have l a large circulation, if one may judge from the merous copies surviving in various libraries. In Gascoigne's account we have the 'fireworks showed upon the water'; 'Triton in likeness of a mermaid . . . commanding . . . the waves to be calm'; and 'Proteus . . . sitting on a dolphin's back . . . within the which dolphin a concert of music was secretly placed'—presumably the originals of the

> 'mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
> To hear the sea-maid's music.'
> (*A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. i. 150-154.)

The 'fair vestal throned by the west,' can only be Elizabeth, and Gascoigne himself describes the attack upon her heart which he had planned on Leicester's behalf. There was prepared a 'shew' to have been presented before her Majesty in the forest, the argument of which was Diana's concern over the loss of one of her best-beloved nymphs called Zabeta, suspected of having been won to the train of Juno.

'The nymphs return one after another in quest of Zabeta: at last Diana herself returning and hearing no news of her, invoketh the help of her father Jupiter. Mercury cometh down in a cloud sent by Jupiter to comfort Diana, and bringeth her unto Zabeta: Diana rejoiceth, and after much friendly discourse departeth: affying herself in Zabeta's prudence and policy. She and Mercury being departed, Iris cometh down from the rainbow sent by Juno: persuading the Queen's Majesty that she be not carried away with Mercury's filed speech, nor Diana's fair words, but that she consider all things by proof, and then she shall find much greater cause to follow Juno than Diana.'

It would be no wonder if the Queen refused to give ear to the uncommonly direct hint contained in the concluding words of Iris:

> Then give consent, O Queen,
> to Juno's just desire
> Who for your wealth would have you wed,
> and for your farther hire
> Some Empress will you make,
> she bade me tell you thus:
> Forgive me (Queen) the words are hers,
> I come not to discuss.
> I am but Messenger,
> but sure she bade me say,
> That where you now in princely port,
> have passed one pleasant day:
> A world of wealth at will,
> you henceforth shall enjoy
> In wedded state, and therewithal,
> hold up from great annoy
> The staff of your estate:
> O Queen, O worthy Queen,
> Yet never wight felt perfect bliss,
> but such as wedded been.

'This show was devised and penned by M. Gascoigne, and being prepared and ready (every actor in his garment) two or three days together, yet never came to execution. The cause whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing than to lack of opportuni and seasonable weather.'

The weather was evidently wet, and the Que hastened her departure, in spite of the lamentatio of 'Deep desire' from the holly bush.

> 'The imperial votaress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free.'

'Deep desire' was long ago identified by Nicholls the representative of Leicester's aspirations and grets, but 'Due desert,' the other of the 'two swo brethren which long time served her,' up to a fe years ago had not been satisfactorily interpreted. Y it is obvious that some personal reference was i tended by Gascoigne's mysterious phrases:

'She did long since convert Due Desert in yonder same laurel tree. The which may very w be so, considering the etymology of his name, for see that the laurel branch is a token of triumph in trophies, and given as a reward to all victors, a di nity for all degrees, consecrated and dedicate Apollo and the Muses as a worthy flower, leaf branch, for their due deserts. Of him I will hold longer discourse, because he was metamorphosed b fore my time, for your Majesty must understand th I have not long held this charge.'

Professor Cunliffe suggested, and the conjectu was confirmed by Professor Littledale, that by 'D desert' was intended Walter Devereux, Earl of Esse whose name came from 'd'Evreux,' but was resolv by Elizabethan etymologists through the spellin 'Deureux' into 'd'(h)eureux' with suggestions 'success,' 'victory,' 'good hap,' etc. In the previo March he had been appointed Earl Marshall of Ir land, and he was away campaigning at the time of t Kenilworth festivities. He had some reputation, n only as a general, but as a man of letters; he w said to be particularly interested in the study history, and there are extant certain poems whi are ascribed to him. His house, Chartley Castle, w the next great estate Elizabeth visited on th progress. There she was entertained by Lettic Countess of Essex, who had been present at Ken worth, and who, according to the received interpret tion of the passage in *A Midsummer Night's Drea* was the 'little western flower,' upon whom 'the bo of Cupid fell.' It is certain that Leicester's atte tions to her had by this time already begun to exci remark, and that he was secretly married to h within two years of her husband's death.

ROMEO AND JULIET

)URCES—For his first essay in true tragedy
kespeare appropriated a story already widely
vn. Its essential device was the heroine's es-
: from an unwelcome match by a feigned death
to the effects of a sleeping potion. Perhaps the
iest of the many tales in which it appears is a
i century Greek romance by Xenophon of
esus, the *Ephesiaca, or Habrocomes and Anthea.*
nerous Italian and Spanish versions of the same
y in poetry, fiction, and drama appeared during
fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The direct line
levelopment can be traced, however, from the time
n the theme first took shape in a form resembling
plot of Romeo and Juliet.

Masuccio of Salerno (1476) published at Naples
7 little novels, one of which is the ultimate source
the story. Here a friar aids lovers to a secret
ding; the husband flees after killing a man; the
e escapes another marriage by the use of the
ping potion; her message goes astray; the hus-
d receives a false report of her death; he breaks
n her tomb, is captured, and put to death.

. Luigi da Porto, about 1530, wrote a tale with the
e *Istoria novellamente ritrovata di due nobili*
anti. He altered the scene from Siena to Verona;
ned the lovers Romeo and Giulietta; created the
d as background; and brought about the death of
lovers at the tomb, in each other's arms.

3. The Novelle of Bandello were published at Lucca
1554. In his version of the story Romeo's earlier
air is related; the County Paris appears; and the
rse serves as a go-between for the lovers.

4. Pierre Boisteau (perhaps more correctly Boais-
au) in 1559, with Jacques Belleforest, translated
ndello into French prose under the name of
stoires Tragiques. He altered the catastrophe;
liet awakes only after the death of Romeo, and
reupon kills herself with his dagger.

5. Arthur Brooke, in 1562, published a poem of
00 lines, *Romeus and Juliet,* which is the chief
mediate source of Shakespeare's play. The char-
ter of Mercutio now joined the plot, though only
a single absurd episode as the possible rival of
omeo. Brooke developed also the comic possibili-
ties in the Nurse. Apart from this, however, the poem is without a spark of originality. The story covers several months; the plot is rambling and vague at times; and the euphuistic tediousness of the style makes the work almost unreadable. Thus, for example, Romeo speaks to Juliet in the source of the balcony scene:—

"'Fair lady mine, dame Juliet, my life,' quod he,
'Even from my birth committed was to fatal sisters three.
They may in spite of foes draw forth my lively thread;
And they also, whoso saith nay, asunder may it shred.
But who to reave my life, his rage and force would bend,
Perhaps should try unto his pain how I it could defend.
Ne yet I love it so, but always for your sake
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corpse betake.
If my mishap were such, that here before your sight,
I should restore again to death, of life, my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rue,
That part he should before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to lose the gain which I do hope to win;
And how I wish for life, not for my proper ease,
But that in it you might I love, you honour, serve and please,
Till deadly pangs the sprite out of the corpse shall send;'
And thereupon he sware an oath, and so his tale had end."

6. Arthur Brooke evidently refers to another English version in the following sentence quoted from his preface: "Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for—being there much better set forth than I have or can do—yet the same matter

penned as it is may serve to good effect." This lost play, known only through this reference, has roused much speculation. Professor Cunliffe has shown that Brooke was interested in a play at the Inns of Court in 1561, but nothing is known as to its subject.

7. Two important incidents in Shakespeare's play, the killing of Mercutio by Tybalt, and the meeting of the lovers on the night following, appear with minor details in a play *Romeo en Juliette*, written about 1630 by Jacob Struijs. The fact that these points are found elsewhere only in Shakespeare's play has led Dr. H. de W. Fuller to believe that an English play earlier than Shakespeare's was Struijs's source, possibly the very play mentioned by Brooke (6). There is apparently no borrowing from Shakespeare in Struijs; his *Romeo* is a crude and formless thing, and contains elements of the older forms of the tale which Shakespeare did not use. Dr. Fuller's theory has not received wide acceptance; but it is evident that Shakespeare developed several elements in his plot from some source other than Brooke.

8. Boisteau was translated almost literally by William Painter in his prose collection, *The Palace of Pleasure* (1567). The great dramatist used other tales in this book as sources for plays, and a few verbal similarities seem to indicate his knowledge and use of Painter's *Romeo*.

Shakespeare's adoption of a story thus consecrated by long tradition and the revision of many hands is a matter for congratulation. Constructive skill is often the last faculty of a playwright to come to maturity. This vigorous, stirring narrative, full of action and emotion, was exactly fitted to carry along the lyrical outpouring of a young poet. Yet his original contributions to the plot prove his own mastery of play craft. His condensation of the action gives the play its almost breathless sweep of movement. Coleridge calls this precipitancy "the character of the play." The fine opening scene, a masterpiece of exposition, rises superbly to the great theme of the play like the swift movement of a symphony. But most of all Shakespeare's background of poetry and passion has made *Romeo and Juliet* the supreme tragedy of romance. This lyric atmosphere is a dramatic conception of the highest quality; and it may be doubted whether Shakespeare himself ever equaled it elsewhere.

The use of certain metrical forms and poetic conventions carries out the poet's intention of emphasizing the lyric quality of the play. The sonnets spoken by the chorus as prologues at the beginnin of Act I and Act II may perhaps be due to the so net of strict Italian form which Arthur Brooke pr fixed as argument to his *Romeus and Juliet*. B the quatrains and sestet (I. ii and V. iii); the so net (l. iii) in which Romeo declares his love, play ing on the meaning of Romeo ("pilgrim"); t "Queen Mab" digression of Mercutio; the brid hymn of Juliet (III. ii); the dawn song of III. v.— all these were pointed out by C. G. Gervinus i 1850 as definite essays in lyrical convention. Th frequent rhyme elsewhere lends poetic color t dialogue which would often seem too artificial a blank verse. Perhaps the greatest speech of pur lyric passion in all Shakespeare is the lover's fare well to Juliet and to life. (V. iii. 88-120.)

CRITICAL COMMENT—Commentary upo *Romeo and Juliet* has been chiefly eulogistic. Th lovers of Verona have given the classic theme o youth, passion, and death. The great actresses o every age, such as Mrs. Bellamy, Fanny Kembl Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), and Mrs. Kendal, hav all recorded their delight in playing Juliet, th greatest part suited to the abilities of a youthf actress. But stricter criticism has dealt often les leniently with the style and the minor details of th play. Dryden voiced an opinion, natural in Charle II.'s day, that Mercutio should not have been kille so early; modern acting versions actually follow h advice, placing the scene of his death in Act IV Johnson considered the play "one of the most plea ing of our author's performances," and the "cata trophe irresistibly affecting"; but he objected t the "miserable conceits" of the style. Hallam thought the faults were "in prodigious number." William Winter objects to "Romeo's inordinate ad diction to rhetoric." Goethe in Germany, and Duc in France, recast the play to give it greater con centration; their changes held the stage for years but are now forgotten. Other critics have seen vicious anticlimax in the crisis of Juliet's fate (II v.) following so closely upon the killing of Tybalt and the dependence upon chance has been calle a blemish of the dénouement. Some have sough like Kreyssig, to show the moral faults in the "man nish woman" Juliet, and the "womanish-man" Rome as the essential cause of their disaster. Hazli called Romeo "Hamlet in love." Ulrici and Tiec however, have rightly emphasized the feud as the or moral cause. Shakespeare, it is certain, has em forced in the opening scene, at the crisis, and a the end the iniquity of this civic hate; and

's last word gives the great reason for the strophe: "Your houses!"

AGE HISTORY—The play was evidently ly popular in Shakespeare's day. The first to (1597) speaks of its being acted often "with t applause"; and a reference in Marston's *urge of Villainy* (1598) points to its continued ess upon the stage. The third quarto speaks of formances at the Globe (1609). The play was of the first revived after the reopening of the tres. Samuel Pepys saw it March 1, 1662, and ght it "the worst that ever I heard." In this pernance Miss Saunderson was the first of a long line istinguished actresses who took the part of Juliet. afterwards married Thos. Betterton, the Mercutio he play, and one of the greatest of all actors. rtly afterward James Howard, for D'Avenant's pany, gave the play a happy ending; this version ver printed) is said to have been given in Lin-'s Inn Fields on alternate nights with Shakeare's tragedy. In 1680 Thomas Otway, author of *ice Preserved*, adapted *Romeo and Juliet* as the *tory and Fall of Caius Marius*, retaining the story, but in a classic setting, in deference to taste of the time. This version held the stage il 1744, Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle taking heroine's part. In that year Theophilus Cibber ored the Shakespearean tragedy, with slight alations. Juliet was made to wake before Romeo's th, and an affecting scene of parting took place. anger Barry and Mrs. Cibber gave this in 1749 at ury Lane, and later in 1750 at Covent Garden. the latter year Garrick and Miss Bellamy gave l performances at Drury Lane. This gave rise to jest:

"Well, what's tonight?" says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses;
"Romeo again!" he shakes his head;
"A plague on both your houses!"

Garrick's Romeo was not his best part; and he isted upon the retention of the altered ending. Mrs. Siddons played the part, but was thought too in it; she was then thirty-five. Miss O'Neill's rformance in 1814 with Charles Kemble won the aise of Hazlitt, although he objected to her eams. Fanny Kemble in 1829, Helen Faucit in 3, (and later with Macready), and Mrs. Mowatt 1845, were famous Juliets of their day. Charlotte shman, playing Romeo to her sister's Juliet, gave erformance so good a critic as Sheridan les though ay of standing comparison with Kean's Othello. Miss Adelaide Neilson was one of the most famous Juliets of the later century. In 1882 Sir Henry Irving with Miss Ellen Terry gave the amplest version yet seen of the play in Shakespeare's form, with twenty-two scenes, and unparalleled splendor of setting and costume. Two years later Miss Mary Anderson gave a similarly gorgeous revival with scenery "taken from sketches made in Verona"; these spectacular productions have now become the necessary method of presentation. The season of 1895 in London was noted for the success of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Lyceum Theater. In 1908 occurred a similarly popular revival of the play at the same house. In 1924 Barry Jackson, at the Regent Theatre, put on a production which was highly praised for its setting and costumes; the lovers were Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and John Gielgud, and the Nurse was Barbara Gott.

In America the play was performed in the first tour of an English company in the Colonies (1752); and it has remained perhaps the most universally popular of Shakespeare's tragedies. Mme. Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Mary Anderson, and Julia Marlowe (the last acting with Robt. Taber and E. H. Sothern as Romeo), have been the most successful of the innumerable American actresses who have essayed the rôle of Juliet. In 1903 a Yiddish version was played in New York City. In 1915 Robert B. Mantell, although then sixty years of age, gave a spirited performance of Romeo to his wife's Juliet, their balcony scene being especially well done. The production of Arthur Hopkins at the Longacre Theatre in December, 1922, with Ethel Barrymore as Juliet, met with a cold reception from the critics, who reserved their enthusiasm for the Juliet of Jane Cowl with Rollo Peters as Romeo at Henry Miller's Theatre (January, 1923). Both were highly praised, Jane Cowl for her sincerity and emotional warmth and Rollo Peters for a youthful, temperamental, and virile representation "with more than a tinge of the true glow of romance" The tomb scene was the height of Jane Cowl's achievement, most moving in its expression of absolute tragedy.

On the continent the play has been scarcely less successful. An English dramatic company took the play to Germany in 1626; but it remained for the romantic movement at the end of the eighteenth century to place it among the most popular works of the theatrical repertory in Germany and France. Byron says that Juliet's (fictitious) tomb was visited yearly by thousands of pilgrims. Goethe adapted the

play for Weimar (1811), and Ducis for the Paris stage (1771). Both versions took great liberties with the text, and though applauded in their day, no longer hold the stage. A notable modern presentation was the prose version of Louis de Gramont produced by the famous Paris manager Antoine, at the Odéon in 1910.

France has also contributed two famous musical adaptations of the theme, the symphony by Hector Berlioz, about 1835, and the opera by Gounod, in 1867. Extracts from the former now form the incidental music of the play; Patti, Melba, Calvé, Sembrich, and many other great singers have sung the Juliet of Gounod. Less known, though of high merit, is the symphonic poem of Tchaikovski.

DATE—The title page of the first quarto, given below, referred to the play "as it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants." The first Lord Hunsdon, patron of the players, was Lord Chamberlain; and the company was known as the Lord Chamberlain's servants until his death, July 22, 1596. His son, the second Lord Hunsdon, who was also patron of the players, succeeded his father as Lord Chamberlain, April 17, 1597. During this interval of nearly nine months, then, the play was often performed; and this is the only certain date we have which aids us in determining the date of composition. The Nurse (I. iii. 23, 35) dated her recollections of Juliet from "the earthquake," eleven years since; a reference to the earthquake of 1580 in England has been sought here. But the Nurse's character does not fit her to find credit as the sole support for a theory that the play was written so early as 1591, and the retention of the remark in the acting version of 1597 shows that any topical reference was already forgotten. Most readers of the play, however, have not failed to notice two styles; the one an artificial, conventional euphuism, full of rhymes, conceits, and over-wrought metaphor; the other a style of the highest and sincerest lyrical intensity. It has been usual to ascribe this difference to the revision about 1596 of an early composition. But this inequality may be d only to the nature of the play and the greater pa spent upon the larger values of action and characte ization. Something of the same kind may be se in the various characters of *Richard II.*

TEXT—1597. First Quarto: "An excellent co ceited tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, as it hath be often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by t right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servan London, Printed by John Danter, 1597." This ed tion was apparently made from copy taken down the theatre by a reporter, probably in shorthand, a set up in haste by a piratical publisher. The te is therefore corrupt, often giving only the sense a passage, like a student's notes of a lecture. is of value, however, in correction of errors in lat editions, and especially in its stage directions, whi appear to be the notes of an eye-witness as to wh actually took place on the stage. These are inco porated in the present text, wherever of interest, wi a dagger (†) prefixed.

1599. Second Quarto: "The most excellent an lamentable tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet, new corrected, augmented, and amended; as it hath be sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honou able the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Londo Printed by Thomas Creede, etc., for Cuthbert Burb and are to be sold at his shop near the Exchang 1599." This is evidently an authentic edition; an Mr. P. A. Daniel has shown that Q_2 represents al a revision by Shakespeare of the text of which garbled form exist in Q_1.

On the title page of the third quarto (1609) ap pears the changed name of Shakespeare's compan "The Kings Majesties Servants." On that of th fourth quarto (undated) appeared for the first tim Shakespeare's name as author. A fifth quarto wa printed in 1637.

The folio text of 1623 is based on the third quart which in turn is a reprint of the second quarto, wit some useful corrections. The present edition fo lows the folio, important variations from its tex being indicated in the notes.

M.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

[Scene: Verona, Mantua.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

ALUS, prince of Verona.
IS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
NTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with
ULET, } each other.
old man, cousin to Capulet.
EO, son to Montague.
ICUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to
omeo.
VOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
ALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
AR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.
AR JOHN, }
THASAR, servant to Romeo.
IPSON, } servants to Capulet.
EGORY, }
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens — officers of Verona; several Men and Women, kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.]

† THE PROLOGUE

Chorus.

70 households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
om ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
om forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
hose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
ie fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
hich, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
ie which if you with patient ears attend,
hat here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Verona. A public place.*]

Enter Sampson and Gregory, [of the House of Capulet,] with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters; and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant; when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter two other servingmen [*Abraham and Balthasar*].

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry! I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say 'ay'?

Gre. [*Aside.*] No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir!

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, sir—

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn, among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;
Have at thee, coward! [*They*] *fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and his wife.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away;
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt [*all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio*].

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach;
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood;
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night;
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes; so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt [*Montague and Lady*].

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief, to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd y
loved.
Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's f
I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest h
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss; she'll not
hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives u
harm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving term
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold;
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies, with beauty dies h
store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will st
live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes hu
waste,
For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vo
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to thin
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more;
These happy masks that kiss fair ladie
brows
Being black puts us in mind they hide t
fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost;
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passi
fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forge
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in deb
Exeun

[SCENE II.—*A street.*]

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clow
[*servant to Capulet*].

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,

penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
or men so old as we to keep the peace.
Of honourable reckoning are you both;
nd pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
ut now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
. But saying o'er what I have said before;
y child is yet a stranger in the world;
he hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
et two more summers wither in their pride,
re we may think her ripe to be a bride.
. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
he earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
he is the hopeful lady of my earth;
ut woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
ly will to her consent is but a part;
nd she agree, within her scope of choice
ies my consent and fair according voice.
his night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
uch as I love; and you among the store;
ne more, most welcome, makes my number more.
t my poor house look to behold this night
arth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
uch comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
f limping Winter treads, even such delight
mong fresh female buds shall you this night
nherit at my house; hear all, all see,
nd like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
lay stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [*Gives Servant paper.*]
Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

He reads the letter.

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughter; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! *Exit.* 86

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, 90
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die, 95
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; 100
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 105
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.—*A room in Capulet's house.*]

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!
God forbid, where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will? 6

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come bac again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our cou sel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty ag

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have b four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fou teen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christia souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourtee
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven year
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forg it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wal
My lord and you were then at Mantua;—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the ni ple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
'Shake' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no nee I trow,
To bid me trudge;—
And since that time it is a 'leven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by t rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brov
And then my husband—God be with his so A' was a merry man—took up the child;
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy fac
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast mo wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'A
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, and I should live a thousa years,

never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
nd, pretty fool, it stinted, and said, 'Ay.'
Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
se. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
'o think it should leave crying and say, 'Ay.'
nd yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
. bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
. perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said, 'Ay.'
. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
rse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
And I might live to see thee married once, have my wish.
Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
. It is an honour that I dream not of.
rse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers; by my count,
. was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
rse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.
Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
rse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
. *Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover;
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide;
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight. *Exit.*
La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV.—*A street.*]

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance;
But let them measure us by what they will:
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in;
[*masking.*]
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often li
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream thin
true.
Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been wi
you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner
legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Her traces of the smallest spider's web,
Her collars of the moonshine's watery bean
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy-finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they drea
of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'si
straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kiss
dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with bliste
plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainte
are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig
tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreig
throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts ar
wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer
two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes;
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage;
This is she—
m. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.
r. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
n. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
m. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!
n. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage, and servingmen come forth with their napkins.

SCENE V.—*A hall in Capulet's house. Musicians waiting.*]

Enter Servants.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher?

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter [Capulet, with Juliet], all the guests and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

Music plays, and they dance.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days;
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman.*] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is it?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
A' bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth;
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall! go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go to, go to!
You are a saucy boy; is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what;
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go!
Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.
Exit
Rom. [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous;
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
m. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
n. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
m. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
p. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
† *They whisper in his ear.*
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Going.*]
l. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
urse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
l. What's he that now is going out of door?
urse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
l. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
urse. I know not.
l. Go, ask his name;—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
urse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
l. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
urse. What's this? what's this?
l. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal.
One calls within 'Juliet.'
urse. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

[ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Enter] *Chorus.*

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere;
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
[*Exit.*]

[Scene I.—*Capulet's orchard; a lane by the wall.*]

Enter Romeo, alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within the orchard.*]

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove;'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night;
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep;
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*Capulet's orchard. Romeo comes forward.*]

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks!
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse*] *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.
[*Exit, above.*]
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[*Re-enter Juliet, above.*]

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!
Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—
[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!
Jul. By and by, I come!—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul—
Jul. A thousand times good night!
Exit [*above.*]
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [*Retiring.*]

Enter Juliet, again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!
Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My dear?
Jul. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
[*Exit, above.*]
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.
Exit

[SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar [*Laurence*] *alone, with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Enter Romeo, [*behind*].

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
Rom. [*Advances.*] Good morrow, father.
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage; when and where and how
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*A street.*]

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause; ah, the immor tal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!
Ben. The what?
Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affectin fantasticoes; these new tuners of accent! 'B Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! very good whore!' Why, is not this a lan entable thing, grandsire, that we should b thus afflicted with these strange flies, thes fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, wh stand so much on the new form, that the cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, the bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Rome
Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is h for the numbers that Petrarch flowed i Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme he Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen an Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey ey or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Rome bon jour! there's a French salutation to you French slop. You gave us the counterfe fairly last night.
Rom. Good morrow to you both. What cou terfeit did I give you?
Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not co ceive?
Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business w great; and in such a case as mine a man ma strain courtesy.
Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case yours constrains a man to bow in the han
Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Rom. A most courteous exposition.
Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
Rom. Pink for flower.
Mer. Right.
Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.
Mer. Sure wit; follow me this jest now t thou hast worn out thy pump, that when t single sole of it is worn, the jest may rema after the wearing sole singular.
Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular f the singleness!
Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wi faint.

m. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

r. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

m. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

r. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

m. Nay, good goose, bite not.

r. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

m. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

r. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

m. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

r. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

n. Stop there, stop there.

r. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

n. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

r. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man [*Peter*].

m. Here's goodly gear!

r. A sail, a sail!

n. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

urse. Peter!

ter. Anon!

urse. My fan, Peter.

r. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

urse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

r. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

urse. Is it good den?

r. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

urse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him; I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

† *He walks by them, and sings.*

'An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.'

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt Mercutio, [*and*] *Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. And a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, and a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skainsmates. † *She turns to Peter, her man.* And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as soon as

another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much; Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall.
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. Warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a ver toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes an tell her that Paris is the properer man; bu I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks a pale as any clout in the versal world. Dot not rosemary and Romeo begin both with letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with a R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; is for the— No; I know it begins with som other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sen tentious of it, of you and rosemary, that would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.

[*Exit Romeo.*

Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace!

Exit Nurse and Peter

[SCENE V.—*Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send th nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—that's not so
O, she is lame! love's heralds should b thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun' beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves dra Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupi wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine ti twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse [and Peter].

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
rse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*]
. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
f good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
rse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile;
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
rse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
s longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
s thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
rse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare; he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?
l. No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?
rse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
l. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'
Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift today?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VI.—*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar [*Laurence*] *and Romeo.*

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,

. And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet, † somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly cónfessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—*A public place.*]

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack i thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon move to be moody, and as soon moody to be move

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we shoul have none shortly, for one would kill th other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, i his beard, than thou hast; thou wilt quarr with a man for cracking nuts, having no othe reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; wha eye but such an eye would spy out such quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels a an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hat been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughin in the street, because he hath wakened th dog that hath lain asleep in the sun; did thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing h new doublet before Easter? with another, fo tying his new shoes with old riband? and y thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou ar any man should buy the fee-simple of my lif for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to then Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of yo

Mer. And but one word with one of us? coupl it with something; make it a word and a blo

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, si and you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion witho giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,–

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us min strels? and thou make minstrels of us, loo to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddl stick; here's that shall make you danc 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and l them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

b. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

r. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

b. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

m. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting; villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

b. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

m. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

r. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*]
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

b. What wouldst thou have with me?

r. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

b. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

m. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

r. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

m. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets;
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio, in and flies [*with his men*].

r. I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone; and hath nothing?

en. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on mo days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
They fight; Tybalt falls.
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken! hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and All.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure; all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it; Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifte
than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whos
arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybal
slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true
Some twenty of them fought in this blac
strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, mu
give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood dot
owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio
friend;
His fault concludes but what the law shoul
end,
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding
My blood for your rude brawls doth li
a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase o
abuses;
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in hast
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kil
Exeun

[SCENE II.—*Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggon

As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods;
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'ay,'
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'ay.'
If he be slain, say 'ay'; or if not, no;
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast;
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinner's minds;
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that wo
sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt
corse;
Will you go to them? I will bring you thithe

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears; min
shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishmen
Take up those cords; poor ropes, you are b
guil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd;
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my weddin
bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhea

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my tr
knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt*

[SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar [*Laurence*], *and Romeo* [*after*

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fea
ful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Princ
doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my har
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company;
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Princ
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from
lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.
m. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say banishment.
i. Here from Verona art thou banished;
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
m. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then 'banished,'
Is death mis-term'd; calling death 'banished,'
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
i. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
m. 'Tis torture, and not mercy; heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished!
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?—'banished'!
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?
ri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.
om. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
ri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel;
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Enter Nurse [*within*], *and knocks.*

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
Knocks.
Fri. Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;
Knocks.
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!
Knocks.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man;
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.
† *He offers to stab himself, and* [*the*] *Nurse snatches the dagger away.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast;
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy; Tybalt would kill thee
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too;
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto;
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you sir;
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit.*
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state;
Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence;
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here;
Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.
om. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee;
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*A room in Capulet's house.*]

Enter old Capulet, his wife, and Paris.

ap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
ar. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
a. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.
ap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love; I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
ar. Monday, my lord.
ap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be; o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it, then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V.—*Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
I have more care to stay than will to go;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us;
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, †*hastily* [*to the chamber within*].

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
†*She goeth down from the window.*
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. †*He goeth down.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!
Exit.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Mother, [*Lady Capulet below*].

La. Cap. Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
[*She goes down.*]
La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done; some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands;
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd;
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin [Tybalt]
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
And yet 'not proud:' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her;
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye god-den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad;
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, and you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.
Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth
I think it best you married with the County
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were
As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marv'lous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done
[*Exit.*] † *Juliet looks after Nurse*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
[*Exit.*

[ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar [*Laurence*] *and County Paris.*

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
i. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

r. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
l. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
r. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
l. What must be shall be.
i. That's a certain text.
r. Come you to make confession to this father?
l. To answer that, I should confess to you.
r. Do not deny to him that you love me.
l. I will confess to you that I love him.
r. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
l. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
r. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
l. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
r. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
l. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
r. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
l. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
ri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
ar. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.
Exit Paris.
ul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits;
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both;
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow:

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead;
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Servingmen, two or three.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
[*Exit Servant.*]
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2. *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit 2. Servant.*]
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
† *She kneels down.*
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well! Stand up;
This is as 't should be. Let me see the County;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife;

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

[SCENE III.—*Juliet's chamber.*]

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
Exeunt.
Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
[*Laying down her dagger.*]
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient réceptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
†*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*

[SCENE IV.—*Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now. *Exeunt Lady and Nurse.*
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four with spits, logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,
What's there?
First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.
[*Exit.*]
Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
Play music [*within*].
The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would; I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris; hie! make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already;
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V.—*Juliet's chamber.*]

† *Nurse goes to curtains.*

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains.*]
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua vitæ, ho! My lord! My lady!

Enter Mother.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Father.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me see her; out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar [*Laurence*] *and the County Paris, with Musicians*].

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this;
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well;
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave;
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt [*Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar*], †*casting rosemary on her, and shutting the curtains.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up; For well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*]
First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease:' O, and you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'
First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?
Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.
First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not, then?
First Mus. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
First Mus. What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.
First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets:

I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?
First Mus. And you re us and fa us, you note us.
Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:
'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'—
why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?
First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.
Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?
Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:
'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' *Exit.*
First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!
Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
Exeunt.

[ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—*Mantua. A street.*]

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Romeo's man †Balthasar, booted.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you;
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*]
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means; O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;

And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

Exit.

[SCENE III.—*A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*]

Enter Paris, and his Page † with flowers and sweet water.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it; whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*]
† *Paris strews the tomb with flowers.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
† *The Boy whistles and calls.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.
[*Retires.*]

† *Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a mattock, and a crow of iron.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone!
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[*Retires.*]
Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
† *Romeo opens the tomb.*
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies; I will apprehend him.
[*Comes forward.*]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!
† *They fight.*
Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
[*Exit.*]
Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]
Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*]
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death; O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
† *Falls* [*and dies*].

Enter Friar [*Laurence*], *with lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capel's monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. L. Romeo!
† *Stoops and looks on the blood and weapons.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the tomb.*]
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. † *Juliet rises.*
Jul. O comfortable friar! where's my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*]
Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
[*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

First Watch. Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

† *She stabs herself, falls* [*on Romeo's body, and*] *dies.*

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues: some others search;
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter [*some of the Watch, with Balthasar,*] *Romeo's man.*

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter Friar and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince [*and Attendants*].

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, and his wife.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague [*and others*].

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

ince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
i. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.
ince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
i. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife;
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris; then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death; meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?
Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too

Have lost a brace of kinsmen; all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand;
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head;
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished;
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

NOTES

The Quartos (Q) of this play contain no division into acts and scenes; the Folio of 1623 (F) indicates only the opening act and scene. The bracketed matter is the work of N. Rowe (edition of 1709) and later editors. The stage-directions marked with a dagger (†) and the Prologue are from the first Quarto (Q_1); other unbracketed matter is from F.

PROLOGUE

12 two hours' traffic, the Elizabethan play was performed in the afternoon, after dinner. 'Two short hours' are assigned to the performance of *Henry VIII* (Prologue, line 13), which is, in fact, shorter by 250 lines than this play. The curious will reckon, therefore, that Shakespeare's plays were timed at about 25 lines to the minute, including all action.

ACT I

i. 1 carry coals, endure insults, as menials do.
4 in choler, in anger.
15 take the wall, the wall in ancient streets affording shelter, walking next it was preferred, and more honorable. The word-play which follows refers to other proverbial expressions. 'The weakest goes to the wall' is used of earthen dishes; 'to lie next the wall' was said of a married woman.
27 cruel] Q_1; civil Q_2 F. The later variant is perhaps correct—used in irony.
32 in] Q_1; *om.* Q_2 F.
37 poor John, salt cod, the Elizabethan equivalent of 'poor pickings.'
38 two] Q_1; *om.* Q_2 F.
48 bite my thumb, still a form of insult in Italy; to snap the thumb-nail out from the (upper) teeth.
65-6 one of my master's kinsmen, that is, Tybalt, who now enters un-stage. Benvolio has already entered, behind Gregory, unobserved. Elizabethan 'entrances' seem to have been timed somewhat in advance of the modern 'entrances'; the traversing of the front stage required this. Tokens in the cap distinguished partizans of rival houses.
73 heartless hinds, literally 'menials without heart (courage)'; punningly, 'deer without a stag.'
77 drawn] Q; draw F.
80 bills, pikes.
partisans, halberts. This cry is equivalent to 'Police!'
85 in spite of me, in my despite, in my dishonor.
96 airy, trivial.
102 canker'd, rusted.
104 forfeit, penalty for transgression.
109 Free town, English equivalent of Villa Franca, in the Italian version.
111 abroach, running, as wine out of a cask.
119 who, i. e., the winds, personified.
134-135 For these lines Q_1, Pope, and many editors read: That most are busied when they are most alone. The passage means: I sought to escape from myself in nature. **most** (1)=most diligently; **most** (2)=most people.
140 Sun] Theobald; same Q_2 F.
165 to, as to. **shrift**, confession.
175 view, look.
177 Still, always.
178 See pathways to his will, see to shoot so straight! Q_1 reads: Should without laws give pathways to our will.
183 create] Q_1 created Q_2 F.
196 rais'd] Q_1; made Q_2 F.
198 loving] Q_2 F; a lovers Q_1.
200 Romeo was better acquainted, as these lines prove, with the conventional poetry of love, than with love itself.
205 in sadness, seriously; Romeo puns on the word's deeper meaning.
209 Ah] Q_1, Malone; A Q_2 F.

4-222 Steevens notes the appropriateness of these lines as praise of Queen Elizabeth.
7 unharm'd] Q_1 Pope; uncharm'd Q_2 F.
2 store, abundance. Her treasure of beauty dies with her.
9 forsworn to love, sworn not to love.
5 to call . . . more, to recall her beauty more clearly (by contrast).
7 Puts, the old Northern plural form, identical with the singular.
0 passing, exceedingly.
4 doctrine, tuition, the fee for teaching. Benvolio will provide another lady.

9 fourteen years, in Bandello eighteen, in Brooke sixteen years. Some editors think Shakespeare wrong in reducing thus his heroine's age. But Daniel, in his *Civil Wars* (dedication of 1609 edition; the book was used as a source by Shakespeare in *Richard II*), says: 'And if I have erred somewhat in the draught of the young Queen Isabel in not suiting her passions to her years, I must crave favor of my credulous readers; and I hope the young ladies of England (who peradventure will think themselves of age sufficient, at 14 years, to have a feeling of their own estates) will excuse me in that point.'
12, 13 made, marr'd and married were often played upon in Shakespeare's time. Cf. II. iv. 121-2.
29 female] Q_1; fennell Q_2 F.
32 on] Q_4 Q_5; one Q_2. The meaning of lines 32-33 is not clear. Possibly Capulet puns on 'won' and 'one'; 'on further view of all, my daughter being "won" may stand first by merit in your affections, though as "one" she is nought in reckoning.' Cf. 'among a number one is reckoned none,' from Shakespeare's Sonnet 136.
58 God gi' god-den, God give you good evening.
65 rest you merry, God keep you merry. A parting salutation.
68 County, Ital. conte, count.
78 To supper,] in F continued as Romeo's speech.
90 unattainted, without colored glasses, impartial.

i. 9 thou's, thou shalt.
13 teen, sorrow.
17 Lammas-eve, August 1, the harvest festival.
23 the earthquake. This allusion has been used by some to date the play. See the Introduction.
29 brain, memory.
32 tetchy, irritated.
36 alone,] F; high lone Q_1, hylone Q_2, (perhaps a child's word).
52 it, its, genitive case of it. This archaism, found in Brooke, recurs in later plays of Shakespeare.
59 mark, set apart.
66, 67 honour] Q_1; houre Q_2.
76 man of wax, a model, paragon.
81 volume. Italy at this time was famous for its books and binding. The use of books metaphorically occurs elsewhere in the play.
86 margent, margin, where notes were inserted in books.
89-94 Here Lady Capulet cautions Juliet to be modest. A maiden must dwell in modesty as a fish in the sea.

iv. 3 prolixity, tiresome formality.
4 hoodwink'd, blindfolded.
7-8 These lines are from Q_1; *om.* Q_2 F.
7 without-book, imperfectly learned.
8 entrance, trisyllabic, 'enterance.'
10 measure, stately a court dance.
30 a visor! My face is a mask already.
38 candle-holder, the proverb says, that the luckiest gamester is the candle-holder, i. e., the one who does not play.
39 ne'er so fair, the game is always best when we have left it.
39 done] Q_1; dun Q_3; dum Q_2.
40 dun's the mouse, a slang phrase, keep as still as a mouse.
41 dun in the mire, an old game. A log is carried from the room and dropped on the toes of the unobservant.
42 sir-reverence, saving your reverence; Lat. *salva reverentia;* a phrase used to excuse an impropriety or liberty. The line is from Q_1; Q_2 F read: Or save your reverence.
47 five wits, the intellectual organs, common wit, imagination, fantasy, judgment, and memory.
49 no wit, no wise thing.
53 To this line Q_1 adds: Ben. Queen Mab! what's she? The speech is there given to Benvolio.
54 fairies' midwife, fairy midwife, bringing fancies to birth from the dreamers.
55 agate-stone, that is, the figure cut in the agate.
57 atomies, atoms.
66 maid] Q_1; man Q_2 F.
79 tithe-pig, pig offered as payment of church tithes.
89 Plats, tangles.
103 face] Q_1; side Q_2 F.
109 expire, bring to an end.
113 sail] Q_1; suits F.

v. 7 joint-stool, folding-stool.
8 court-cupboard, side-board.
9 marchpane, a kind of cake.
19 have a bout] Q_1; walke about F.
21 makes dainty, affects haughtiness.
42 Here Q_1 adds Good youths, i' faith. O, youth's a jolly thing!
57 what, how?
59 fleer, sneer.
68 portly, well-bred, of good carriage or behavior.
83 cock-a-hoop, a fight going.
88 princox, forward boy.
96 fine] Theobald; since Q F.
99 pilgrim, Romeo (Italian 'romeo,' pilgrim who has been to Rome) must have worn a pilgrim's disguise.
112 by the book, according to rule.
124 towards, near in time.
142 prodigious, ominous.

ACT II

i. 2 earth, Romeo's body. centre, Juliet, with whom his heart lies.

13 Abraham] Q F. Upton suggests Adam; either patriarch's name suits here, paradoxically taken. Abraham man was a name for a tricky beggar of the time.
trim] Q_1; true F.
14 Cophetua, hero of an old ballad, one stanza of which tells of Cupid's wounding him.
31 humorous, full of humors, damp.
38 poperin, from Poperinghe, in Flanders.
39 truckle-bed, bed pushed under the standing bed.
40 field-bed, traveling bed; here; the ground.

ii. S. D. Romeo comes forward.] There is no change of scene here, in reality. Note that line 1 rhymes with i. 42. Modern stage versions concur in this, placing the lane on the right of the stage, orchard center, and balcony left.
1 He, Mercutio.
7 her maid, vowed to her service, a virgin.
31 lazy-pacing] Q_1, Pope; lazy puffing Q_2 F.
39 though, with conditional force. 'Thou wouldst be still Romeo, even though thou wert no longer Montague.'
41 nor any other part] Q_1; *om.* F.
42 O. . . . name] follows face in F; restored by Malone.
46 owes, owns.
53 counsel, secrets.
55 saint. Cf. I. v. 105. Romeo discloses himself by thus recalling his name for her, at the ball.
61 dislike, with impersonal use.
66 o'er perch, fly over.
69 stop] Q_2 F; let Q_1.
78 prorogued, put off.
79 direction, guidance.
92 at lovers' perjuries. From Ovid's *Amores*, translated by Marlowe.
97 so, so that, if only.
101 more cunning] Q_1; coying F.
101 strange, reserved.
131 frank, free, liberal.
151 by and by, soon.
152 suit] Q_4 Q_5; strife F.
160 tassel gentle, tercel, the male hawk.
164 Romeo's name] Q_1; *om.* F.
168 my dear] Q_4 Q_5; Madame Q_1; my niece, Q_2 Q_3 F.
178 wanton, merry girl.
180 gyves, bonds.
185-190 These lines are taken from Q_1. Q_2 Q_3 F distribute speeches wrongly, and insert iii. 1-4 after ii. 188.
189 Ghostly, spiritual.
189 father's cell] Q_1; Friers close cell Q_2 F.

iii. 4 fiery] Q_1; burning Q_2 F.
7 ours, our order's.
15 mickle, great.
28 grace and rude will, good and evil.
30 canker, canker-worm, living on plants.
54 intercession, prayer.
steads, benefits.
55 homely, simple.
56 shrift, absolution.

iv. 2 to-night, last night.
16 pin, center.
17 butt-shaft, arrow without barbs.
19 prince of cats, Tybert, or Tybalt, is the name the cat in the popular beast-epic, *Reynard t Fox*.
21 prick-song, music written down in parts, esp cially in counter-point. In plain-song the harmo was made up by the singer.
22-3 minim rest, rest of a half-note in music.
25 house, in heraldry, elder branch of a family; challenge from an inferior could be ignored.
26 cause, provocation to a quarrel.
27 passado, lunge, or side-step, in fencing. pun reverso, back-handed thrust.
hay Ital. 'Thou hast it!' The cry when t thrust went home.
30 fantasticos] Q_1; fantasies F.
35 perdona-mis] Globe; pardon-mees F.
36-37 form, with pun on form, meaning 'bench.' bones, with pun on Ital. buon, good.
41 Petrarch, (1304-1374), wrote sonnets to Lau which were the models of the Elizabethans.
45 hilding, worthless person.
48 slop, loose thunks, breeches.
51 slip, a pun; slip means 'counterfeit money.'
52 good] *om.* F.
56-70 case . . . singleness, puns and equivoque appear in every phrase, scarcely deserving eluc dation.
65 Sure wit] Q_2 F; well said Q_1.
75 wild-goose chase, hare-and-hounds.
87 cheveril, soft leather, easily stretched.
91 broad goose, brood goose.
96 natural, fool.
100 against the hair, against my nature.
108 Mer.] Q_1; continued to Romeo, F.
116 good den, good afternoon.
133 confidence, conference. The Nurse here is lik Mrs. Malaprop.
135 indite] Q_2 F; invite Q_1. Benvolio mimics th Nurse's affected use of elegant diction.
151 'lady, lady, lady,' from the ballad of Chast Susanna.
152 marry, farewell] Q_1; *om.* F.
153 merchant, ungentlemanly fellow.
154 ropery, roguery.
162 skains-mates, the exact meaning of this word is uncertain.
199 stay] Q_2; stay thou F.
201 tackled stair, rope ladder.
218 versal, for universal.
223 the dog's letter, because the sound is like a growl. The Romans, also, called it so.
232 Before, and apace] Q_2 F; Peter, take my fan, and go before Q_1.

v. 6 louring, threatening.
14 bandy, toss, as a ball at tennis.
36 stay the circumstance, wait for further details.
67 coil, stir, to-do.

vi. 13 confound, spoils.
30 conceit, imagination.

ACT III

i. 10 drawer, waiter.

9 **consort**, punning on consort = concert.
2 **zounds**, by God's wounds on the cross.
5 **coldly**, without passion.
9 **injuries**, insults.
7 **alla stoccata**, literally, 'with a rapier-thrust.'
8, 80 **rat-catcher, king of cats.** See note to II. iv. 19.
3 **pilcher**, leather scabbard.
0 **outrage**, trisyllabic. Cf. I. iv. 8.
3 **S. D. Tybalt . . . flies**] Q_1; *Exit Tybalt* F.
4 **both your**] your Q_1; both Q_2; both the F.
2 **aspir'd**, reached.
7 **alive**] Q_2; He, gone F.
8 **respective lenity**, considerate gentleness.
9 **conduct**, guide.
8 **manage**, course.
9 **nice**, trivial, concerning a small point.
1 **agile**] Q_1; aged F.
3 **hates**] Q_1; hearts' F.
5 **amerce**, punish by a heavy fine as damages.
7 **I**] Q_1; it F.
2 **but**] Q_2; not F.

1 The lines following represent the epithalamium, a conventional lyric song, according to Gervinus.
6 **runaways' eyes**, an expression giving rise to much discussion; one of the great *cruces* of the Shakespearean text. The rest of the speech seems to indicate Juliet's own desire not to see or be seen of her lover. **Runaways'** may then mean the lovers, runaways from their former state.
9 **By**] Q_1; and by Q_2 Q_3 F.
4 **Hood**, cover. **unmann'd**, untamed. **bating**, fluttering. These are terms of falconry.
1 **he**] Q_4 Q_5; I Q_2 F.
5 **garish**, dazzling.
5 **I**, the pun on 'Ay' and 'I' occurs elsewhere. Cf. *Richard II* IV. i. 201.
7 **cockatrice**, an animal (? the scorpion); its glance was fabled to be fatal.
9 **shut**] Capell; shot F.
6 **gore-blood**, clotted blood.
6 corrected by the Globe editors. Ravenous dove-feathered raven, Q_2 F.
9 **damned**] Q_4; dimme Q_2 F.
1 **bower**, embower.
7 **naught**, wicked.
5 **at**] Q_2; *om.* F.
0 **modern**, commonplace.

. 40 The text here follows Steevens' emendation of Q_1. The order in Q_2 is: 37, 41, 43, 40, 41 (altered), 42. F gives: 39, 41, 43, 40, 44, etc.
2 **a little speak**] Q_2; but speak a word Q_1; speak F.
0 **an O**, a misery.
4 **old**, veteran, skilled.
3 **level**, aim.
3 **misbehav'd**] Q_1; mishaped F.
4 **poutst upon**] Q_1; puts up Q_2.

. 11 **mew'd up**, shut up.
2 **desperate tender**, bold offer.

1-35 a conventional dawn-song, or *aubade*. In this type of lyric two lovers dispute whether the song they hear is of the lark or the nightingale.
8 **lace**, streak.
28 **sharps**, shrill notes.
29 **division**, rapid melody, with quickly repeated sounds.
34 **hunt's-up**, the hunting-song; used also for the morning-song to a bride.
55 **below**] Q_1; so lowe F.
59 **dry, thirsty**; melancholy caused loss of blood, according to the old belief.
84 **like**, conjunctive use.
92 Note the tragic irony of the fate that overtakes Romeo, though not from Lady Capulet.
102 **cousin Tybalt**] F_2; cousin F. A word is evidently lost.
106 **needy**, needing (joy).
110 **sorted out**, allotted.
124 **These are news.** News may be either plural or singular in Shakespeare.
127 **air**] Q_4 Q_5; earth F.
142 **take me with you**, make your meaning clear.
152 **minion**, spoiled child.
154 **fettle**, make ready.
156 **hurdle**, a clumsy sledge. They were used to convey criminals to punishment.
172 **smatter**, chatter.
182 **train'd**] Q_1; allied Q_3 F; liand Q_2.
186 **mammet**, doll.

ACT IV

i. 29 **abus'd**, disfigured.
57 **label**, a strip of parchment run through a charter or deed, with the ends held together by a seal.
78 **yonder**] Q_1 Pope; any Q_2 F.
81 **shut**] Q_1; hide Q_2 F.
83 **chapless**, without the lower jaws.
85 **shroud**] Q_4; grave F.
100 **paly**] Q_4 Q_5; many Q_2 F.
110 Q_2 adds a line: be borne to burial in thy kindreds grave.
119 **toy**, whim.

ii. 26 **becomed**, proper, becoming.
33 **closet**, small room.

iii. 5 **cross**, opposed to right, perverted.
47 **mandrakes**, mandragora, a plant whose root looked like the human form.
57 **stay**, stay where you are.
58 **Romeo . . . thee**] Q_1; Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drinke to thee F.

iv. 2 **pastry**, pantry.
6 **cot-quean**, housewife, used of a meddling man.
13 **jealous-hood**, perhaps jealous head.
20 **loggerhead**, blockhead, the clown in the play.

v. 6 **set up his rest**, decided upon his course. In the game of primero, to rest content with the cards in hand.
23, 64 The loud lamentations are not only true to Italian custom, but are effectual as a comic touch, since the audience knows they are mistaken.
41 **thought long**, been impatient.
82 **fond**] F_2; same F.
100 **case**, punning on the case of the instrument.

100, 1 Mus.] Fidler Q_2.
102 Peter. Q_2 Q_3 read, *Enter Will Kemp.* The farce which follows was probably demanded by audiences of the time. Kemp was the most famous comedian and dancer of his day. Note that Juliet's body has been hidden by the drawn curtains.
108 of woe] Q_4; *om.* F.
108 merry dump, merry song.
115 gleek, scoff.
128, 130 Peter's song is a real one, published in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices,* 1576.
129 And . . . oppress] Q_1; *om.* F.
132 Catling, gutstring for a lute.
135 Rebeck, a three-stringed fiddle.
135, 138 Pretty] Q_1; Pratest F.

ACT V

i. 15 fares my] Q_1; does my Lady F.
27 patience, three syllables.
24 defy you] Pope; defy my Q_1; deny you Q_2.
40 simples, herbs used in drugs.
67 utter, put out, circulate.
76 pay] Q_1; pray F.

iii 3 yew] ew Q_1; young Q_2.
68 conjurations] Q_1; communication Q_2.
96 advanced, raised.
107 Q_2 F insert here: Depart againe; F come l
thou in my arm.
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,
O true Apothecary.
Line 120 follows; then the full passage 108-120.
137 yew tree] Pope; young tree Q_2 F.
162 timeless, untimely.
170 This is] Q_2; Tis in F.
209 more] Q_1; now F.
216 outrage, outburst.
222 parties of suspicion, suspected parties.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

SOURCE OF THE PLOT—The Merchant of Venice illustrates one of Shakespeare's most endearing traits: his habit of weaving lovely pictures of young and innocent romance out of the shoddy Italian tales of lust and trickery with which the sixteenth century was glutted. The ultimate source of the story is a prose novelette written during the age of Chaucer by Giovanni Fiorentino and included in a collection of tales modeled after the fashion of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The manuscript of Fiorentino's book, which he called *Il Pecorone* (The Blockhead), is dated 1378, but it is not known to have been printed in the Italian original before 1565 or in English translation before 1755. It is still unsettled whether Shakespeare was able to read the Italian for himself, whether he learned the story from some earlier English play on the same subject, or made its acquaintance by another of the many avenues through which sixteenth-century Englishmen were constantly brought into contact with the fruits of Italian culture.

Fiorentino's tale, which occupies about twenty pages of prose, incorporates three essential elements in Shakespeare's play: (a) The winning of the fair lady of Belmont (Belmonte in *Il Pecorone*) by Bassanio (Giannetto); (b) The bond by which the friendly merchant of Venice (Ansaldo) pledges a pound of his flesh to a Jew in order to secure the 3 thousand ducats required to fit out the wooer; (c) The device whereby the lady of Belmont, disguised as a judge, saves the merchant by quibbles on the precise weight of a pound and the Jew's failure to provide for blood as well as flesh. Even the pretended judge's demand of her husband's ring and her subsequent twitting of him for losing it are in the Italian. Yet one reads Fiorentino's story without feeling any of the qualities which make the play delightful.

It is not simply that the story is bare and harsh where the play has a divine richness and softness of finish; nor is it because Portia and Shylock are left nameless in Fiorentino, Nerissa only barely suggested, and Gratiano, Lorenzo, Jessica, and the Clown altogether lacking. The difference is much more fundamental. In order to romanticize the love story of Portia and Bassanio, the mode of the lady's wooing is completely altered. In the novel this episode is both stupid and coarse. Belmonte is here a seaport several days' sail from Venice, the mistress of which, a widow, has made the law that whoever presents himself must stake his ship and cargo against his ability to win her hand by the apparently simple ordeal of remaining awake through one evening in her company. Twice Giannetto (Bassanio) makes the attempt with a fine ship provided by his godfather Ansaldo (Antonio); each time, drinking a glass of drugged wine urged upon him by the lady as he enters her chamber, he falls immediately into a stupor and is sent back the next morning penniless. When preparation is made for the third trial, the impoverished Ansaldo is obliged to resort to the Jew for the additional ten thousand ducats required. Again the stupid Giannetto is about to drink the sleeping draught, when a warning whispered by a kindly attendant enables him to gain the wager and achieve his hardly desirable lady.

Instead of this Shakespeare's play substitutes the story of the three caskets, which, though known, like the pound of flesh story,. in many different guises, appears to have reached the poet through the medium of the medieval collection of moral tales called *Gesta Romanorum.*

DRAMATIC INFLUENCES—Shakespeare's most vital literary impressions were often received, not from books, but from the acted plays of his contemporaries; and there is reason to believe that *The Merchant of Venice* might never have been written, had not some earlier effort to dramatize the story of the Lady of Belmont and the Jew put vividly before the poet's mind the latent possibilities of the theme. Stephen Gosson, who in 1579 published a pamphlet called *The School of Abuse,* interrupts his general attack upon the English stage to mention as a play worthy of commendation "The Jew," recently performed at the Bull Inn, "representing the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of usurers." On this phrase, which comprises all that is known of the play

in question, critics of *The Merchant of Venice* have eagerly seized. "The greediness of worldly choosers," they say, must allude to the unsuccessful choosers in the casket scenes, whereas "the bloody minds of usurers" proves the presence of Shylock's prototype. It is interesting to imagine that the two separate strands of Shakespeare's plot may thus have been united in a single play at least fifteen years before Shakespeare took up the subject; but the reasoning is far from conclusive. Of one thing we may feel sure from the spirit of Gosson's pamphlet: his Puritanical soul would never have selected for special praise any play in which there was an approach to the romantic witchery of the love-scenes in *The Merchant of Venice*. Nor is it easy to conceive how the rude drama of 1579 can have treated the novel of Fiorentino in a manner tolerable to a professed moralist. It required the infinite delicacy of Shakespeare to make the story beautiful; to make it an instrument of the didactic edification which Gosson recognized in his *Jew* would indeed have been a startling achievement.

A more significant connection, not relating to plot alone, links *The Merchant of Venice* with Christopher Marlowe's tremendously popular play, *The Jew of Malta*. Written about 1590, Marlowe's tragedy, the earliest attempt to present on the English stage the deeper side of Jewish character, was still a strong favorite with the London public when Shakespeare's play was composed. The part of Barabas the Jew, arch-enemy of the Christians, was one of the greatest rôles of Edward Alleyn, leader of the Lord Admiral's Players; and it was very likely the ambition of providing Burbage, the principal tragedian of his own company with a part similar in character to that their rivals had so profitably exploited that first stimulated Shakespeare to write his play. The influence of Barabas on Shylock is quite indisputable; and Marlowe's Abigail, the Jew's daughter, secretly in love with a Christian gallant, is no less certainly the prototype of Jessica. The comparison of the two girls is interesting: Jessica is the more romantic, Abigail the more truly Jewish. The scene in which the eloping Jessica throws the casket of her father's jewels to her lover below is an echo of the powerful scene in which Abigail throws down to Barabas the gold she has recovered from a Christian Nunnery:—

"Enter Abigail above.

Abig. Who's that?
Barabas (*below*). Peace, Abigail; 'tis I.
Abig. Then, Father, here receive thy happiness.
Bar. Hast thou 't?
Abig. Here. (*Throws down bags.*) Hast thou 't
There 's more, and more, and more.
Bar. Oh, my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity!
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss.
Oh, Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied;
But I will practice thy enlargement thence.
Oh, girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss! (*Hug his bags.*)"

DATE—On August 25, 1594, while Shakespeare's company and their usual rivals, the Lord Admiral's men, were apparently acting in conjunction, the diary of Philip Henslowe, manager of the latter company, records the first production of "the Venesyon (Venetian) comodey." This has been taken by many critics as signalizing the appearance of *The Merchant of Venice*, perhaps in a rudimentary form. Sir Sidney Lee's important essay on "The Original Shylock" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb., 1880) shows, furthermore, that interest in Jews was very acute at this time because of the popular excitement over the hanging of Elizabeth's Jewish physician, Roderigo Lopez, in May, 1594.

There is nothing which positively forbids the view that Henslowe's allusion refers to an early form of the Shylock-Portia story, prepared by Shakespeare with the idea of capitalizing the anti-Jewish feeling of the day; but it is decidedly improbable that the play as we have it dates from so early a period of the dramatist's career. The first clear allusions to *The Merchant of Venice* belong to the year 1598. Francis Meres names the play as the last in order of the six comedies which he ascribes to Shakespeare in his *Palladis Tamia* (published 1598). On July 22 of the same year, James Roberts paid sixpence to the Wardens of the Stationers' Company for license to print "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called The Jew of Venice." It is likely that at this time the play was still comparatively new.

TEXT—The edition of the play which Roberts contemplated in 1598 was never published. To the license granted him the Wardens had indeed added the stipulation: "Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts or any other whatsoever, without license first had from the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain." The Lord Chamberlain was the patron of Shakespeare's company, and Roberts may have acted as the company's agent to forestall unauthorized pub-

tion, likely to interfere with the popularity of the y on the stage. Two years later, October 28, 1600, omas Heyes, father-in-law of Roberts, secured a license "by consent of Master Roberts." This time Wardens recorded no objection, and the play accordingly appeared in 1600 with the names of Heyes publisher and J. R. (*i. e.*, Roberts) as printer. A nber of typographical corrections were introduced ile this quarto was being printed, with the result t different copies vary considerably from one anr. (See note on IV. i. 73, 74.) The Heyes quarto l the 1623 Shakespeare Folio, which follows it with many important corrections, are the only trustthy authorities for *The Merchant of Venice*. Untunately, the text of this play, which especially ounds in puzzling passages, was exposed to addiral sophistication for nearly three hundred years the fact that a dishonest publisher, Thomas Pavier, culated in 1619 a second quarto edition, with the udulent date 1600. Pavier prudently withheld the blisher's name (his own), but he indicated J. berts (falsely) as printer, and this so-called oberts quarto" was almost universally accepted, til Dr. W. W. Greg's great discovery in 1907, as the ginal edition. It is in fact of extremely little dependent value. Two later quartos, published in 37 and 1652 respectively, have no significance.

STAGE HISTORY—Concerning Burbage's acting Shylock we have unfortunately no information beyond the probable fact, long continued as a matter of ge practice, that he wore a red wig—a heritage ubtless from the red-haired Judas of the mystery ys. On Shrove Sunday, 1605, the play was preted before James I, with such success that it was eated two days later by special command of the ng. From this time, however, there is no evidence at the seventeenth century knew *The Merchant of nice*.

In 1701, an outrageously mutilated and perverted vision of the play was prepared by George Granle, Lord Lansdowne, the friend of Addison and pe. Lansdowne's apologetic *Advertisement to the ader* of his version illustrates the attitude of the ne:—"The Foundation of the following Comedy beg liable to some objections, it may be wonder'd that y one should make Choice of it to bestow so much bour upon; But the judicious Reader will observe many Manly and Moral Graces in the Characters d Sentiments that he may excuse the Story for the ke of the Ornamental parts." These "ornamental rts" consist largely of additions in the most garish ste of Lansdowne's age, calculated to give further conspicuousness to the part of Bassanio, who was played by the famous actor Betterton. Lorenzo's great speech about music (V. i. 70-88), for example, is removed to the close of Act II, where it is declaimed by Bassanio and operatically illustrated by an inserted "masque of Peleus and Thetis." In the judgment scene Bassanio melodramatically offers his own body in place of Antonio's forfeited pound of flesh, and when Shylock declines the exchange, draws his sword wildly in defense of his friend. The greatest of Lansdowne's degradations consists in debasing the figure of Shylock to one of comedy pure and simple. The Jew is presented as a cheap and ridiculous charlatan.

For the first forty years of the eighteenth century, this was the only form in which *The Merchant of Venice* was played. In 1741, precisely a century and a quarter after Shakespeare's death, an Irish actor, Macklin, succeeded in inducing the Drury Lane company to give the unpolluted play. "Even the manager himself," we are told, "expostulated with him concerning the propriety of his persevering in his intention of having *The Merchant of Venice* represented in opposition to the judgment of so eminent a personage as Lord Lansdowne." Macklin, however, insisted, and his portrayal of Shylock as the incarnation of grim and terrible ferocity was one of the most spectacular triumphs in stage history. The comic Shylock was forever discarded, and a German visitor to England in the latter half of the eighteenth century found Macklin's Shylock and Garrick's Hamlet classed together as the two greatest achievements of British acting.

Once again, three-quarters of a century later, the triumphant vindication of a great new conception of Shylock added a thrilling chapter to the annals of the old Drury Lane Theater in London. On January 26, 1814, Edmund Kean's marvelous interpretation of the Jew as "the depositary of the vengeance of his race" lifted the actor instantaneously out of poverty and obscurity and saved the theater from bankruptcy. Since Macklin's time *The Merchant of Venice* had never ceased to be popular; since the time of Kean the play has been almost constantly on the stage. Even *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are hardly given oftener to-day. Probably no actor, however, in the century that has elapsed, has improved upon Kean's treatment of Shylock. Macready in the earlier half of the last century and Sir Henry Irving in the latter half went a step farther, and made the Jew frankly an object of the audience's sympathy and affection; but there seems no doubt that in doing this they ex-

ceeded Shakespeare's intention. Of the many Portias who from the time of Betterton's associate, Mrs. Bracegirdle, have divided with the Shylocks the chief stage honors of the play, none has more enduringly connected her personality with the part than Ellen Terry. During the years 1879 and 1880 she acted Portia to Irving's Shylock through two hundred and fifty consecutive performances at the Lyceum Theatre. "Your whole conception and acting of the character," Dr. Furnivall wrote to her, "are so true to Shakespeare's lines that one longs he could be here to see you. A lady gracious and graceful, handsome, witty, loving and wise, you are his Portia to the life." The earliest of the countless American performances of *The Merchant of Venice,* that given at Williamsburg, Virginia, Sept. 5, 1752, has received romantic treatment in John Esten Cooke's novel, *The Virginia Comedians.*

At present a season seldom passes, in England or in America, without a revival of this play. Notable among those of recent years are the performance at Stratford-upon-Avon in April, 1920, at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival, and those given at intervals during a long series of years by the Sothern and Marlowe company. In May, 1920, Mr. Walter Hampden put on *The Merchant of Venice* in New York with himself as Shylock, repeating it in 1921. Doubtless the most impressive and hotly discussed interpretation of the present century was that in which Mr. David Warfield acted Shylock, beginning at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, in December 1922.

CRITICAL OPINION—"The Merchant of Venice," Hallam wrote in 1837, "is generally esteemed the best of Shakespeare's comedies. . . . In the management of the plot, which is sufficiently complex without the slightest confusion or incoherence, I do not conceive that it has been surpassed in the annals of any theatre." The human side of Shylock and the essential truth with which Shakespeare, in spite of the prejudice and ignorance of his age, vindicates the deeper side of Jewish character have been well set forth by many writers, but by none better than by Hazlitt, who, inspired by Kean's acting of the part, wrote in 1817: "In proportion as Shylock has ceased to be a popular bugbear 'baited with the rabble's curse,' he becomes a half-favorite with the philosophical part of the audience, who are disposed to think that Jewish revenge is at least as good as Christian injuries. Shylock is *a good hater;* 'a man no less sinned against than sinning.' If he carries his revenge too far, yet he has strong grounds for 'the lodged hate he bears Antonio,' which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race." "I see no reason," adds David Anderson, "why the Jewish race should be ashamed of Shylock."

B.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[Scene: Partly Venice, partly Portia's imaginary country-seat, Belmont, situated between Venice and Padua.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

KE OF VENICE.
TONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
ROCHUS, Prince of Morocco,
NCE OF ARAGON,
SANIO, a Venetian nobleman,
elated to Antonio,
} Suitors of Portia.

ARINO,
ANIO,
ATIANO,
ENZO,
} Venetian gentlemen.

YLOCK, a Jewish money-lender.

TUBAL, another Jew.
THE CLOWN, Launcelot Gobbo.
OLD GOBBO, father of the clown.
LEONARDO, Bassanio's servant.
BALTHASAR, } Servants of
STEPHANO, } Portia.
PORTIA, an Italian heiress.
NERISSA, her companion.
JESSICA, Shylock's daughter, in love with Lorenzo.
Magnificoes, or grandees, of Venice; Antonio's Jailor; various attendants and servants.]

ACT FIRST

[SCENE I.—*A public place in Venice.*]

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

nt. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
lar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
lan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care;
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alablaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brother fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.
Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owr tongue.
Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable.
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

Exit [with Lorenzo].

Ant. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you

nd them, and when you have them, they are
ot worth the search.
. Well, tell me now what lady is the same
o whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
hat you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
s. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
low much I have disabled mine estate,
y something showing a more swelling port
han my faint means would grant continu-
ance:
or do I now make moan to be abridg'd
rom such a noble rate; but my chief care
s to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
lath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
owe the most, in money and in love,
nd from your love I have a warranty
o unburden all my plots and purposes
low to get clear of all the debts I owe.
. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
nd if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
ly purse, my person, my extremest means,
ie all unlock'd to your occasions.
s. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft,
shot his fellow of the self-same flight
he self-same way with more advised watch,
o find the other forth, and by adventuring
both
oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
hat which I owe is lost; but if you please
o shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
s I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
nd thankfully rest debtor for the first.
. You know me well, and herein spend but
time
o wind about my love with circumstance;
nd out of doubt you do me now more wrong
n making question of my uttermost
han if you had made waste of all I have:
hen do but say to me what I should do
hat in your knowledge may by me be done,
nd I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.
s. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
nd she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'
strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!
Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.
Exeunt.

[Scene II. *Belmont. Portia's house.*]

Enter Portia with her waiting-woman Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the

fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'And you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a po pennyworth in the English. He is a prop man's picture, but, alas, who can converse wi a dumbshow? How oddly he is suited! think he bought his doublet in Italy, his rou hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and h behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, h neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in hi for he borrowed a box of the ear of the En lishman and swore he would pay him aga when he was able: I think the Frenchman b came his surety and sealed under for a other.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Du of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning when he sober, and most vildly in the afternoon, wh he is drunk: when he is best, he is a litt worse than a man, and when he is worst, h is little better than a beast: and the worst fa that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to g without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choo the right casket, you should refuse to perfor your father's will, if you should refuse accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pra thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on th contrary casket, for if the devil be within an that temptation without, I know he will choo it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll b married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having an of these lords: they have acquainted me wit their determinations; which is, indeed, to re turn to their home and to trouble you with n more suit, unless you may be won by som other sort than your father's imposition de pending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will d as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained b the manner of my father's will. I am gla this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, fo there is not one among them but I dote on h very absence, and I pray God grant them fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your fa ther's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a so dier that came hither in company of the Ma quis of Montferrat?

r. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

r. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

r. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

v. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

r. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. *Venice.*]

Enter Bassanio and Shylock, the Jew.

y. Three thousand ducats; well.

ss. Ay, sir, for three months.

y. For three months; well.

ss. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

y. Antonio shall become bound; well.

ss. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

y. Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

ss. Your answer to that.

y. Antonio is a good man.

ss. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

y. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be landrats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will think me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams,
And, when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pil'd me certain wands
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish garberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys: you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt.

ACT SECOND.

[SCENE I.—*Belmont. Portia's house.*]

Enter Morochus, a tawny Moor all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train. Flo[urish of] cornets.

Mor. Mislike me for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.
Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

Cornets. Exeunt

[SCENE II.—*Venice. A street.*]

Enter Launcelot, the Clown, alone.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo,* old man, *ergo,* I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovelpost, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed; I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou has got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with a follower [*Leonardo*] *or two.*

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit clown [*with old Gobbo*].

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. *Exit Leonardo.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconsterd in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*Shylock's house.*]

Enter Jessica and the Clown.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu. *Exit.*
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV.—*Street before Shylock's house.*]

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. And it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand:
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, *Exit Clown.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
Exit [*with Salanio*].
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
Exit [*with Gratiano*].

[SCENE V.—*The same.*]

Enter Jew and his man that was the clown.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Laun. And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.
Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.
Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*]
Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
Jes. His words were 'Farewell mistress;' nothing else.
Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *Exit.*
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *Exit.*

[SCENE VI.—*The same.*]

Enter the masquers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

[*Enter*] *Jessica, above,* [*in boy's clothes.*]

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*]
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, [*below.*]

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
Exit [*with Jessica and Salarino*].

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
Exeunt

[SCENE VII.—*Belmont.*]

Enter Portia with Morocco, and both their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
[*Reads*] 'All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.'
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
Exit [*with his train*].
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.
Exeunt. Flo[*urish of*] *cornets.*

[SCENE VIII.—*Venice, A street.*]

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX.—*Belmont.*]

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Aragon, his train, and Portia. Flour[ish of] cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] 'The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head;
So be gone; you are sped.'

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Aragon and train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Mes. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

[SCENE I.—*Venice. A street.*]

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that

Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal,

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's the reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Man from Antonio.

Man. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen [with Antonio's man].

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her

coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*Belmont.*]

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, [*Nerissa,*] *and all their train.*

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach
you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Music.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

'Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.'

All. 'Ding, dong, bell.'

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which makes such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*]
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demigod
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—

How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
[*Reads*] 'You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.'
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What, and stake down?
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? What, and my old Venetian friend Salanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
[*Bassanio*] *opens the letter.*
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [*Reads*] 'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'
Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*Venice. A street.*]

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lends out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.
Exit Jew.
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.—*Belmont.*]

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and [*Balthasar*], *a man of Portia's.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
Exeunt [*Jessica and Lorenzo*].
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*]
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?
Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us

At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
Exeunt.

[SCENE V.—*Portia's Garden.*]

Enter Clown and Jessica.

Clown. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clown. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clown. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Clown. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Clown. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Clown. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. *Exit Clown.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. *Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

[SCENE I.—*Venice. A court of justice.*]

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, [Salanio,] and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sal. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flin
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, neve
train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur
pose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedon
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'
yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nos
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for you
answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loath
ing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you an
swer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my an
swers.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do no
love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would no
kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent stin
thee twice?

t. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
Or even as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
ass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
hy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
uke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
hy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
al. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa [*dressed like a lawyer's clerk*].

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [*Presenting a letter.*]
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
[*Exeunt Nerissa and others.*]
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
[*Reads*] 'Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.'

Enter Portia for Balthasar [*with Nerissa and others*].

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast!
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. It is not nominated in the bond.
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
Exit [*Shylock*].
uke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
r. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
uke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
Exeunt Duke and his train.
ss. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
t. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
r. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
ss. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
r. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand: I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
ss. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
r. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
ss. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
r. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife!
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
Exeunt [*Portia and Nerissa*].
Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued against your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*A street in Venice.*]

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en;
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

[SCENE I.—*Belmont. Portia's garden.*]
Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Mes. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her
Mes. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Clo. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Clo. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Clo. Tell him there's a post come from m master, with his horn full of good news: m master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect thei coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon th bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the nigl
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heave
Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou b hold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

[*Enter Musicians.*]

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' e
And draw her home with music. *Play musi*
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet musi
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods:
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awak'd. *Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
A tucket sounds.
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you.
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have the doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

ra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
nt. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
or. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
ass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—
or. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
ass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
nt. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
or. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.
nt. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
ass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
or. I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
er. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
ra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?
or. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk; Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living:
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day;
But were the day come, I should wish it dark
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. *Exeunt.*

FINIS

NOTES

Names of the Characters. The first list of 'The Actors' Names' (not quite complete) appeared in the Third Quarto (1637). The acts were indicated in the 1623 Folio. The first division into scenes was made by Rowe (1709).

ACT 1

i. **8 ocean**, a trisyllable.
9 argosies, trading vessels, which derived their name from the Austrian town of Ragusa on the Adriatic, three hundred miles south-east of Venice.
12 overpeer, lord it over.
17 still, continually; the usual meaning in Shakespeare.
27 wealthy Andrew, the name of Salarino's imaginary ship. Some have supposed that a compliment is intended to the great Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria; but Doria, a formidable enemy of Venetian maritime supremacy, is not likely to have had Venetian ships named in his honor. Probably the fancy name was suggested by the common phrase, 'merry Andrew.' **dock'd**] Rowe; docks Q F.
28 vailing, lowering. *Vail* is derived from *avale*, which is said to come from Latin *ad vallem*, 'to the valley.' Compare the adverb *down, adown*, from *of dune*, 'off the hill.'
50 two-headed Janus, the Roman god of war, represented with one frowning and one smiling face. The oath is used by another Venetian, Iago; see *Othello* I. ii. 33.
56 Nestor, the oldest and gravest of the Greek heroes.
61 prevented, come before, anticipated; from Latin *prae-venire*.
79 play the fool, play the part of the 'fool' or chief mirth-maker.
84 his grandsire cut in alablaster, the effigy on his grandfather's tomb; 'alablaster' is Shakespeare's regular spelling of this word.
89 do cream and mantle, produce a skim and covering of stagnant growth.
93 Sir Oracle] Q; sir an Oracle F.
98 ears, used figuratively (synecdoche) for the persons who hear. The passage means that if these persons, reputed wise because of their silence, should ever speak, they would exhibit such gross folly as to cause all who heard them to incur damnation by calling their brother mortals (the speakers) fools. Shakespeare alludes to Matthew V. 22: 'Whosoever shall say (to his brother), Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.'
102 this fool gudgeon. The gudgeon is a foolish fish, easily caught. **this opinion**, the reputation of wisdom gained by melancholy silence.
108 moe, more.
110 for this gear, for this stuff; namely, the 'infinite deal of nothing' that Gratiano has just spoken.
124 something, somewhat. **port**, demeanor, manner of life.
130 gag'd, engaged, bound.
136 still. See note on I. i. 17.
141 flight, the range of an arrow.
148 self, same.
160 prest, ready.
163 sometimes, formerly.
165 nothing undervalued, in worth not at all inferior.
166 Brutus' Portia. This lady was known to the poet particularly from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Brutus, of which the second edition appeared in 1595. Three or four years later Shakespeare made her the heroine of *Julius Cæsar*.
170-172 golden fleece . . . Colchos' strand . . . Jasons. Shakespeare probably learned the story of the golden fleece, while a schoolboy at Stratford, in connection with the seventh book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, one of the regular text-books of the day. Shakespeare's own copy of Ovid is thought to be preserved in the Bodleian Library. A metrical translation of the poet by Arthur Golding appeared in 1567.
183 presently, at once.
185 of my trust, on my credit as a merchant.

ii. **36 who you**, whom you. In Shakespeare's language 'who' is very frequently used for the objective case. The fraudulent Roberts quarto omits 'you,' thus making 'who' the subject of the sentence.
41 level at, aim at, estimate.
49 County Palatine. 'County' for 'Count' occurs eleven times in *Romeo and Juliet*. A Count Palatine was one having special duties or privileges relating to the royal household. A Polish noble of this rank, Albertus Alasco, made a great stir in England in 1583.
51 And, if; so often in Shakespeare.
53 the weeping philosopher, Heraclitus of Ephesus.
65 throstle, song-thrush. The old editions spell 'trassell,' which probably represents the pronunciation of the day.
79 suited, dressed.
80 doublet, a padded coat.
round hose, a style of knee-breeches. An opposed style in the same garment, with which Portia was doubtless more familiar, was called 'Venetians.'
83 Scottish] Q; other F. The gibe at the Scottish lord which the anti-Scotch feeling during the last years of Elizabeth's reign called forth, would have been dangerous after the accession of James I (1603).
92 vildly, vilely; the usual Shakespearean form.
96 and. See note on line 51.
116 Sibylla, another allusion to Ovid. In book XV of *Metamorphoses* is related how the Cumaean sibyl

btained from Apollo the promise that she should ve as many years as there were grains of sand in er hand.

I pray God grant] Q; I wish F. In 1605 an Act f Parliament imposed a fine of ten pounds for ach offense upon any person who should 'in any tage-play, . . . jestingly or profanely speak or use he holy Name of God, or of Jesus Christ, or of he Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity.' Hence, the olio omits nearly everything in the nature of an ath.

This line is omitted in the Folio, perhaps rightly.

1 ducats, large coins, bearing the stamp of an talian duchy (Latin, *ducatus*). The nominal value as about that of an American dollar, but the purhasing value was much greater.

stead, help, accommodate.

in supposition, in doubt.

the Rialto, the Venetian Exchange.

usance, interest. The lending of money on interest was regarded in Shakespeare's time as peuliarly unchristian. Bacon remarks quaintly in his ssay on Riches: 'Usury is the certainest means f gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby man doth eat his bread "in sudore vultus alieni," nd beside doth plough on Sundays.' The points re elaborated in the essay on Usury.

possess'd, informed.

eanlings, young lambs.

pied, spotted.

pil'd, peeled; spelled 'pilled' in the source of hese lines, Genesis XXX, 38.

me, the so-called 'ethical dative,' which merely uggests a certain degree of interest on the speakr's part.

kind, nature.

Fall, let fall.

beholding, indebted.

gaberdine, a long coarse cloak. Instead of beng distinctively a Jewish garment, the gaberdine eems originally to have been a pilgrim's cloak.

a breed for barren metal. The usurer made barren gold and silver breed or increase like live tock. This was thought contrary to nature, hence inful.

doit, a very small Dutch coin. Eight doits made stiver or Dutch penny.

This . . . offer. As often, a relative pronoun is mitted: 'This, which I offer, is kind.'

suspect, to suspect.

A six-foot line.

ACT II

4 nice, capricious.

scanted, restricted.

wit, wisdom.

Sophy, the ruler of Persia. The term 'Shah' did ot come in till late in the eighteenth century.

Sultan Solyman, 'the Magnificent,' died 1560; he vas concerned in an unsuccessful campaign against he Persians in 1535.

Hercules and Lichas are characters in the ninth ook of the *Metamorphoses*. Lichas, page of Hercules, innocently presents his master with the poisoned shirt of Nessus and is thrown by the dying hero into the Eubœan Sea.

35 page] Theobald; rage Q F.

ii. **11 Via**] Rowe; fia Q F.

29 incarnation. Launcelot blunderingly thinks of the word as a prepositional phrase, 'in carnation'; he means, of course, 'incarnate.' The Roberts Quarto reads *incarnall*.

47 God's sonties, perhaps mimicking the Scotch pronunciation of 'God's saints' (saunties).

100 fill-horse, corruption of 'thill-horse,' draft-horse.

110 set up my rest, made up my mind; a gaming phrase of uncertain origin.

115 me. See note on I. iii. 85.

128 gramercy, much thanks; French, *grand merci*.

139 cater-cousins, a very rare word, apparently meaning 'good friends.'

164 guarded, trimmed.

167 table, the palm of the hand; a term in palmistry.

197 misconsterd, misconstrued.

205 sad ostent, serious appearance.

iii. **12 did**] F_2; do Q F_1.

iv. **5 spoke us yet of**, yet bespoken. F_4 changes 'us' to 'as,' which gives a different sense.

v. **18 to-night**, during the past night.

25 Black-Monday, the day after Easter.

46 patch, the regular nickname for a professional fool.

vi. **1 pent-house**, a projecting shed or roof.

5 Venus' pigeons. The aerial car of Venus was drawn by doves. Shakespeare is probably again indebted to Ovid for the classical allusion, though Chapman's continuation of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, published in 1598, gives a detailed description of Venus's doves.

11 unbated, unwearied.

14 younker] Rowe; younger Q F.

15 scarfed, adorned with flags or sails.

21 abode, delay.

31 yours, your love.

vii. **36 grav'd**, engraved.

41 Hyrcanian deserts, a large district south of the Caspian Sea, known to the Elizabethans as the home of tigers.

42 throughfares, the logical spelling of 'thoroughfares,' 'through' being generally employed as preposition and 'thorough' as adjective. They are really the same word.

56 coin . . . angel. This gold coin was so called from the image of the Archangel Michael which it bore. The nominal value fluctuated between a third and a half of a pound sterling. See *1 Henry IV* IV. ii. 6.

57 insculp'd upon, engraved on the outside.

69 tombs] Johnson; timber Q F.

viii. **10 certified**, assured.

39 Slubber, soil by haste.

45 **conveniently**, properly.

ix. 19 **address'd me**, prepared myself.
27 **fond**, foolish.
28 **martlet**, swallow.
38 **cozen**, cheat.
46 **peasantry**] Q; pleasantry F.
68 **I wis**, really a participial adverb, cognate with the German 'gewiss,' certainly. Shakespeare mistakes it for a verb and pronoun.
72 **sped**, done for.
85 **my lord**, a jesting answer to the messenger's 'my lady.'
89 **sensible regreets**, substantial greetings.

ACT III

i. 4 **the Goodwins**, sandbanks off the eastern coast of Kent, seven miles from Ramsgate. Though now provided with light-ships, the Goodwins still cause several wrecks every year.
10 **knapped**, munched or nibbled. Ginger was a favorite delicacy. See *1 Henry IV*. II. i. 27.
30 **the wings she flew withal**, 'the boy's clothes she wore when she eloped' (Rolfe).
33 **complexion**, disposition.
43 **rhenish**, Rhine-wine, which is white.

ii. 6 **quality**, manner.
15 **o'erlook'd**, bewitched.
22 **peize**, weigh down, retard.
26 **Upon the rack.** Portia perhaps plays upon a second meaning of the word 'rack': a moving mass of cloud; hence an emblem of inconstancy.
54 **presence**, distinction of body.
55 **Alcides**, Hercules. His rescue of Hesione from the sea-monster is related by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XI. 109, etc.
58 **Dardanian**, Trojan.
61 **Live thou, if thou live.**
82 **his**, its.
87 **excrement**, excrescence.
91 **lightest**, most frivolous.
94 **Upon supposed fairness**, on the heads of supposedly fair ladies.
97 **guiled**, full of guile.
102 **Hard food for Midas.** The embarrassing consequences of the boon granted by Bacchus, that all which Midas touched should turn to gold, are related in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI. John Lyly's play of *Midas*, published in 1592, dramatized the situation.
106 **paleness.** A great many editors follow Warburton in altering this word to *plainness*.
127 **unfurnish'd**, unaccompanied by the other features, which the blind painter would be unable to depict.
131 **continent**, containing vessel.
150 **me, Lord**] Q; my Lord F.
160 **nothing**] F; something Q.
163 **happier than this.** The Second Folio substitutes *happier than in this* and a great many emendations have been suggested, but the original is probably correct. The pause after 'learn' fills out the line. Portia means 'happier than this (is the fact that) she is not bred.' See 'Happiest of all, etc.,' in line 165.
165 **is**] Q F; in Collier.
176 **vantage**, opportunity.
183 **blent**, blended.
201 **intermission**, delay.
205 **again** indicates the intensity of the action.
222 **Salanio**] Rowe; Salerio Q F. The old editions persist in spelling *Salerio* throughout the scene, but there is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare intended to introduce a new character. 'Salerio' is doubtless a printer's contamination of 'Salanio' and 'Salarino.'
226 **very**, true.
244 **Jasons . . . fleece.** See note on I. i. 170-172.
246 **shrewd**, evil; literally, cursed.
265 **mere**, unmixed, complete; the original sense.
270 **Hath**, have; a southern English plural form.
282 **magnificoes**, the contemporary name of the chief men in Venice.
283 **port**, influence, social position.
314 **cheer**, countenance.
301 **deface**, cancel.

iii. 9 **naughty**, good for naught. **fond.** See note on II. ix. 27.
27 **commodity**, comfortable intercourse.
32 **bated**, reduced, weakened.

iv. 2 **conceit**, conception, understanding.
25 **husbandry and manage**, care and management.
49 **Padua**] Theobald; Mantua Q F. In IV. i. Bellario is three times said to live in Padua, the great seat of legal learning in northern Italy.
52 **imagin'd speed**, the speed of imagination.
53 **tranect**, a word of unknown origin. Rowe substituted *traject*, which he assumed to be the English form of *traghetto*, the contemporary Venetian name of a ferry.
72 **I could not do withal**, I could not help it.
84 **twenty miles.** Whether this represents the distance from Belmont to Venice or the total distance covered on the journey and return is disputed. K. Elze points out (Essays on Shakespeare, p. 279) that the fashionable residential district of Dolo on the Brenta river is exactly twenty miles from Venice and within a short distance of Padua. On evidence of this kind it is assumed that Shakespeare had visited Italy.

v. 3 **fear you**, fear for you.
57 **cover**, cover the table, lay the cloth. When Lorenzo repeats the word in the next line, Launcelot pretends to think he means 'cover the head, put on his hat,' which, in the presence of a superior, would be against his 'duty.'
74 **tricksy**, sportive, full of tricks.
75 **How cheer'st thou**, what cheer. The Roberts Quarto changes 'cheer'st' into the commonplace 'far'st.'
82, 83 **it Is reason**, it is right; the Folio reading. The original (Heyes) Quarto misprints **in** for **Is**, which the later (Roberts) Quarto retained, altering the preceding word **it** into **then** in the effort to make sense.

ACT IV

0 remorse, pity.

4 loose. Whether the modern 'lose' or 'loose' is meant can hardly be determined; both will make sense here, and in Shakespeare's time both were commonly spelled as in the text.

3 moiety, a portion; properly a half, but not always so used by Shakespeare. See note on *1 Henry IV* III. i. 96.

5 possess'd, informed. See I. iii. 65.

8 is it answer'd? is it not sufficient answer to say that it is merely my humor?

3 ban'd, poisoned, as with rats-bane.

1 Mistress] Thirlby; Masters Q F.

5 of force, necessarily.

2 main, ocean.

3, 74 This is a very corrupt passage. Line 73 is given as in the Folio; different copies of the first (Heyes) Quarto differ among themselves, some omitting entirely the first words, **Or even as**, while other copies, followed by the later (Roberts) Quarto, substitute **You may as**. In line 74 some copies of the Heyes Quarto, followed by the Folio, omit the first words, **Why he hath made**, which other copies of the Heyes Quarto, followed by the Roberts Quarto, insert.

8 inexecrable, one who cannot be execrated in proportion to his deserts.

2 cureless, incurable. The folios read *endless*.

3 to let him lack, such as may cause him to lack.

0 danger, power.

1 more elder. Double comparatives and superlatives, like double negatives, are in Shakespeare's language regular means of emphasis.

5 balance, scales; thought of as a plural.

8 use, habit. For **still** see note on I. i. 17.

5 speak me fair, speak favorably of me.

8 not] F; but Q.

8 substance, amount. This word is to be taken with line 330: 'in the amount of one poor scruple, or even in the division of the twentieth part of one.'

1 estimation, value, weight.

3 the difference of our spirit, our difference in disposition.

9 ten more; *i. e.*, to make up a jury.

2 cope, match, offer as an equivalent or reward.

15 old, great; a common Shakespearean meaning.

ACT V

-6 Troilus . . . Cressid. These lines are a reminiscence of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseide*, bk. V. 166, etc.:

'Upon the walles faste ek wolde he walke,
And on the Grekes oost (host) he wolde see,
And to himself right thus he wolde talke,
"Lo, yonder is myn owne lady free!
Or elles yonder ther (where) the tentes be!
And thennes (thence) com'th this eir (air) is so swote (sweet),
That in my soule I fele it doth me bote!"'

7 Thisbe. Shakespeare had already made less romantic use of the story of Thisbe in the 'tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe' which Bottom and his fellows act in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This legend, like those of Dido and Medea, alluded to in the lines following, is treated both by Shakespeare's favorite Ovid and by Chaucer in the *Legend of Good Women*. It seems clear that Shakespeare wrote with a remembrance of both poets.

11 wav'd] Theobald; waft Q F.

14 Æson. The rejuvenation of old Æson is related in the seventh book of the *Metamorphoses*. The following passage in Arthur Golding's translation was probably in Shakespeare's mind, when he wrote the lines in the text:

'Before the Moon should circle-wise close both her horns in one,
Three nights were yet as then to come. As soon as that she shone
Most full of light, and did behold the earth with fulsome face,
Medea with her hair not trussed so much as in a lace,
But flaring on her shoulders twain, and barefoot, with her gown
Ungirdled, gate (got) her out of doors and wandering up and down,
Alone the dead time of the night. Both man and beast and bird
Were fast asleep, the serpents fly in trailing forward stirred
So softly as ye would have thought they still asleep had been.
The moisting air was whist (still), no leaf ye could have moving seen.
The stars alonely fair and bright did in the welkin shine,
To which she lifting up her hands did thrice herself encline:
And thrice with water of the brook her hair besprinkled she:
And gasping thrice she oped her mouth, and bowing down her knee
Unto the bare hard ground, she said: O trusty time of night,
Most faithful unto privities (secrets), O golden stars whose light
Doth jointly with the Moon succeed the beams that blaze by day,
And thou three-headed Hecate, who knowest best the way
To compass this our great attempt and act our chiefest stay:
Ye Charms and Witchcrafts, and thou Earth which both with herb and weed
Of mighty working furnishest the wizards at their need:
Ye Airs and Winds, ye Elves of Hills, of Brooks, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night, approach ye everychone (every one),
Through help of whom, the crooked banks much wondering at the thing,

I have compelled streams to run clean backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas plain,
And cover all the sky with clouds and chase them thence againe;
By charms I raise and lay the winds, and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw;
Whole woods and forests I remove; I make the mountain shake,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome Moon,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon.
Our sorcery dimmes the morning fair, and darks the sun at noon.'

The lasting hold which Golding's dashing version of Ovid had over Shakespeare's imagination is indicated by the fact that, while the first part of the passage quoted suggested the lines in the text of *The Merchant of Venice*, the last fifteen verses many lears later inspired one of the most eloquent speeches in Shakespeare's valedictory play, *The Tempest* (See *Tempest* V. i. 33-50 and the note on that passage).

42 Master] Roberts Q; & Master Heyes Q F; and Mrs. F_3.
49 expect, await.
59 pattens, patines, thin plates of metal. Furnes explains it as alluding to the bits of moonlit cloud rather than to the stars. F_2 reads *patterns,* which may be right.
62 quiring, singing in unison.
79 the poet, Ovid, who relates the legends, *Meta morphoses* bk. X, XI.
99 without respect, irrespectively of circumstances
121 S. D. tucket, a trumpet call.
127, 128 If you would walk about at night, we should have day when the Antipodes have it (*i. e.,* from sunset to sunrise).
132 sort, dispose.
141 breathing courtesy, courtesy of mere breath o words.
148 posy, the same word as poesy, and so spelle in F.
156 respective, careful.
157 no, God's my judge] Q; but well I know F See note on I. ii. 121.
162 scrubbed, stunted, scrubby.
201 contain, retain.
249 wealth, welfare.
288 road, harbor.
306 fear, feel anxiety about; a common meaning.

RICHARD II

SOURCES—The good and ill fortunes of Richard
: Second fill some of the best pages of Raphael
olinshed's *Chronicles of England.* The first edition
this famous book had appeared in 1578; Shake-
eare evidently used the second edition of 1586-7,
is shown by his use of a note in that issue, which
is of the bay-trees withering, a portent related by
: Welsh Captain in the play (II. iv. 8). The fidel-
with which the historian's account is followed by
: dramatist is remarkable; in this play, perhaps
ore than in any other of the chronicle plays, history
really dramatized. The scenes which supplement
: unrelieved narrative of Holinshed are chiefly epi-
des in which women may appear, notably the Duch-
of Gloucester (I. ii.), the Duchess of York (V. ii.
d iii.), and Queen Isabel (II. ii., III. iv. and V. i.);
ile the character-studies of Gaunt and Boling-
oke, both of whom are shown in distinctly favor-
le lights, were provided to enhance the dramatic
peal to patriotic feeling. For several alterations
akespeare seems to have found hints in Samuel
niel's historical poem, *The Civil Wars between the*
vo Houses of Lancaster and York, entered in the
ationers' Register in October, 1594, and published
a four of the seven books) in 1595. From this
rk Shakespeare appears, as Knight suggested, to
ve got the conception of introducing the Queen as
young bride (in reality she was a child of eight),
d of placing upon the stage the affecting interview
tween her and Richard. Bolingbroke's subtle cam-
ign for popularity; his entry in triumph into Lon-
n, bringing in his train the disgraced Richard; and
ng Richard's soliloquy just before his murder are
ner points in which Shakespeare's play and Daniel's
em agree, and other accounts differ from them.
ae hints, if taken from Daniel, were, however, only
the barest kind; and here as elsewhere we see the
ill with which all knowledge becomes tributary to
nius.

The events portrayed in the drama cover only the
st two years of Richard's reign. Thus few changes
ere needed in order to meet the demands of dra-
atic time. Richard's remission of four years' exile
Bolingbroke did not take place immediately upon the announcement of the sentence, but some time later. Richard was already in Northumberland's hands when Bolingbroke arrived at Flint Castle (III. iii.). The rivals entered London on successive days, not on the same day. Finally, the proceedings in Parliament (Act IV.) occupied three sessions which are here telescoped into one. Modern stage versions of Shakespeare's play have justified these condensations. To-day, one scene is made of I. i. and I. iii.; and the Parliament scene is confined to the abdication.

To Shakespeare's intuition alone must be ascribed the picture of Richard as a weak Italianate prince, despising English fashions and men. Still more certainly his are the deft touches by which Bolingbroke becomes, though losing none of his own individuality, the instrument of English greatness to come; his somewhat theatrical claims to being "a gentleman," "a true-born Englishman"; and most of all John of Gaunt's speech of prophecy. This last, theatrically one of the most effective pieces of fine-writing in all the plays, was early recognized as a masterpiece; it was extracted and printed separately in 1600, in Allot's *England's Parnassus,* and has since become the favorite patriotic declamation of English schoolboys. Thus the essentially selfish and crafty natures of both men are rhetorically colored, to make Lancaster appear a worthy means of Heaven's wrath upon Richard.

In one slight detail, the story of Mowbray's life as a Crusader, Shakespeare must have studied Stowe's *Annals,* or some similar source; for Holinshed mentions only his death at Venice. The dramatist no doubt desired this incident as a suggestion of Bolingbroke's proposal of like atonement for a like complicity in murder (V. vi. 49).

To appreciate the dramatic feeling which was thus transforming history one must put single scenes side by side for comparison. The brief episode before Flint Castle (III. iii.), for instance, might be profitably studied with the following extract from Holinshed on which it is based:

"The king, accompanied with the bishop of Carlisle, the earl of Salisbury, and Sir Stephen Scroop, knight, (who bore the sword before him,) and a few

other, came forth into the outer ward, and sat down in a place prepared for him. Forthwith, as the duke got sight of the king, he shewed a reverend duty as became him, in bowing his knee, and, coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king took him by the hand, and lifted him up, saying: 'Dear cousin, ye are welcome.' The duke, humbly thanking him, said: 'My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honor saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands and heritage, through your favorable licence.' The king hereunto answered: 'Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that you may enjoy all that is yours, without exception.' Meeting thus together, they came forth of the castle, and the king there called for wine, and after they had drunk, they mounted on horseback, and rode . . . to London."

CHARACTER OF RICHARD II—"Thus," says Holinshed elsewhere, "was King Richard deprived of all kingly honor and princely dignity, by reason he was so given to follow evil counsel, and used such inconvenient ways and means, through insolent misgovernance, and youthful outrage, though otherwise a right noble and worthy prince. . . . His chance verily was greatly unfortunate. . . . But such misfortune (or the like) oftentimes falleth unto those princes, which when they are aloft, cast no doubt for perils that may follow. He was prodigal, ambitious, and much given to pleasures of the body. . . . There resorted daily to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drink there allowed them. . . . But if I may boldly say what I think: he was a prince the most unthankfully used of his subjects, of any one of whom ye shall lightly read."

The quarto editions of this play call it the "tragedy" of Richard II; and in the lines just quoted Shakespeare found full ground for his characterization of the King, in many ways the most subtle and appealing of all his monarchs. Numerous episodes in his turbulent reign brought out the motives of vanity and vacillation, and the utter immaturity of will with which Richard's sudden changes of front were determined on. The childish elements in his character, skilfully contrasted with Bolingbroke's masterful policy, must have struck Shakespeare as he read Holinshed's report of the archbishop of Canterbury's sermon at Henry's coronation, upon the grim text, "A *man* shall rule over the people." All the trouble, the archbishop held, had been "for lack of wisdom in the ruler, which deemed and taught as a child, giving sentence of wilfulness and not of reason."

Two qualities in Shakespeare's Richard mitigate our condemnation, and deepen the pity of his fate: his extreme youth (he was in reality thirty-one); and his poetic and sensitive imagination. He appears to us a man of true feeling and false thought, who in another lot might have been happy. This aspect of the man is made clearer by the picture of the Queen, to whom the dramatist, disregarding Holinshed here, represents him as devotedly faithful. There is something of the young Elizabethan courtier-artist about Richard, by means of which he steps out of the old canvas, and wins the hearts of his audience with instant sympathy. Walter Pater called him "an exquisite poet."

CRITICAL COMMENT—Johnson thought the play could not "be said much to affect the passions or enlarge the understanding." Coleridge, on the other hand, thought it "the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays," in this category excluding the two parts of *Henry IV*. Other critics have stood between these extremes. The weakness of the King has alienated many readers; and the repellent personality of Bolingbroke has not won much sympathy with the triumph of the new cause. Interest in the play, apart from the character-drawing, has rested chiefly in Shakespeare's purpose in the play as a whole. There can be little doubt that to the audiences of Elizabeth's time, and long after, the one absorbing topic in the action was the justice of deposing a divinely anointed monarch. To Richard this is unthinkable; to Bolingbroke the deposition is a regrettable but inevitable expedient; to Carlisle it must ever be a heinous crime. We are left with the question unanswered; Richard's prophecy of the punishment which Northumberland must bear for his share in the fact becomes in *2 Henry IV* the topic of a discussion between Bolingbroke and Warwick in which a fatalistic attitude is finally reached, and "necessity" is blamed for all.

POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE PLAY—This political problem, so freely discussed in the dialogue, has more than once subjected the play to censorship, an honor almost unique in Shakespearean stage history. Just as the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, was written at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign to reflect the dangers of civic dissension, so *Richard II*, in her last years, was taken as a mirror of instruction, when Essex and his friends were planning the deposition of their sovereign. The printers of the first and second quartos did not print the abdication scene; and there is other evidence to prove that Elizabeth was highly sensitive on the topic of the tragedy. William Lambarde, Keeper of the Tower Rolls, had

onversation with her on August 4, 1601. In run-g over his Pandecta of the Rolls, "her Majesty l upon the reign of King Richard II, saying, 'I Richard II, know ye not that?' *W. L.*: 'Such wicked imagination was determined and attempted a most unkind Gentleman the most adorned crea-e that ever your Majesty made.' *Her Majesty:* e that will forget God, will also forget his bene-tors; this tragedy was played forty times in open eets and houses.'"

Testimony taken at the Essex trial in February, 01, shows that Shakespeare's play was the one zabeth had in mind. Sir Gilly Meyricke swore t "the play was of King Harry the Fourth and the ling of King Richard the Second, played by the rd Chamberlain's players," at "the Globe over water." Augustine Phillips, an actor in this com-ny, testified that he and his fellows had received m friends of Essex an extra fee of twenty shil-gs to have "the play of the deposing and killing King Richard the Second to be played." The ors objected that it was an old play, and would longer draw a house, but finally performed it on afternoon before the revolt. It is curious that sex should have seen in Richard II a reflection of aged and crafty Queen, rather than an image his own vain, improvident, and sentimental self. The publication of the fifth quarto in 1635, within ee years of the second folio, argues for a continued erest in the political theme, at a time of still ater civic dissension. Nahum Tate's revision of play in 1681, though carefully modified to avoid ense, and renamed *The Sicilian Usurper*, did not ape the censor, and was stopped after two per-mances. Lewis Theobald's much greater changes re no less objected to, when his version, first acted 1718, was revived in 1738, and interpreted as a ntinuance of stage attack on Sir Robert Walpole.

LITERARY RELATIONS—At least three other ays on Richard II were acted in Shakespeare's time. *Tragedy of King Richard II* (first printed by alliwell, and recently in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, XXV) seems designed to supplement our play, as ends with Gloucester's murder. *The Life and ath of Jack Straw* (1593, published in Dodsley's d Plays) deals with the peasant insurrection of 81. Dr. Simon Forman noted in his diary, April , 1611, seeing a play at the Globe, which dealt with revolt of Wat Tyler. "Perce of Extone" is men-ned in Henslowe's Diary, as the work of Wilson, kker, Drayton, and Chettle; it is possible that this alt with the fate of Richard's murderer.

Marlowe's *Edward II* has often been compared with Shakespeare's *Richard II;* and there are many parallels not only in the choice of a weak and self-willed king as theme, but in style as well. As compared with *Richard III*, however, this play marks what is really a turning away from the influence of the older dramatist. The action is more concentrated; the figures are less romantically drawn; and the style, especially in the more intense moments, has a realistic ease unknown to Marlowe. One who comes to this play from a reading of *Romeo and Juliet* will at once recognize a closer kinship with that romantic tragedy in the character-drawing, the alternation of the highly colored style with the more dramatic simplicity of diction, and especially in the essentials of tragic form, than with the work of any other writer.

STAGE HISTORY—Mention has already been made of the versions of Tate and Theobald. It is a curious fact that the unrestrained adapter of the Restoration left far more of Shakespeare's original design than did the sagacious critic and editor. In altering the story to a Sicilian setting, Tate necessarily omitted much of the political scenes; and though retaining the plot intact, he added nearly a thousand lines of his own. Theobald's version, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1718, was announced as "alter'd from Shakespear." In it Theobald departed completely from the customary practice of redactors, and wrote with Shakespeare's lines an almost new play. The scene is confined to the Tower of London, and the unity of time is observed with equal closeness. Lady Percy and Queen Isabella are given a large share in the intrigue; and a love-interest is provided with the former through Aumerle. The conspiracy of Act V is enlarged to take up the whole main action. In spite of all these changes, nearly one-half of the lines are Shakespeare's.

Francis Gentleman, in 1754, produced at Bath another version, the MS. of which was lost. In 1772 James Goodhall published at Manchester another adaptation, in which with engaging candor the new lines were marked lest they be mistaken for Shakespeare's own. A further sign of decorum was the removal of Richard's death behind the scenes.

David Garrick gave up the play as hopeless; and it remained for Edmund Kean, in 1815, to restore to the stage the original text, with much compression and omission, it is true. This performance won Hazlitt's praise. Charles Kean, in 1857, staged the play in elaborate fashion at the Princess Theatre; but the attempt was a failure. It was produced at Sadler's Wells by Phelps in his series of revivals; but in recent

years no performances have surpassed those of F. R. Benson, whose performances at Stratford and elsewhere, beginning in 1896, have made Richard his best-known part. Sir Henry Irving and others have staged the play in spectacular fashion; and Sir Herbert Tree's appearances in the title-rôle in 1903 were brilliantly revived in 1910.

DATE—The publication of the first quarto in 1597 gives the only certain limit for its composition. The use in the play of Daniel's *Civil Wars* (1595), reference to which has been made, would set an early limit of 1595, if the circulation of books in MS. form were not so common at the time. Both poets enjoyed Southampton's patronage; and the fact that some of the Shakespearean parallels appear only in the later edition of Daniel argues for exchange in MS. The use of rhyme and verbal conceits in the play agrees well with the limits of 1594-1596; and the play can therefore be grouped with *Romeo and Juliet*.

TEXT—*Richard II* was entered in the Stationers' Register August 19, 1597. The first quarto appeared the same year, "as it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his servants." Shakespeare's name appeared on the title-page of the second quarto, 1598. These editions, published by Andrew Wise, were evidently careful copies of the play as first performed (but without the abdication scene), obtained through unauthorized means. In 1608 the third quarto appeared "with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard, as it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Majesties servantes, at the Globe." The fourth quarto (1615) was a reprint of Q_3. The First Folio represents the quarto text, carefully revised. A fifth quarto (1635) followed the authority of the second folio (1632).

Mr. P. A. Daniel, who has carefully studied these various texts, pronounces for the general authority of the First Folio, which is here taken as the chief authority throughout. Passages omitted from it are supplied from Q_1, and, along with other important variations, are indicated in the Notes.

M.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

[Scene: England and Wales.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

NG Richard the Second.
HN of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the King.
MUND of Langley, Duke of York, }
NRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
KE of Aumerle, son to the Duke of York.
OMAS Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
KE of Surrey.
RL of Salisbury.
RD Berkeley.
SHY, } servants to King Richard.
GOT, }
EEN, }
RL of Northumberland.
NRY Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Lord Ross.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of York.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Lady attending on the Queen.
Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

ENE I.—[*London. King Richard's palace.*]

nter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
aunt. I have, my liege.
Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak;
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal;
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say;
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.
Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears;
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen;
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood;
Give me his gage; lions make leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done;
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*]

Enter [*John of*] *Gaunt,* [*with the*] *Duchess of Gloucester.*

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Gloucester's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root;
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair;
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee;
That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.
Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight;
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry;
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight;
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all;—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*The lists at Coventry.*]

nter [*the Lord*] *Marshal and* [*the Duke of*] *Aumerle.*

ar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
um. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
ar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
um. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others. When they are set, enter Mowbray in arms, defendant, with a Herald.

. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
ar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
ow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

†*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour, with a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet;
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John à Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!
Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman;
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. *A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again;
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
A long flourish.
Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories;

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
ling. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.
Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce;
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
ow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth;
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony;
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
ow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer;
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Mow. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepúlchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land;
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Mow. No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. *Exit.*
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspéct
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
Flourish. Exeunt [*King Richard and train*].

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary step
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I mak
Will but remember me what a deal of worl
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visit
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavie
sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honou
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime;
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence tho
comest;
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presenc
strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no mor
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee o
thy way;
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell
sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—[*The court.*]

Enter the King, with Bagot and Green, at one door; and the Duke of Aumerle at another.

Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
um. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
um. Faith, none for me; except the northeast wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
um. 'Farewell!'
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war;
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand; if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is very sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely House.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!
All. Amen. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*Ely House.*]

Enter [*John of*] *Gaunt sick, with* [*the Duke of*] *York.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state; then there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd
And thus expiring do foretell of him;
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm;
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King [*Richard and*] *Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is a gaunt;

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
aunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself;
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?
aunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
. *Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.
aunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
. *Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
aunt. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee;
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king;
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou—
. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd;
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood;
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
Love they to live that love and honour have.
Exit [*borne off by his Attendants*].
K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him;
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he?
North. Nay, nothing; all is said;
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars;
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands
York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell;
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good
Exit
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
†*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle Bushy, Green, and Bagot*
North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'e speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good toward him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus; I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
[Thomas, the son of the Earl of Arundel]
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Windsor Castle.*]

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside self-harming heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard; yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion, ey'd awry
Distinguish form; so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise; howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen;
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land;
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true; and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?
Green. We have; whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir;
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home;
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself;

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do; I would to God,
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's!
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.
[*Exit Servant.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit; all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
†*Exeunt York and Queen.*
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*Wilds in Gloucestershire.*]

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, [with Forces].

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire;

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel;
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Henry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense;
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out;
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter York [*attended*].

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*]
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French.
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave;
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law; attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.
Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this;
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.
North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*A camp in Wales.*]

Enter Salisbury and a [*Welsh*] *Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves; farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war;
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest;
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *Exit.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Bristol. Before the castle.*]

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean;
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.*]
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated;
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*]

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs;
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee;
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord; how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth;
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?
High be our thoughts; I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat; both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it;
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate;
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills;
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?
Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight;
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well; proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken;
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To Aumerle.*]
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers; let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Wales. Before Flint castle.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Attendants, [*and forces*].

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard:' alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver;
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restor'd again be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To North.*]
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason; he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns;
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction;
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
[*To Aumerle.*]
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it; must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.
K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaëthon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [*Exit from above.*]
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man;
Yet he is come.

[*Enter King Richard and his attendants below.*]

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.
† *He kneels down.*
My gracious lord,—
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it;
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*pointing to his crown*], although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands; nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
Bolingbroke. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*Langley. The Duke of York's garden.*]

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]
Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty; superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live;
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be; letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*]
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam; little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd;
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

Exeunt [*Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Westminster Hall.*]

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, [and another Lord,] Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that my valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou darest.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun; there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all!
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true, you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull;
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies; there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal;
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd; repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, [attended].

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;

And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy;
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'
North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. *Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with Richard, [and Officers bearing the regalia].

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men; were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say amen
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin;
On this side my hand, and on that side your:
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up o high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to r sign.
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs a mine;
You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
Bol. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won;
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Bol. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself;
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revénues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny;
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?
North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven;
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
North. My lord,—
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd; alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an attendant.*]
North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.
K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!
Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter one, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face;
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance; and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation; lords, prepare yourselves.
Exeunt [*all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle*].

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*London. A street leading to the Tower.*]

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke;
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this; I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house;
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds;
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland [*attended*].

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.

North. That were some love but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief;
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The Duke of York's palace.*]

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus; 'I thank you, country men;'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now;
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son; who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new comer spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who see it;
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
†*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*
Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. [*Exit Servant.*]
Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son;
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! *Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Windsor.*]

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last;
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found;
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?
Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire.
† *York knocks at the door and crieth (within).*
York. My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.
[*Drawing.*]
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. Within. What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up;'
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how;
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.'
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are;
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and cousin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*The same.*]

Enter Exton and Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?
Serv. These were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;'
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.
Exeunt.

SCENE [V.—*Pomfret castle.*]

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world;
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word;
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am; then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing; but whate'er I be,
Music.
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time; how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To hear time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

†*Enter a Groom of the Stable.*

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit.*
Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the keeper.*]
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, [*armed*].

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.*]
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another. Then*] *Exton strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*]
Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. *Exeunt.*

SCENE [VI.—*Windsor castle.*]

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord; what is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with [persons bearing] a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow;
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. *Exeunt.*

FINIS

NOTES

F indicates the reading of the First Folio; Q the virtual agreement of the quartos.
Title. **Life and Death**] F; Tragedy Q.

ACT I

i 1 **John of Gaunt**, (1340-1399), fourth son of Edward III, born at Ghent in Flanders (Belgium), whence his name.
4 **late appeal**, at Shrewsbury, in March, 1398.
12 **sift**, examine. **argument**, topic.
19 **deaf**, that is, to obedience.
32 **tendering**, holding dear.
43 **note**, (accusative), stigma.
58 **royalty**, royal descent.
65 **inhabitable**, uninhabitable.
70 **a king**] Q_2 F; the king Q_1.
72 **except**, hold out as an objection.
74 **pawn**, the gauntlet, by which Bolingbroke is pledged.
77 **spoken . . . canst**] spoke . . . canst worse Q_1.
82 **light**, alight.
85 **inherit us**, leave in our mind.
88 **nobles**, gold coins worth 6s. 8d.

90 lewd, dishonest.
91 injurious, insultingly bold.
95 eighteen years, since Wat Tyler's rebellion, 1381.
00 Duke of Gloucester's death, in September, 1397, at Calais. The Duke, Thomas of Woodstock, Bolingbroke's uncle, had opposed Richard's favorites.
01 suggest, prompt.
02 consequently, afterwards.
09 pitch, in falconry, the height of flight.
13 slander of his blood, disgrace to his name.
19 neighbour, used as adjective here.
20 partialize, influence to partiality.
26 receipt, amount received.
27 duly] Q_1; *om.* F.
30 remainder, balance.
30 dear account, heavy bill.
31 since last, that is, in 1395.
50 in haste whereof, to hasten which.
52 gentlemen] Q_5 F; gentleman Q_{1-4}.
53 choler, the wrathful humor.
56 conclude, come to terms.
57 time] F; month Q_1.
62, 163 Obedience bids, repeated in Q_1 F; corrected by Pope.
84 no boot, no use, advantage, (in going on with the affair).
88 that lives, referring to his name, that lives after him.
70 baffled, punished as a recreant knight, meanly used.
84 try, put to trial, (in the lists).
87 God] Q; Heaven F (and elsewhere).
87 foul] F; deep Q_1.
92 parle, trumpet-call for a parley.
93 motive, means of action; the tongue is meant here.
02 atone, reconcile.
we shall] Q_1; you shall Q_2 F.
03 design the victor's chivalry, make clear the knightly truth of the victor.
04 command] Q F; bid Pope (for the meter).

1 Gloucester's] F; Woodstock's Q. See note on i. 100.
2 exclaims, exclamations.
4 those hands, Richard's. See below 37-41.
11 seven sons. These were 1. Edward, the Black Prince; 2. William of Hatfield (died young); 3. Lionel, Duke of Clarence (d. 1368); 4. John of Gaunt; 5. Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, (d. 1402); 6. William of Windsor (died young); 7. Thomas, Duke of Gloucester.
14 nature's course, a natural death.
28 model, copy.
42 complain] Q_1; complaint F.
43 and] Q_1; to F.
46 cousin, used vaguely. She was his aunt by marriage, and also his sister-in-law; for her sister was Duchess of Hereford.
53 caitiff, wretched captive.
62 my] Q F; thy; Q_1. York, see note on line 11, above.
86 Plashy, her seat in Essex.
89 offices, servants' quarters.
74 takes, takes prisoner (with tears).

iii. 7 Stage directions marked with a dagger are from Q_1.
17 come] Q; comes F.
20 his] F; my Q.
28 plated] Q; placed F.
29 formally] Q; formerly F.
30 depose him, take his affirmation.
49 pilgrimage, the phrase seems to foreshadow the event (IV. i. 92).
67 regreet, salute.
75 waxen, in this sense, yielding.
82 adverse] Q; amaz'd F (from line above).
84 innocency] Capell; innocence Q F.
95 jest, act out a play.
112 approve, prove.
129-133 Omitted in F.
140 death] F; life Q; the meaning is the same.
156 maim, penalty, loss.
174 compassionate, self-pitying.
210 banish'd years, years of exile.
227 sudden] F; sullen Q.
239-242 Omitted in F.
241 partial slander, charge of partiality.
266 as foil] Q_1; a soil F.
foil, the metal background in the setting of a jewel.
268-292 Omitted in F.
289 presence, presence-chamber, strewed with rushes.
292 gnarling, snarling.

iv. 1 Stage direction, from Q_1. Bagot and Green] Bushy, etc., Q_1. Duke of] Lord Q.
8 sleepy] F; sleeping Q.
23 Bagot here] Q_1; here Bagot F.
24 courtship, courting. Bolingbroke tells the same story in *1 Henry IV* III. ii.
28 smiles] Q; souls F.
48 blank charters, blank checks or notes, filled in at the king's discretion.
58 Ely House, in London.

ACT II

i. 2 unstaid, headstrong.
9 Note the alternate rhymes, as in *Romeo and Juliet*.
10 glose, flatter.
12 music at the close, the final chords, returning to the tonic key, are more satisfying to the ear.
18 his state; then there are found] Q_2 F; of whose taste the wise are found Q_1.
22 still, always.
26 buzz'd, whispered about.
28 wit's regard, respect owed to reason.
52 by, on account of.
55 Jewry, Palestine.
60 tenement, small holding. pelting, paltry.
70 rag'd, enraged.
73 composition, state of health.
84 nicely, trivially.
88 with] Q; *om.* F.
95 thy land] Q_1; the land F.

102 verge, a legal term, the compass of the King's court, of 12 miles radius.
103 waste, a legal term, the damage done by a tenant to the hurt of the heir.
107 possess'd, that is, with a spirit of evil.
115 And . . . *K. Rich.* And thou a] F; And thou . . . *K. Rich.*—a Q_1 Q_2.
118 chasing] Q; chafing F.
122 roundly, without respect, unceremoniously.
126 pelican, this bird, according to the natural history of the time, fed its young on its blood.
129 whom fair befall, to whom may good come!
139 sullens, peevishness.
144 As Harry, etc., as Harry would. Richard seizes the ambiguity as an offense.
156 rug-headed kerns, shock-headed Irish foot soldiers.
182 kindred] Q; kindred's F.
197 ensue, follow, used transitively.
202-204 call in the letters patents, recall the right that Bolingbroke possessed, being of age, through his attorneys 'to sue out a writ of ouster-le-main,—that is, his livery—that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him' (Malone). **Letters patents**, a double plural.
215 Earl of Wiltshire, Sir Wm. Scrope, treasurer of England.
239 moe, more; an alternative form, though archaic in Shakespeare's day, and used only with a plural noun.
243 merely in hate, entirely from hate.
246 pill'd, pillaged.
250 blanks, benevolences, blank charters and forced loans.
280 A line is lost, according to Malone, who suggests a line like that inserted in brackets. Holinshed is the authority for the statement that it was Thomas of Arundel who escaped from Exeter. His father, Richard, was the Archbishop's brother (282).
286 tall, strong.
287 expedience, expedition, haste.
292 imp out, patch out, piece out, as a hawk's broken wing is mended.
296 Ravenspurgh, a port at the mouth of the Humber.
300 hold out, subjunctive, if my horse hold out.

ii. 3 self-harming] F; life-harming Q_1.
17 to, into.
18 perspectives, designs drawn in perspective.
34 nothing less, nothing less like, anything rather; the opposite of the modern sense.
34 conceit, imagination.
46 retir'd, withdrawn.
59 staff, *i. e.*, of office.
62 to] Q; of F.
72 hopes linger] F; hope lingers Q.
linger, prolong.
77 Line omitted in F.
103 no] Q_1; *om.* F.
105 sister. Steevens points out that York has only his dead sister in mind.
108 go] Q_1; *om.* F.
119 Berkeley (Castle), in Gloucestershire on the Severn.
128 those love, those who love.
138 The hateful commons will] Pope; Will the hateful commons Q F.

iii. 9 Cotswold, the Cotswold hills in the West of England.
21 young Harry Percy, Hotspur, was then 37 years old. Either Shakespeare had already in mind a dramatic contrast with Prince Hal (b. 1388) in *Henry IV*, or else the contrast in the latter play was not deliberate. It should be noted that Daniel's *Civil Wars* (see Introduction) agrees with *Richard II* in this detail.
22 whencesoever, from wherever (he may be).
79 the absent time, the time of the absent king.
87 no uncle] Q; *om.* F (86-87 written as one line).
116 indifferent, impartial.
138 stands . . . upon, rests upon, is incumbent on.
139 His property is bestowed on common favorites.
145 wrong] Q; wrongs F.

iv. 8 The superstitions of the Welsh are more strongly brought out in the career of Glendower, in *1 Henry IV*.

ACT III

i. 23 dispark'd, broken down inclosed land.
25 impresse] Q; impresse F; device, emblem.
32 Lords, farewell] Q; *om.* F.
38 commends, greetings, commendations.

ii. 1 Barkloughly, Harlech, a strong Welsh fortress.
29-32 Omitted in F.
30 if] Pope; *om.* Q.
34 security, carelessness.
40 boldly] bouldy Q_1; bloody F.
63 power, army, force.
76-81 Note the sestet, a lyrical form suited to the lyrical thought.
85 twenty] Q; forty F.
112 beards] beares F.
114 female, weak.
117 double-fatal, yew-berries were used as poison; the wood for arrows.
162 antic, clown, fool. The allusion is probably to a popular picture, of the Dance of Death, in which Death rests in the king's crown.
182 Omitted in F.
198 by small and small, little by little.
209 Flint Castle, in North Wales.
212 ear, plow.

iii. 14 taking so the head, taking precedence, by omitting the titles.
17 your head] F; our heads Q.
38 most] Q; *om.* F.
56 shock] Q_1; smoke F.
117 barbed, armed over breast and flanks.
136 sooth, cajoling.
162 lodge, beat down, lay waste.
167 fretted, worn away.
175 make a leg, make obeisance, bow.
176 base court, lower court of a castle.

78 **Phaëthon**, son of Apollo, lost control of the Sun's horses and fell to earth.
79 **jades**, horses.
85 **fondly**, foolishly.

v. 4 **rubs**, impediments which keep the bowl from rolling straight.
5 **bias**, the protruding side of the bowl, which gives it an oblique course when thrown.
40 **pale**, enclosure.
46 **knots**, flower-plots of fanciful design.
57 **we at**] Capell; at F.
58 **Do**] Capell; and F.

ACT IV

. 5 **timeless**, untimely.
14 **that very time.** Bagot is wrong here; Bolingbroke's exile followed his uncle's death at some interval.
17 **England**, trisyllabic, 'Engeland.'
26 **I say**] *om.* F.
52-59 Omitted in F.
52 **task the earth**, charge the earth as witness (by casting a glove on it).
55 **sun to sun**] Capell; sin to sin Q.
57 **sets me**, challenges me (in a game).
12 **of that name the fourth**] F; fourth of that name Q.
20 **learn**, teach.
29 **forfend**] Q; forbid F.
31 **obscene**, hideous.
41 **kind**, common nature.
44 **Golgotha**, 'The place of the skull,' Matthew XII. 25.
48 **let**] Q; and let F.
54-318 Omitted in Q_1 Q_2.
57 **conduct**, conductor, escort.
68 **favors**, countenances.
85 **owes**, owns.
07 **balm**, consecrating oil, used in coronation.
10 **duty's rites**] $Q_{3,4}$; dutious oaths F.
46 **sort**, company.
51 **and**] Q_c; a F.
54 **haught**, haughty.
55 **Nor**] Q_3; No, Nor F.
81 **was this the face**, apparently based on the most famous lines in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus:* 'Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?'
17 **conveyers**, thieves.
26 **My Lord**] Q_1 Q_2; *om.* F.

ACT V

. 2 **Julius Cæsar's Tower**, the Tower of London, among other famous English castles, was by tradition ascribed to Julius Cæsar's time.
11 **model**, outline in the ruins of Troy.
39 **thy**] Q_1; my F.
42 **betid**] Hanmer; betide F, happened.
43 **quit their griefs**, make return for their sad tales.
46 **sympathise**, feel with, transitively used.
52 **Pomfret**, Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire.
55 **thou ladder**, Bolingbroke recalls this speech in *2 Henry IV* III. i. 70-77.
62 **And he**] Rowe; He F.
78 **wife**] Q; Queen F.
80 **Hallowmas**, November 1, All Saints' Day.
88 **ne'er the near**, never the nearer. 'Near' is here the old comparative form of 'nigh.'

ii. 66 **day**] Q_1; *om* F.
78 **by my life, by my troth**] Q_1; my life, my troth F.
91 **teeming**, bearing.

iii. 16 **stews**, disorderly houses.
21 **years**] Q; days F.
22 **happily**, haply, perhaps.
66 **digressing**, transgressing.
80 **'Beggar and the King,'** 'King Cophetua,' a popular ballad.
99 Line omitted, F.
119 **pardonne moi**, an affectation of regret at refusing, 'pardon me, no!'
135 **with all my heart I pardon him**] Pope; I pardon him with all my heart F.
137 **brother-in-law**, the Earl of Huntingdon, who does not appear in the play. He had married Henry's sister.
137 **and**] Q_1; *om.* F.
144 **cousin, too**] Q_6; cousin Q F.

iv. 7 **wistly**, wistfully.

v. 1 **studying**, pondering.
8 **still-breeding**, ever-growing.
9 **little world**, the microcosmos, or mind of man.
10 **humours**, temperaments; the sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, and melancholy.
13 **word**, the divine word, the Bible. See Matthew XI. 28, XIX. 14.
17 **postern**, little gate.
21 **ragged**, rough.
25 **silly**, harmless. The word originally meant 'blessed.'
26 **refuge**, secrete (in thought).
29 **misfortunes**] Q; misfortune F.
34 **penury**, poverty.
38 **be**] Q; am F.
43 **proportion**, rhythm.
46 **hear**] F; check Q.
51 **jar**, tick.
58 **times and hours**] Q; hours and times F.
60 **Jack o' the clock**, a figure that struck the hours, such as were common on old churches. The most famous is that in Strasburg Cathedral; there are two on the Herald Building, New York City.
62 **holp madmen to their wits.** Compare *King Lear* IV. vii. 25, where music is so employed. The classic instance was Saul's cure.
66 **brooch**, sign; literally a buckle, worn in the hat as token.
68 **ten groats too dear**, a punning allusion to the line above. The noble (6*s.* 8*d.*) is 10 groats (1 groat = 4*d.*) less than a royal (10*s.*); even half a noble (10 groats) is too high for either; in other

words, both are but common men. A similar pun is ascribed to Queen Elizabeth.
75 **sometimes**, former, sometime.
76 **yearn'd**, grieved.
78 **roan Barbary**, a clever adaptation by Shakespeare of a story given in Froissart of a greyhound, Mathe, that forsook Richard for Bolingbroke.
94 **jauncing**, hard-riding.

vi. 8 **Salisbury, Spencer**] F; Oxford, Salisbury Q, followed by most editors. Oxford was not a conspirator, however.
43 **through the shade**] F; through shades Q; thorough shade Cambridge ed. See Genesis IV.
48 **incontinent**, at once, without delay.
49 **Holy Land**, a resolution always put off by Henry. See *1 Henry IV* I. i. 19.
51 **sadly**, soberly.

HENRY IV, PART I

SOURCES OF THE PLOT—For the portion of *Henry IV* relating to the quarrel between King Henry and his ancient friends, the Percies—for all the scenes of military and political interest, that is, in both parts of the play—Shakespeare follows attentively the Chronicle of Holinshed, who had already furnished the poet with the material for his treatment of the earlier portion of the story in *Richard II*. Opening with allusions to Sir Edmund Mortimer's capture by Glendower on June 22, 1402, and to Hotspur's defeat of Douglas at Homildon on September 14 of the same year, the first part of *Henry IV* follows the events of the next ten months to their culmination in the Battle of Shrewsbury on the eve of St. Mary Magdalene (July 21), 1403.

Only in two points is the dramatist constrained by the requirements of stage effect to make any essential alteration of the historian's picture. The final battle in the play is, of course, necessarily a stage fight, in which only the individual prowess of the leaders can appear, and in which the poet's favorite hero, Prince Henry, wrests away his rival's accumulated honors by the spectacular but unhistoric means of single combat. As the following extract will sufficiently show, Holinshed was far from chary about endowing his generals with Homeric vigor of body, but he nevertheless allows the truth to appear, that Hotspur died in the thick press of battle, the victim, not of one man's valor, but partly of chance, partly of causes which Shakespeare has in earlier scenes made clear: his somewhat inadequate numbers and his reckless strategy. Holinshed's description of the battle, though a little confused in detail, is a fine piece of writing:

"The king's part crying, 'St. George! upon them!' the adversaries cried, 'Esperance! Percy!' and so the two armies furiously joined. . . . The prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that diverse noblemen, that were about him, would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts: and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased either to fight where the battle was most hot, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need. This battle lasted three long hours, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length, the king, crying, 'Saint George! victory!' brake the array of his enemies: and adventured so far, that (as some write) the Earl Douglas strake him down, and at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt, and three other, appareled in the king's suit and clothing, saying: 'I marvel to see so many kings thus suddenly arise one in the neck of another.' The king, indeed, was raised and did that day many a noble feat of arms, for, as it is written, he slew that day with his own hands six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other on his part, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur."

Shakespeare's other important variation from Holinshed arises in like manner from the playwright's need of giving to his picture a precise symmetry such as historic fact seldom affords. As Prince Henry's triumphant vindication of his soldiership at Shrewsbury can be best symbolized in the mimic world of the theatre by making him the personal conqueror of his father's chief foe, so, Shakespeare realized, sympathetic understanding of the Prince's complex nature could most certainly be secured by contrasting this many-sided and misjudged young hero with a rival youth of similar, but less catholic and generous, aspirations. Therefore, Hotspur, in reality a grizzled veteran of forty, rather older than Hal's father, is so far rejuvenated that he figures throughout the play as the very type and pattern of ardent youth, the compeer and contemporary of fifteen-year-old Hal.

In neither part of *Henry IV* does the political matter taken from Holinshed make up much more than half the play. Except in the concluding acts, where a slight attempt is made to knot together the differ-

ent threads, scenes from the chronicler alternate pretty regularly with other scenes in which Prince Hal moves through a very different environment and barely maintains his hold on the spectator's chief interest against the claims of Falstaff's colossal personality. In all essentials, the Falstaff scenes are original with Shakespeare, though a number of suggestions for details came from a poor play called *The Famous Victories of Henry V,* which was being acted by the old company of the Queen's Players about the time that Shakespeare first became associated with the London stage. In the brief compass of fifty pages, the old play runs over events out of which Shakespeare created scenes for both the parts of *Henry IV* and for *Henry V.* For the earlier part of *Henry IV* he got, among other hints, the figure of the Prince's friend, Ned (Poins); "the old Tavern in Eastcheap" as a scene of Hal's revelries; Gadshill, both as a place for robberies and the nickname of a robber; and the Carrier journeying to London with "a great race of Ginger."

A scene from the *Famous Victories,* in which the two clowns, Derrick and John Cobbler, mimic the arraignment of Prince Henry before the Lord Chief Justice, will show where Shakespeare got the hint for Falstaff's and Prince Henry's mimicry of the meeting of the Prince with his father (*1 Henry IV* II. iv. 413-528):

"*Der.* Faith, John, I'll tell thee what: thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince, and hit thee a box on the ear, and then thou shalt say, 'To teach you what prerogatives mean, I commit thee to the Fleet (Prison).'

John. Come on, I'll be your judge, but thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

John [*impersonating the judge*]. What hath he done?

Der. Marry, he hath robbed Derrick.

John. Why, then I cannot let him go.

Der. I must needs have my man.

John. You shall not have him.

Der. Shall I not have my man? say no and you dare. How say you, shall I not have my man?

John. No, marry, shall you not.

Der. Shall I not, John?

John. No, Derrick.

Der. [*striking him*]. Why then take you that till more come. Zounds, shall I not have him?

John. Well, I am content to take this at your hand, but I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou? Zounds, dost not know thyself?

John. No.

Der. Now, away, simple fellow. Why, man, thou art John the Cobbler.

John. No, I am my Lord Chief Justice of England.

Der. Oh, John, Mass, thou sayest true, thou art indeed.

John. Why, then, to teach you what prerogatives mean, I commit you to the Fleet.

Der. Well, I will go, but i' faith, you gray beard knave, I'll course you.

Exit. And straight enters again.

Oh, John, come, come out of thy chair. Why, what a clown wert thou, to let me hit thee a box on the ear, and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fleet. I think that thou art one of these Worenday Clowns."

Falstaff does not appear in the *Famous Victories* with his Shakespearean name, but his vague prototype sports through its pages under the title of Sir John Oldcastle, a worthy fifteenth-century reformer-martyr, of whose intimacy with the Prince during the latter's unregenerate years several racy stories had been circulated by the early chroniclers. Falstaff, indeed, seems to have been still known as Oldcastle, when Shakespeare's play was staged, for the first part retains a now pointless pun upon the earlier name: "my old lad of the castle" (I. ii. 47); and in another place gives a line whose defective metre perhaps calls for the substitution of "Oldcastle" instead of "Falstaff": "Away, good Ned. *Falstaff* sweats to death" (II. ii. 115). Near the beginning of the second part of the play (I. ii. 137), the abbreviation "Old" is actually left standing in the quarto version before one of Falstaff's speeches, and the epilogue finds it necessary to warn the audience against confusing the stage character of Falstaff with the historical Oldcastle, "For Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man." Moreover, a record lately brought to notice shows that Shakespeare's company, that of the Lord Chamberlain, acted at court, on March 6, 1600, *Sir John Oldcastle,* under which title *Henry IV* seems certainly to be meant. (See Malone Society Collections, I, 2, 111.) Yet more positive evidence that Falstaff was Oldcastle on the Elizabethan stage is found in a play published two years after Shakespeare's death, *Amends for Ladies* by Nathaniel Field, where allusion is made to "the fat knight, *hight Oldcastle,*" who

truly told what honor was." Shakespeare's earliest biographer, Nicholas Rowe (1709) gives a reason for the alteration of name: "This part of *Falstaff* is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him (Shakespeare) to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff."

The name Falstaff was doubtless suggested by that of Sir John Fastolfe, or in the spelling of the Shakespeare Folio, *Falstaffe*, who is represented as a cowardly knight in the first part of *Henry VI*, a play with which Shakespeare was concerned at a period, and to an extent, not yet clearly determined. The similarity between the two figures can hardly be carried, however, beyond the mere name, for the great Falstaff, though not John of Gaunt, is yet no coward, while Fastolfe, in the unhistoric treatment he receives in *Henry VI*, is nothing else.

DATE AND TEXT—The first part of *Henry IV* was registered for publication, February 25, 1598, and printed in the same year. Francis Meres mentions the play in his list of Shakespeare's works (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598), and even quotes in another part of the book—without acknowledgment—Falstaff's dictum: "There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man" (*Part I* II. iv. 138). Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599) alludes to the fatness of Sir John Falstaff as already well known. There is general agreement among critics that the years 1596 and 1597 cover the period during which the play was composed and first put on the stage.

Few of Shakespeare's plays were printed so soon after their first production on the stage, and probably none was printed so often during the poet's lifetime as the first part of *Henry IV*. At least five quarto editions appeared within fifteen years (1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613) and three others followed during the quarter-century after the author's death (1622, 1632, 1639). The most important texts for the student desirous of determining what Shakespeare actually wrote are that given in the first quarto and that of the 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. Unfortunately, the folio, instead of following directly a stage manuscript, which might have represented the poet's final version of the play, was set up, as internal evidence proves, from a copy of the fifth (1613) quarto, only very carelessly corrected for stage use. Consequently, the folio incorporates so many of the errors which the later quartos had accumulated in the course of hasty reprinting, that it is on the whole less trustworthy than the first quarto. There are, however, a number of cases in which the folio gives readings not found in any of the quartos, and some of these readings have been adopted in the present edition as representing what was probably the final preference of the poet. The two most important general differences between the folio and the various quarto versions are that the former alone has act and scene division, and that it omits practically all the oaths and asseverations in the play, in consequence of a law passed in 1606 which forbade the use of profanity on the stage.

STAGE HISTORY—The irresistible Falstaff carried all before him on the Elizabethan stage, and by 1599-1600 the Lord Admiral's players, the most important rivals of Shakespeare's company, were attempting to win a share in the profits derivable from this popular figure by presenting in two parts an ostensibly historic treatment of the *Life of Sir John Oldcastle*. The prologue to the first part of this work, which alone appeared in print, challenges comparison between its hero-martyr and Shakespeare's Oldcastle-Falstaff:

> "It is no pampered glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtue shone above the rest,
> A valiant martyr and a virtuous peer";

and two passages in the body of the play are clearly introduced for the delectation of an audience to which the robbery scenes in *Henry IV* were fresh. In one place Prince Henry, now become king, asks: "Where the devil are all my old thieves? . . . Falstaff, the villain, is so fat, he cannot get on 's horse, but methinks Poins and Peto should be stirring hereabouts"; and another character, alluding to the king, speaks of the time "when that foul villainous guts, that led him to all that roguery, was in 's company there, that Falstaff."

Falstaff is said to have been first acted by John Hemmings and later by John Lowin (1576-1659), both of whose names appear in the 1623 Folio among the "Principal Actors" in Shakespeare's plays. In 1642, long before Lowin's death, the Puritans succeeded in suppressing the theatres of London; but Falstaff was not to be suppressed. A farcial abridgment of *Henry IV, Part I*, based on the scenes in which Falstaff figured, was published under the title of *The Bouncing Knight* in Francis Kirkman's *Wits, or Sport upon Sport* (1662), as it had been surreptitiously acted throughout England during the years of Puritan domination. A similar concession to the vul-

gar taste for Falstaff was printed about 1698 under the title of *The Boaster; or Bully-Huff catch'd in a trap.*

During the Restoration era, and for two centuries after, the complete play was frequently presented. Pepys saw it at least three times, and his comment on the second occasion (Nov. 2, 1667) throws a light on the audiences of the time, which justifies quotation: "To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'Henry the Fourth'; and, contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about 'What is Honour?' The house full of Parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Mall did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again."

The end of the seventeenth century is for stage history the age of Thomas Betterton (1635-1710). This great actor arranged playhouse versions of both parts of *Henry IV* and excelled in several of the rôles. His contemporary, Colley Cibber, writes enthusiastically of "those wild impatient starts, that fierce and flashing fire, which he threw into Hotspur"; and later in life, when verging on seventy, Betterton won yet higher fame by playing Falstaff in both parts of the play. Few more notable performances can have occurred than that given at Covent Garden, December 6, 1746, when David Garrick acted Hotspur to the much-praised Falstaff of his rival, James Quin (1693-1766). Of Quin it is reported that after his retirement from the stage he used to make an annual visit to London for the sake of playing Falstaff before an old friend, Ryan; till, losing two front teeth in 1754, he was obliged to write: 'There's no person on earth whom I would sooner serve than Ryan; but—I will *whistle* Falstaff for no man!"

Mrs. Siddons's brothers, John Philip and Charles Kemble, played *Henry IV* in the early part of the nineteenth century. Elliston's Falstaff and Macready's Hotspur were received with immense applause at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1826. A quarter of a century later, another great Falstaff, Bartley, took his leave of the stage in a farewell performance of *Henry IV, Part I* (Princess Theatre, Dec. 18, 1852) "under the patronage of her Majesty, and H. R. H. Prince Albert," Charles Kean taking the part of Hotspur.

During the next sixty years, *Henry IV* was curiously little acted on the professional stage. Performances by Ben Greet's and F. R. Benson's Companies at the Stratford Memorial Theatre and elsewhere, by Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1896, and academic revivals by the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Association in 1886 and the Yale Amateur Dramatic Association in 1906 were the most notable representations. It would be an interesting study to determine whether some radical development of modern taste was responsible for the relegation to amateurs and dramatic revivalists of this play, which for two centuries and a half maintained itself as one of the most brilliant practical successes of the English stage. Augustin Daly projected a revival in New York at the end of the nineteenth century, but abandoned it because he could not find an actor to play Falstaff. Recently actors and audiences have shown much more interest in *Henry IV.* Charles Fry produced both parts at Excelsior Hall, London, giving them on successive Saturdays, "they not having been consecutively performed, it is believed, for over 120 years." Miss Lillian Baylis similarly revived both parts at the "Old Vic" (Royal Victoria Hall) in November, 1922; while Mr. J. B. Fagan presented Part II at the Court Theatre, London, in March, 1921. Part I was produced with much success by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre under the management of Mr. Barry V. Jackson and Mr. John Drinkwater during the period of the Great War; and was lately revived at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York (June, 1926), by The Players, with Otis Skinner as Falstaff and Basil Sydney as Prince Hal.

CRITICAL COMMENT—The discussion of critical opinion concerning *Henry IV* can be most conveniently taken up in connection with the second part of the play. See Introduction to that part.

B.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

WITH THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HENRY, SURNAMED HOTSPUR

[SCENE OF ACTION: Several parts of London; Rochester and Gadshill in Kent; Warkworth Castle, Northumberland; Bangor, Wales; York; the neighborhood of Coventry, and of Shrewsbury.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, }

Earl of WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Earl of WORCESTER.

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, his brother.

HENRY PERCY, Northumberland's son, surnamed HOTSPUR.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of MARCH.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.

OWEN GLENDOWER, a Welsh chieftain.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS, }
GADSHILL, } Associates of Prince Henry
PETO, } and Falstaff.
BARDOLPH, }

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travelers, and Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—[*King Henry's Palace. London.*]

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other like, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*London.*]

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff and [*later*] *Poins.*

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of

old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prethee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prethee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prethee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive

thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

[*Enter Poins.*]

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prethee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

oins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

rince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

oins. Farewell, my lord. *Exit Poins.*

rince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*]

Scene III.—[*King Henry's Palace.*]

nter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

ing. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[*Exit Wor.*]
You were about to speak. [*To North.*]

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.
King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
Exit King [*with his train*]
Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalis'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer,
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wore the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes unto you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion that to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman; I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkeley castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is 't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristow, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let's slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*Rochester. An inn yard.*]

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh-ho! an 't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1. *Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1. *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

2. *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1. *Car.* God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? And 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prethee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I prethee, lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a'? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exeunt [*Carriers*].

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prethee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Troyans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the common-

wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*Gadshill, near Rochester.*]

Enter Prince, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon 't when thieves cannot be true one to another! *They whistle.* Whew! A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou can hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. And I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill [and Bardolph].

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?
Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.
Prince. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.
Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.
Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.
Prince. [*Aside.*] Ned, where are our disguises?
Poins. [*Aside.*] Here, hard by: stand close.
[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]
Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Traveller. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.
Thieves. Stand!
Traveller. Jesu bless us!
Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.
Traveller. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!
Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Prince and Poins [*disguised*].

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.
Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. And the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no moe valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.
Prince. Your money!
Poins. Villains!
As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.
Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Warkworth castle.*]

Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter.

'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Doug-

las? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forwards to-night.

Enter his Lady.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

[*Enter Servant.*]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
And if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do ye not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a-horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
dy. How! so far?
ot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
dy. It must of force. *Exeunt.*

CENE IV.—[*The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*]

Enter Prince [*Henry*] *and Poins.*

rince. Ned, prethee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
oins. Where hast been, Hal?
rince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; telling me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, then they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prethee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.
Poins. Francis!
Prince. Thou art perfect.
Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*]

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.
Prince. Come hither, Francis.
Fran. My lord?
Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart,—
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. How old art thou, Francis?
Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, sir. Pray you stay a little, my lord.
Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, wast't not?
Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!
Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon.
Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, on Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?
Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—
Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.
Fran. What, sir?
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? § *Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?
Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?
Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?
Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.
What's o'clock, Francis?
Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prethee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff, [*Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto Francis following with wine*].

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?
Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long I'll sew nether-stocks and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?
He drinketh
Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan!) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst then behold that compound.
Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.
Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?
Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!
Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?
Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?
Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.
Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoul-

ders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinks.* A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gad. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prethee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this

sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prethee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years,

Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a-horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. A-horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good ticklebrain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom

I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]

Enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
Exit [*with Carrier*].

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

[*Peto*] *searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*

What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what be they: read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*]
Item, A capon, . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, . . . ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. *Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—[*Wales. House of the Archdeacon of Bangor.*]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you
Sit down?
And uncle Worcester:—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell,
As oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth and tumbles down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: 'Tell truth and shame the devil.'
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well,
Go to,' but mark'd him not a word. O, he is as
Tedious as a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps: she'll not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.
Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. *The lady speaks in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
The lady [speaks] again in Welsh.
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
The lady [speaks] again in Welsh.
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!
Glend. She bids you
On the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. *The music plays.*
Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.
Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.
Lady P. Wouldst have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be still.
Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.
Lady P. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's that?
Hot. Peace! she sings.
Here the lady sings a Welsh song.
Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady P. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. And the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*London. The palace.*]

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspéct
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.
King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if I perform and do survive,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*]

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin

his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince, marching [with Peto and others], and Falstaff meets him playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prethee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, and I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st in the

state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prethee, be gone.

Exit Hostess.

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

Exeunt omnes.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Hotspur's camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter Harry Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger [*with letters*].

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I prethee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the off'ring side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed, madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.—[*A road near Coventry.*]

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Cophill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sauc'd gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tottered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and the Lord of Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.
Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.
West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.
Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.
Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.
Fal. What, is the king encamped?
West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.
Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Hotspur's camp.*]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;

And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And 't may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*York. The Archbishop's palace.*]

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
The trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester [*and Vernon*].

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;

Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
King. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.
Prince. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.
Exit Worcester [*with Vernon*].
Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!
Exeunt. Manent Prince and Falstaff.
Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
Prince. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.
Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.
Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.
Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died a-Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—[*Hotspur's camp.*]

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal, kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,

Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur [*and Douglas*].

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here I draw
A sword, whose worthy temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *'Esperance! Percy!'* and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
They embrace. The trumpets sound.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.—*Field of battle, near Shrewsbury.*]

The King entereth with his power. Alarum unto the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name,
That in battle thus thou crossest me?
What honour dost thou seek upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

They fight. Blunt is slain. Then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. Ah, fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: prethee, lend me thy sword.
Fal. O Hal, I prethee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.
Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prethee, lend me thy sword.
Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.
Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?
Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.
The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.
Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
Throws it at him. Exit.
Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.
Exit.

SCENE IV.—[*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prethee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]
Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
King. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.
Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight; the King being in danger. Enter Prince.*
Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
They fight: Douglas flieth.
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.
King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.
Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, [and exit Douglas]. The Prince killeth Percy.
Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*]
Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
† *He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*
Falstaff riseth up.
Fal. Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. *Takes Hotspur on his back.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prince. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground. Art thou alive? or is it
Fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prethee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.
Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
A retreat is sounded.
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
Exeunt [*Prince of Wales and Lancaster*].

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great again, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.
Exit.

SCENE V.—[*Another part of the field.*]

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
Exeunt Worcester and Vernon [*guarded*].
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.
Exeunt.

FINIS

NOTES

F means the First Folio (1623), Q the quarto editions in general. Q_1, Q_2, etc., refer to the individual quartos in the order of their publication.

ACT I

5 An obscure line, probably corrupt: **thirsty entrance** is usually taken to mean the parched surface of the soil.

7 trenching, entrenching, throwing up breastworks.

13 furious close, hand-to-hand combat.

14 mutual, united. For other instances of the word, see *Midsummer Night's Dream* IV. i. 121 and *Merchant of Venice* V. i. 77.

22 a power, an army.

28 this our purpose. The king's purpose had been expressed at the close of *Richard II* (V. vi. 49).

33 this dear expedience, this precious expedition.

38 the noble Mortimer, Sir Edmund Mortimer, great-grandson of Edward III. Throughout the play Shakespeare, following Holinshed, confuses this Mortimer with another Edmund Mortimer, his nephew, who was the fifth Earl of March and heir to the crown after the death of Richard II in 1399. The battle in which Sir Edmund was captured by the Welsh occurred at Pilleth, Radnorshire, June 22, 1402.

43 corpse, a plural, as often in Shakespeare.

49 other like; i. e., other similar tidings. $Q_{1,2}$ read 'did' for 'like.'

52 Holy-rood day, the festival of the Holy Cross (Sept. 14).

55 Holmedon, Humbleton Hill in Northumberland, on the Scotch border. The battle alluded to was a sort of sequel to that fought by Hotspur at Otterburn in 1388, in which Douglas's father had been killed and Hotspur captured. The different versions of the Ballad of Otterburn (The Hunting of the Cheviot, Chevy Chase) had made Percy and Douglas favorite heroes long before Shakespeare took up the subject.

69 Balk'd, piled in ridges. A 'balk' in agriculture was a ridge of earth between two furrows.

71 Mordake Earl of Fife. This was Murdach Stewart, son of the Duke of Albany, not of Douglas. Defective punctuation in Holinshed's list of Hotspur's prisoners led to Shakespeare's error.

76, 77 In faith, It is] Printed as part of the preceding speech Q F.

83 minion, favorite.

86-89 The belief that young children might be exchanged or stolen by fairies was common in Shakespeare's age. The poet had already made use of it in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. i. 120. The purpose of the allusion here is probably to persuade the audience of the similarity in age (really quite unhistoric) between the king's son and Northumberland's.

ii. 16 the seven stars, the Pleiades.

16, 17 Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair': a jesting allusion, apparently, to a current romance, 'The Knight of the Sun.' Phœbus was, as Falstaff knew, the sun-god.

22 by my troth] Even this mild oath is omitted in F. See note on *Merchant of Venice*, I. ii. 121.

23 prologue to an egg and butter. Falstaff is punning on the meanings of the word grace, which he employs in three different senses. An egg and butter, or buttered egg, appeared to the hearty Elizabethan appetite a very meager repast and would therefore require as 'prologue' only the slightest benediction or 'grace.'

47 As . . . Hybla] As is the honey F.

47, 48 my old lad of the castle. Contemporary usage shows that this phrase was a regular term for a rioter. For its possible reference to Falstaff's earlier name, Oldcastle, see the Introduction.

48 buff jerkin, properly a jacket of buffalo skin. Sheriff's officers wore this costume. 'Robe of durance' in the next line involves a pun on *durance*, imprisonment, and on the everlasting wear of buff.

51 quiddities, cavils, a word borrowed from the hair-splitting subtleties of the medieval schoolmen. 'Quidditas' meant in their jargon the nature of a thing.

69 antic, antique; hence old-fashioned or grotesque. 'Antics' were popular figures in May-games and morris dances.

73 brave, fine.

83 gib cat, a Tom cat. 'Gib' was a contraction for Gilbert.

88 Moor-ditch, an ill-smelling swamp outside the north wall of London. The 'Theatre' and 'Curtain' play-houses, where Shakespeare's plays were probably most usually performed before the erection of the Globe in 1598, were in Shoreditch nearby.

99, 100 wisdom . . . and] *om.* F (because thought irreverent).

140 pilgrims going to Canterbury, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, the 'holy blisful martir' of Chaucer's prologue.

145 Eastcheap, a section near London Bridge, noted for its flesh and fish markets and its taverns; so called in distinction from West Cheap or Cheapside, near St. Paul's.

170, 171 God give thee . . . him] maist thou have . . . he F.

177 thou] Pope; the Q F.

178 All-hallown summer. The feast of All Hallown or All Saints is November 1st. Falstaff, in his mixture of youth and age, is like the unseasonable weather of that time of year.

182 Bardolph, Peto] Theobald; Harvey, Rossill Q F (Theobald suggested that Harvey and Rossill were the actors who took the parts of Bardolph and Peto).

iii. 19 **frontier**, a technical military term for an outer fortification.
27 **Either . . . therefore**] Q; who either through envy F. **misprision**, misconception, mistaking.
36 **a milliner**, a dealer in gloves and other fancy articles of dress originally imported from Milan.
38 **a pouncet-box**, literally, a punched box, with holes in the top for the scattering of perfume.
41 **took it in snuff**, became offended. A pun is intended.
50 **popinjay**, parrot, from the Spanish *papagayo*.
58 **parmaceti**, a popular form of spermaceti.
62 **tall**, valiant; one of the original meanings.
87 **indent**, make a contract.
101 **changing hardiment**, courageous exchange of blows.
167 **me**] Q_{1-4}; if Q_5 F.
176 **canker**, the wild-rose, noted for its many thorns and small blossoms. **Canker'd**, l. 137, means shriveled, unhealthy.
207 **corrival**, competitor or companion. The word occurs again, IV. iv. 31.
208 **half-fac'd fellowship**. 'Half-face' means a profile view; the phrase signifies a league in which each member can show only half of himself.
228 **defy**, renounce.
230 **sword-and-buckler**. These were arms fitted, not to the Prince of Wales, but to the lowest class of tavern bullies.
240 **pismires**, ants.
244 **kept**, dwelt.
248, 249 **Ravenspurgh . . . Berkeley Castle**. See *Richard II* II. i-iii.
251 **candy**, sugared.
271 **Bristow**, the old name of Bristol, which was in Shakespeare's time the second city in England.
284 **a head**, a military force.

ACT II

I. 8 **cess**, measure. The word is connected with *assess* and meant originally a 'rate' or tax.
17 **tench**, a fish. Why 'stung like a tench' is not clear. **Loach** in l. 23 is another kind of fish.
19 **in Christendom**] F; christen Q.
26 **gammon of bacon**, a ham; connected with French *jambon*.
27 **razes**, roots. **Charing-cross**, in Shakespeare's time a mile west of London. The Carriers were approaching the city from the east.
60 **franklin**, a country gentleman.
wild of Kent, colloquial name of the 'weald' or south-eastern part of the county, the site of the Anglo-Saxon forest of Andredesweald.
61 **three hundred marks**. A mark was two-thirds of a pound, that is, thirteen shillings and fourpence.
37, 68 **St. Nicholas' clerks**, highwaymen.
82 **long-staff sixpenny strikers**, thieves who 'strike' for the petty gain of sixpence. A long staff was part of the highwayman's equipment.
84 **malt-worms**, drunkards.
85 **oneyers**, slang, probably, for "ones."
91 **boots, booties**; the monosyllabic form is used to bring in the pun in the next line.
96 **the receipt of fern-seed**. The seeding of ferns was a mystery to early botanists. Hence arose the myth that fern-seed appeared only on St. John's Eve (June 23) and that any one lucky enough to gather it then could himself walk invisible.
101 **purchase**, profits. F reads 'purpose' (*i. e.*, enterprise) which is also possible.

ii. 2 **gummed velvet**. Velvet fraudulently stiffened with gum was particularly likely to 'fret.'
13 **squire**, carpenter's rule.
40 **colt**, cheat, befool.
53 **our setter, i. e., Gadshill**. See I. ii. 118. In thieves' language, the setter was the decoy.
55 **case ye**. The next words, 'on with your vizards,' explain what is meant. 'Case' is the skin or hide of animals.
94 **fat chuffs**, rich countrymen; so called in thieves' slang because they were easy prey. The chough, or jackdaw, is a hoarding bird.
100 **argument**, theme of conversation.
110 **S. D. run away**] F; *run away and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too* Q (which indicates the way the scene was acted).

iii. 15 **counterpoise**, opposing weight.
39 **Kate**. The real name of Hotspur's wife was Elizabeth.
49 **curst**, crabbed, shrewish.
52 **terms of manage**, words of command.
55 **frontiers**. See note on I. iii. 19.
56 **basilisks, culverin**, large cannon, named after serpents.
65 **hest**] Q_1; haste Q_2-F.
74 **esperance**, hope: the Percy motto.
86 **To line**, to give substance to.
88 **paraquito**, a small parrot.
95 **mammets**, puppets, dolls.
96 **crack'd crowns**, a pun. Coins cracked within the ring at the edge could not be passed. Hamlet makes a similar witticism (*Hamlet* II. ii. 448).
120 **of force**, perforce.

iv. 1 **fat**, stuffy.
8 **by their**] F; all by their christen Q.
10 **salvation**] Q; confidence F.
13 **a Corinthian**, a wild gallant. 'Trojan' is used in the same sense (See II. i. 77).
14 **boy**] F; boy (by the Lord so they call me) Q.
19 **play it off**, drink it off.
27 **under-skinker**, inferior waiter or drawer.
31 **bastard**, a Spanish wine, artificially sweetened.
the Half-moon. The separate rooms in Elizabethan taverns were often given individual names. See 'Pomgarnet' (pomegranate) in line 42. Ben Jonson used to meet his followers in the Apollo Room at the Devil Tavern, and to-day at the Shakespeare Inn, Stratford-on-Avon, the rooms are named after Shakespeare's plays.
78 **not-pated**, round-headed. Short hair was a mark of the Puritans, who were very numerous among the tradespeople of Elizabethan London,

but unpopular with the court and the actors. The words apply to the master of Francis, who is described anachronistically as a vintner of Shakespeare's time.

79 **caddis-garter.** Caddis was worsted. **Puke** in the previous line was a dark-colored cloth.

115 **kills me some six:** as very often in Shakespeare, **me** is the 'ethical dative' and has no particular force beyond suggesting the interest of the speaker.

130 **nether-stocks,** stockings.

133 **Titan,** the sun.

144 **a shotten herring,** one which has lost its roe.

147, 148 **weaver . . . sing psalms.** The weavers in England were mainly immigrants from Flanders with strong Puritanical leanings. They were not popular with writers for the stage.

148 **psalms or any thing**] Q; all manner of songs F.

122 **mainly,** strongly. 'Might' and 'main' are synonyms.

138 **points,** sword-points; also the laces by which the Elizabethan dress was held together.

146 **Kendal green.** In the fourteenth century Flemish weavers established a cloth manufacture at Kendal, Westmoreland, in the English Lake Country. Dark green cloth, the proper dress for hunters and mountaineers, became a noted product of the place.

153 **tallow-catch,** probably a tub of tallow.

174 **standing-tuck,** rapier on end. A tuck was a small sword.

121 **royal man.** The prince puns on 'royal,' a coin worth ten shillings. A 'noble' was six shillings and eightpence. He means, Give the 'nobleman' the additional three and fourpence which will raise him to the higher denomination.

146, 147 **with the manner,** in the act: a Norman-French law term.

159 **bombast,** cotton wadding, much used to stuff out Elizabethan garments. The stage Falstaff was doubtless specially indebted to this material for his proportions.

170 **Amamon,** or Amaymon, is the name of a devil in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584).

192 **blue-caps,** Scots in blue bonnets.

197 **June**] Q_{1-3}; Sun Q_4-F.

116 **state,** throne or chair of state.

126 **King Cambyses' vein.** Thomas Preston's extravagant melodrama, *King Cambises,* was published about 1570. In Shakespeare's time it was regarded as typical of the bad dramatic taste of the previous generation.

127 **my leg,** my obeisance.

134 **tristful,** sad (Rowe's emendation); **trustful** Q F.

141 etc. **through the camomile,** etc. A parody of the affected prose style introduced by John Lyly's *Euphues* (1579). The particular features here ridiculed are its exaggerated use of antithesis and alliteration and the constant allusion to fantastic stories of natural history.

451 **micher,** truant.

480 **rabbit-sucker,** a young (sucking) rabbit.

481 **poulter's,** poultry-dealer's.

496 **bolting-hutch,** a chest for sifting meal.

497 **bombard,** a large leather wine vessel.

498 **Manningtree,** sixty miles north-east of London, in the agricultural county of Essex, was famed for its cattle.

499 **that reverend vice, that gray iniquity.** One of Shakespeare's many references to the comic figure in the morality drama.

506 **take me with you,** let me know your meaning.

589 **ob.,** an abbreviated form of 'obolus,' a half-penny.

599 **with advantage,** with interest.

ACT III

i. 15 **cressets,** lamps on poles; here used of stars.

16 **huge** Q_1; *om.* Q_2-F.

32 **tumbles**] F; topples Q.

44 **clipp'd in with,** embraced or surrounded by.

48 **trace,** follow.

96 **moiety,** properly half, but here used of a third part.

100 **cantle,** a corner.

131 **canstick,** candlestick. F has the modern form.

133 **an edge,** on edge. So in *Hamlet* I. v. 19.

144 **Break with,** break the news to.

149 **moldwarp,** mole.

153 **couching—ramping,** conventional attitudes of beasts in heraldry.

154 **skimble-skamble,** confused.

163 **cates,** dainties provided by the **catour** or caterer.

167 **concealments,** secret arts.

177 **wilful-blame,** apparently a coined adjective: blamable for wilfulness.

196 **my aunt Percy.** Elsewhere Shakespeare follows history in making Lady Percy Sir Edmund Mortimer's sister; but for the confusion between this Mortimer and his nephew see note on I. i. 38.

199 **harlotry,** a word here of affectionate dispraise. See II. iv. 437.

211 **division,** modulation.

214 **rushes,** the usual floor covering of Shakespeare's time.

234 **humorous,** full of ill-humor.

240 **brach,** hunting dog.

253 **comfit-maker's,** confectioner's.

256 **sarcenet,** a thin silk.

257 **Finsbury,** a piece of open ground outside the north wall of London.

261 **velvet-guards,** velvet-trimmings, a conspicuous feature of the Sunday dress of citizens' wives.

265 **red-breast teacher,** trainer of singing birds. The English robin was artificially taught to sing.

And, if, one of the old uses of the conjunction.

ii. 45 **likelihood,** prospect of greatness.

61 **bavin,** brushwood, kindling; hence, inflammable.

62 **carded,** adulterated, a term from the mixing of liquors.

63 **cap'ring**] Q_1; carping Q_2-F.

67 **comparative,** jester, a dealer in humorous comparisons.

69 **Enfeoff'd himself,** gave himself up, as in fee-simple.

100 **colour,** pretense.

101 **harness,** armor.

109 **majority,** seniority.

115 Enlarged, freed.
148 engross up, buy up wholesale. Hence 'grocer.'
151 worship, honor.
154 if . . . survive] F; if He be pleased I shall perform Q.
156 intemperature] F; intemperance Q.
157 bands, bonds.
164 Lord Mortimer of Scotland, not one of the Mortimers at all, but George Dunbar, who bore the Scottish title of Earl of March.
172 advertisement, information.

iii. 5 apple-john. See note on *2 Henry IV* II. iv. 2.
6 liking, favorable condition.
28 admiral, flag-ship.
40 that's God's angel] *om.* F (because irreverent).
47 triumph, public celebration. Bacon wrote an essay on 'Masques and Triumphs.'
51, 52 as good cheap, a reduced prepositional phrase signifying 'at as good a market.'
60 Dame Partlet the hen, probably a reminiscence of Chaucer's hen, Pertelote, in the Nun's Priest's Tale.
66 tithe] Theobald; tight QF.
79 Dowlas, coarse linen, first made in Daoulas, Brittany.
81 bolters, flour-sifters. See note to II. iv. 495.
92 younker, a callow boy.
99 sneak-cup, probably a low habitué of taverns who after drinking would try to sneak off with the cup. Such theft is represented in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and other plays of the time.
104 Newgate, the prison for serious criminals.
129 Maid Marian, the companion of Robin Hood in later versions of the story. She was much represented in morris dances and was hence regarded with disfavor by deputies' wives and other Puritans.
152 ought, owed.
177, 178 embossed, swollen.

ACT IV

i. 7 soothers, flatterers.
20 my lord] Capell; my mind $Q_{1,2}$; his mind Q_3-F.
47 main, stake.
48 nice, delicate.
51 list, edge, boundary (properly the selvage of cloth).
61 hair, texture, another word from the cloth trade.
69 off'ring, attacking, offensive.
78 dare, daring.
85 term] Q; dream F.
98 estridges, ostriches.
99 Bated, a word used of hawks flapping their wet wings. The meaning of the line is not certain.
104 beaver, helmet; properly the lower part only.
118 reprisal, prize.
119 taste] $Q_{1,2}$; take Q_3-F.

ii. 3 Sutton Cophill. Sutton Coldfield is probably meant, a Warwickshire village about fifteen miles north-west of Coventry, and mid-way between Birmingham and Lichfield. Cophill is to be pronounced 'Cofil.'
6 angel, coin bearing the figure of the archangel Michael. The value fluctuated between a noble and a royal. See note on II. iv. 321.
13 sauc'd, preserved in brine; from Latin *salsum*, salted. The early editions spell 'souct' and 'sowc't.'
21 caliver, light musket.
28, 29 painted cloth, a cheap substitute for tapestry.
31 unjust, dishonest.
35 faced ancient, patched ensign.
38 tottered, tattered.
47 but] Rowe; not Q F.

iii. 26 journey-bated, weary from travel.
38 defend, forbid.
62 sue his livery, seek the legal delivery of the estates inherited.
93 his kinsman March. Not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer. See note on I. i. 38.
103 head. See note on I. iii. 284.

iv. 10 bide the touch, endure the test; the touchstone determined the quality of gold.
17 a rated sinew, a resource on which they counted. Q_5 F substitute 'rated firmly.'
31 moe, more.

ACT V

i. 2 busky, wooded.
17 obedient orb, orbit of obedience.
29 chewet, chough or jackdaw.
34, 35 See *Richard II* II. ii. 58, 59.
60 gull, a fledgling; 'bird' has the same sense.
72 articulated, listed in separate articles.
74 face, patch. See note on IV. ii. 34.
136, 137 that word honour] F; in that word honor? What is that honor Q_{1-4}.
143 scutcheon, armorial shield.

ii. 8 Suspicion] Rowe; Supposition Q F.
31 bid, offer.
51 tasking] Q_1; talking Q_2-F.
60 valued, compared.
62 cital, mention.
68 owe, possess.
72 a libertine] Capell; a libertie Q_{1-4}; at liberty Q_5 F.

iii. 21 semblably, similarly.
30 shot-free, without paying the 'shot' or score.
37 ragamuffins] Capell; rag of Muffins Q F.
58 pierce: prónounced 'perse' in Shakespeare's time.
60, 61 carbonado, a steak for broiling.

iv. 5 make up, press forward.
22 lustier maintenance, stronger endurance.
49 tender, regard.
100 ignomy, ignominy (which is the spelling in Q_{1-3})
114 termagant, an imaginary Mohammedan idol.
115 scot and lot, a universal tax, levied on all subjects.
168 great again. The Quartos omit 'again,' but Falstaff has seen better days.

v. 41 sway] way Q_5 F.

HENRY IV, PART II

THE OCCASION AND SOURCES OF THE LAY—The writing of second parts to popular plays as, at the end of the sixteenth century, a very com- on practice whereby authors sought to prolong e stage effectiveness of favorite rôles and make up r the extremely short runs which even the most ccessful Elizabethan dramas must expect before the all public of their day. The striking triumph of arlowe's *Tamburlaine,* about 1587, had immediately lled forth a second part in which the conquering ro might dazzle afresh the eyes of audiences al- ady familiar with the original play. The old play *King John,* on which Shakespeare based his trag- y of the same name, had been produced in con- ssed rivalry with *Tamburlaine,* and was similarly ranged as a double drama. So, too, there ap- ared in successive versions three parts of *King enry VI,* in which Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare had some concern. It was, thus, only natural at Shakespeare should have set about a second part *Henry IV* so soon as the reception of the first play oved the surpassing value of Falstaff and Prince enry as stage figures.

The ultimate sources of Part Two are those of the iginal drama: Holinshed's Chronicles and the old ay of *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* From e former is drawn material relating to the strag- ing military operations of the five years that fol- wed the Battle of Shrewsbury (1403-1408), while th works seem to have influenced the scenes por- aying the death of Henry IV (1413) and Henry V's smissal of his old companions. The relation to olinshed and the *Victories* is, however, far from al or immediate. Of genuine sources of dramatic spiration the second part of *Henry IV* may fairly said to have had only one; namely, the first part the same play, supplemented by Shakespeare's uthful memories of country life in Warwickshire d the adjoining county of Gloucester.

There is not much reason to suppose that a second ay on Henry IV's reign was premeditated when akespeare began the first one. Into this earlier ay the poet prodigally introduced nearly all the in- dents of Bolingbroke's rule—except his death— ich could easily be made dramatic. Therefore, when the brilliant success of Falstaff and Hal suggested the desirability of a continuation, he was forced to a rather thrifty and sparing use of the scanty remaining material. With the military incidents not already employed little could be done. The fate of Northumberland and his allies hardly serves for more than stiffening to the plot: Shakespeare does not permit Prince Hal to sully his heroism by any connection with this sordid history. Indeed, except in some of the last scenes, the Prince appears very little in *2 Henry IV.* For its chief interest this play depends upon Falstaff, and in all that makes it most memorable it affects the reader not as a history play, but as a comedy of contemporary life.

It is very instructive to study how the poet has gathered up the shreds of dramatic opportunity carelessly dropped in the writing of the richer earlier part, in order to elaborate them into essential limbs of the later piece. Falstaff's relations with his hostess and with low women of the town, his profits from the pressing of soldiers, his general dislike of organized justice and his allusion to the old lord of the council "who rated me the other day in the streets" (*1 Henry IV* I. ii. 94), are mere casual hints in the first part, but they become the source and starting-point for a number of the most significant scenes in the second.

THE NEW MATERIAL IN THE PLOT—That *2 Henry IV* is at all able to bear comparison with the first part, beside which it stands otherwise at many disadvantages, is due to the addition of the great Gloucestershire scenes portraying the household of Justice Shallow, a theme further elaborated in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (*ca.* 1600). Nicholas Rowe's *Account of Mr. William Shakespeare* (1709) alludes to the then common belief that Shallow is a caricature of Shakespeare's youthful persecutor, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot. There is plausible ground for the identification, but the satire is far from bitter. Indeed, the charm of the scenes dealing with the foolish justices, Shallow and Silence, lies in the poet's conviction of the felicity of their sheltered rural lives, as contrasted with the unhealthy extravagance of Falstaff's tavern existence and the

mordant cares of public responsibility. The key to the Shallow scenes is found when one remembers that during the years when *Henry IV* was being produced Shakespeare was seeking to prepare a similar retreat for himself by gaining the arms and title of a gentleman and investing his theatrical profits in large purchases of landed property less than ten miles from the Gloucestershire border. For a brilliant exposition of just what such a life probably meant to Shakespeare as he was approaching middle age, every student of this part of the play should read the Right Honorable D. H. Madden's *Diary of Master William Silence* (1897).

DATE—Justice Silence, who first makes his appearance in *2 Henry IV*, is alluded to as a figure already familiar to London audiences in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (V. ii), acted by Shakespeare's Company in 1599. On the other hand, the new king's allusion, in the last act of our play (V. ii. 47), to the uncomfortable situation of the monarch's brothers at the Turkish court, where "Amurath an Amurath succeeds," joins with a mass of other evidence to prove a date of composition later than 1596, when Amurath III died at Constantinople and his successor's brothers were immediately strangled. Probably the play was first performed in 1598.

TEXT—On August 23, 1600, the second part of *Henry IV* was registered for publication, in conjunction with *Much Ado about Nothing*. The only early quarto edition appeared in the same year (that is, before March 25, 1601, by modern reckoning). Upon this edition and the version included in the 1623 folio are based all subsequent texts. The quarto, though it includes a few lines and a number of single words not in the folio, is chiefly remarkable for two things: its many omissions of fine poetic speeches, undoubtedly Shakespearean, but perhaps not used in the current acting version of the play; and the curious differences between individual specimens of the edition. The first scene of Act III, including King Henry's famous apostrophe to sleep, is wholly lacking in some copies of the quarto, but is found in others: it seems to have come to the printer's hands after a part of the impression was already prepared for the market. In the present edition preference has generally been given, in doubtful cases, to the folio text; but there are many interesting divergences, where choice is difficult, and the notes of variant readings should be frequently consulted.

CRITICAL COMMENT—"None of Shakespeare's plays," remarked Dr. Johnson with reference to the latter half of the eighteenth century, "are read more than the first and second parts of *Henry IV*. Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight." About Falstaff more first-class criticism has probably been written than about any other Shakespearean character except Hamlet. He stimulated Johnson to one of his finest expressions of appreciative sympathy: "Falstaff—unimitated, unimitable Falstaff—how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested!" About the same time that Johnson was writing, a friendly conversation concerning the supposed cowardice of Falstaff prompted a gentleman of no literary pretensions, Maurice Morgann, to one of the first and greatest pieces of English romantic criticism in an eloquent essay of nearly a hundred pages "On the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff" (1777).

The early nineteenth century claimed Falstaff particularly for its own and vied with itself in elaborating and etherializing the character, till Hazlitt and his companions had almost proved that the fat knight was nothing that he appeared to be: neither a coward, nor a glutton, nor a sensualist, nor even truly an egoist. The result enriched English critical literature with some of its most thoughtful and subtle work, but it probably reacted unfavorably upon the stage Falstaff. It may be that the virtual extinction of *Henry IV* as a practical acting play is connected with the ever increasing and finally superhuman demands laid upon the performer of the chief comic part.

Perhaps the truest conception of Falstaff as Shakespeare desired him to appear to Elizabethan audiences is expressed by Hudson, who refers to the need of presenting symbolically the chroniclers' tales of Prince Hal's wild youth: "The poet had no way to set forth this part of the man's life but by creating one or more representative characters, concentrating in them such a fund of mental attractions as might overcome the natural repugnance of an upright and noble mind to their vices. . . . It must be no ordinary companionship that yields entertainment to such a spirit even in its loosest moments. Whatever base or questionable elements may mingle in its mirth, it must have some fresh and rich ingredients, some sparkling and generous flavor to make him relish it. . . . Here, then, we have a sort of dramatic necessity for the character of Falstaff. To answer the purpose, it was imperative that he should be just such a congregation of charms and vices as he is."

B.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

CONTAINING HIS DEATH AND THE CORONATION OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

SCENE OF ACTION: Warkworth Castle in Northumberland; London and Westminster York and the adjacent Galtres Forest; Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.]

THE ACTORS' NAMES

MOUR, the Presenter.
NG HENRY the Fourth.
INCE HENRY, afterwards crowned KING HENRY the Fifth.

INCE JOHN of Lancaster, } Sons to Henry the Fourth and brethren to Henry the Fifth.
MPHREY of Gloucester, }
OMAS of Clarence, }

rl of NORTHUMBERLAND, } Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.
CHBISHOP OF YORK, }
RD MOWBRAY, }
RD HASTINGS, }
RD BARDOLPH, }
AVERS, }
RTON, }
JOHN COLEVILE, }

rl of WARWICK, } Of the King's Party.
rl of WESTMORELAND, }
rl of SURREY, }
WER, }
RCOURT, }
LUNT], }
RD CHIEF-JUSTICE, }

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, } Irregular Humorists.
POINS, }
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, }
PETO, }
FALSTAFF'S PAGE, }

SHALLOW, } Both Country Justices.
SILENCE, }

DAVIE, servant to Shallow.
FANG and SNARE, two Serjeants.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF: Country Soldiers.
Drawers; Beadles; Grooms.

Northumberland's Wife.
Percy's [Hotspur's] Widow.
Hostess QUICKLY.
DOLL TEARSHEET.
Epilogue.

INDUCTION.

[*Warkworth. Before the castle.*]

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,

Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. *Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—[*Warkworth.*]

Enter the Lord Bardolph at one door and the Porter [*at another*].

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho? Where is the earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?
L. Bard. Tell thou the earl That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard: Please it your honour, knock but at the gate, And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Here comes the earl.
Nor. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now Should be the father of some stratagem: The times are wild; contention, like a horse Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose And bears down all before him.
L. Bar. Noble earl, I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and God will!
L. Bar. As good as heart can wish: The king is almost wounded to the death; And, in the fortune of my lord your son, Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field: And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John, Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won, Came not till now to dignify the times, Since Cæsar's fortunes!
Nor. How is this deriv'd Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, A gentleman well bred and of good name, That freely render'd me these news for true.
Nor. Here comes my servant Travers, whom sent On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My lord, I over-rode him on the way; And he is furnish'd with no certainties More than he haply may retail from me.
Nor. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd, Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard A gentleman, almost forspent with speed, That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse. He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hot-spur Cold-spur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bar. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

Nor. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

Bar. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stol'n
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

Nor. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

Nor. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bar. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his mettle was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, (aiming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

Nor. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the accompt of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged in this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.
or. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, nor never yet more need.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A street in London.*]

nter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

al. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

age. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

al. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, and't please your lordship.
Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?
Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.
Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.
Serv. Sir John Falstaff!
Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.
Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.
Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.
Serv. Sir John!
Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.
Serv. You mistake me, sir.
Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.
Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.
Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!
Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.
Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.
Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.
Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.
Fal. And't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.
Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.
Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.
Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.
Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, and't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.
Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.
Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.
Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.
Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, and't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.
Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.
Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.
Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.
Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.
Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.
Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.
Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.
Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.
Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.
Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.
Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury ha

a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

al. My lord?

h. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

al. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

h. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

al. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

h. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

al. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

h. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

al. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger's times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

h. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself wrong? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

al. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this

to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or th' other plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—[*York. The Archbishop's palace.*]

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?
Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.
Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.
L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
Hast. With him, we may.
L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.
Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?
Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,

Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
rch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
ast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.
Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
ast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
rch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—[*A public place in London.*]

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.
Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Host. Ay, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice,—
Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continuantly to Piecorner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lombard street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman

should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph, [with the page].

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Page. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter Chief-Justice.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, and't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: I know you ha' practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prethee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

al. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

h. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

al. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Master Gower.

h. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

ow. The king, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

al. As I am a gentleman.

ost. Faith, you said so before.

al. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

ost. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

al. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

ost. Prethee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

al. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

ost. Well, you shall have it, although I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

al. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

ost. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

al. No more words; let's have her.

Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.]

Ch. Just. I have heard bitter news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *Exeunt*

SCENE II.—[*London.*]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vildly in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vild company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph [*and Boy*].

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there it is, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your

grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter: [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.'

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace! [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.'

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded. [*Reads over the Prince's shoulder.*] 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st; and so, farewell.

> 'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet in town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*Warkworth Castle.*]

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percy's Lady.

North. I prethee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.
North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.
North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.
Exeunt

SCENE IV.—[*London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.*]

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.
2. *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six, dry, round, old, withered knights.' It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.
1. *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

Draw. By the mass, here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll [Tearsheet].

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [*Singing.*] 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]—[*Singing.*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' saith he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any

show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. [*Exit Drawer.*]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, and 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulders? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted. Therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damn'd lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet!

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give me some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are etcetera nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs!

I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

ist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

al. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, and a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

ard. Come, get you down stairs.

ist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

ost. Here's goodly stuff toward!

al. Give me my rapier, boy.

ol. I prethee, Jack, I prethee, do not draw.

al. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out, Bardolph following.*]

ost. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

ol. I prethee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

ost. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[*Re-enter Bardolph.*]

al. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

ard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

al. A rascal! to brave me!

ol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

al. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

ol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon join'd-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money a-Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, and thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

[*Coming forward.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vildly did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster: And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along I met and overtook a dozen captains,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.
Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

Exit [with Poins and Peto].

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door. [*Bardolph goes to the door.*] How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Exit [with Bardolph].

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*King Henry's palace.*]

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vild
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;

Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To Warwick.*]
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.
War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.
King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.
King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire.*]

Enter Shallow and Silence; with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?
Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.
Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my goddaughter Ellen?
Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!
Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?
Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.
Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly.

I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Scoggan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you look well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy!

Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, and't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, and't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, and you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside. Know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'ld ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before th' art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*]

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she hath nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: and't be my destiny, so; and't be not, so: no man is too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.*]

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Where's Wart? [*Wart steps out.*] You see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.

God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Galtres Forest, near York.*]

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, and't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?

The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:

For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.—*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us th' image and voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up

Whiles England shall have generation.
Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.
Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. *Exit* [*Captain*].
Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*]
Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*]
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.
Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
Exit [*Hastings*].
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Enter Westmoreland.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*Another part of the forest.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. And I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John, Westmoreland, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no farther now: Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*]
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.
Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
Exit [Blunt] with Colevile.
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.
Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
Exit [with his train].
Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?
Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.
Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*The Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster.*]

Enter King, Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.
King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?
Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.
King. And how accompanied?
Glou. I do not know, my lord.
King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence with him?
Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here

Clar. What would my lord and father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.
Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.
King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?
Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.
King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?
Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.
King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.
King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here? Westmoreland?
West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.
King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.
Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.
Glou. Comfort, your majesty!
Clar. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V.—*Another chamber.*]

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors and none abroad!
How doth the king?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but the Prince.*]
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit Warwick.*]
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

[*Enter Warwick.*]

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swound?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord:

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been proph'sied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.*]

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.
Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.
Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?
Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.
Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?
Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.
Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.
Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.
Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.
Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.
Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.
Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.
Bard. I am glad to see your worship.
Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.
Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exit Bardolph.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!
Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!
Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—[*Westminster.*]

Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief-Justice, [*meeting*].

War. How now, my Lord Chief-Justice! whither away?
Ch. Just. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter John of Lancaster, Clarence, and Gloucester.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vild sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }
Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.
Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter Prince Henry [as king].

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.
Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.
King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard*].

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, [Davy,] Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. [*Singing.*] 'Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.'

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] 'Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
Be merry, be merry.'
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.'

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*]

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight. [*To Bardolph.*] A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*] 'A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.'

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*] I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. And I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right. [*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*]

Sil. [*Singing.*] 'Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.'
Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

[*Re-enter Davy.*]

Davy. And't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I prethee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Singing.*]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is

but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe unto my lord Chief-Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vild seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*A street in London.*]

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, and the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this, —you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—[*A public place near Westminster Abbey.*]

Enter two Grooms, [strewing rushes].

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.
Exeunt grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.
Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.
Shal. It doth so.
Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—
Shal. It doth so.
Fal. My devotion,—
Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—
Shal. It is best, certain.
Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.
Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'absque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.
Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.
Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hal'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand.
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but troth.
Fal. I will deliver her.
[*Shouts within, and*] *the trumpets sound.*
Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangour sounds.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, his brothers, the Lord Chief-Justice, and others.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!
Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!
Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!
King. My Lord Chief-Justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?
Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on.
Exit King [*with his train.*]
Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.
Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.
Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.
Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.
Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.
Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.

[*Re-enter Prince John, the Lord Chief-Justice; Officers with them.*]

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My lord, my lord,—
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.
Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spero me contento.
[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*]
Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

[*Spoken by a Dancer.*]

First my fear; then my curt'sy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my curt'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.
If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.
One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

FINIS

NOTES

Textual Note: F refers to the Folio edition of Shakespeare (1623), Q the Quarto edition of this play (1600).

Head-title. Henry the Fifth. 'Fift,' which Shakespeare uses throughout the play is the proper form of the numeral, the modern 'fifth' being due to the analogy of 'fourth.'

Induction. S. D. Rumour, painted full of tongues. Compare Vergil's description of Fame, *Æneid* iv, 174, etc. F omits **painted . . . tongues** and changes **tongues** in line 6 to 'tongue.'

8 men] Q; **them** F.

17 stop, hole by which the music of the pipe is modulated.

33 peasant, provincial.

35 hold] Theobald; hole Q F.

37 **tiring**, rushing busily.

ACT I

.8 **stratagem**, dreadful blow of fate.
13 **and, if. God**] Q; heaven F. (See note on *1 Henry IV* I. ii. 22).
19 **brawn**, a boneless mass of flesh.
30 **over-rode**, outrode.
33 **with**] Q; from F.
37 **forspent**, exhausted.
44 **armed**] Q; able F.
53 **point**, a lace. See note on *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 238.
57 **hilding**, base.
62 **whereon**] Q; when F.
72 **drew Priam's curtain**, a typical anachronism: Priam is assumed to be sleeping in an Elizabethan four-poster bed with curtains.
03 **knolling**] F; tolling Q.
08 **faint quittance**, weak return of blows.
16 **mettle**, the same word as 'metal'; both meanings are here involved.
17 **abated**, blunted.
28 **appearance of the king**, apparent king.
29 **vail his stomach**, lower his courage.
41 **buckle**, bend.
45 **nice**, silly, effeminate; **wanton**, line 148, has the same sense.
47 **quoif**, skull-cap.
61 Line *om.* F; assigned to *Umfr*(eville) in Q.
63 **complices**, accomplices, allies.
66-179 **You cast . . . to be**] *om.* Q.
66 **cast**, calculated. **event**, outcome.
68 **make head**, take arms. See note on *1 Henry IV* I. iii. 284.
69 **dole**, distribution.
74 **trade**, traffic.
89-209 **The gentle . . . follow him**] *om.* Q.
92 **corpse**, bodies; see note on *1 Henry IV* I. i. 43.
09 **more and less**, high and low.
14 **posts**, couriers.
15 **need**, necessary; alluding to friends, who were never so few or so much needed.

i. 4 **ow'd**, owned.
17 **mandrake**, the narcotic plant mandragora, whose forked root resembled the human figure and was supposed to have weird powers.
19 **mann'd**, attended. Agate stones were made into cameos representing human figures.
28 **face-royal**, a pun on the coin *royal*, worth ten shillings.
30 **writ man**, subscribed himself a man.
34 **slops**, full trousers.
40, 41 **Achitophel**, the evil counselor of Absalom in the second book of *Samuel*. Eighty years later Dryden likewise selected Achitophel as the type of an arch-Protestant when he satirized the Earl of Shaftesbury in *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681).
41, 42 **bear in hand**, delude with false hopes.
43 **smooth-pates**, round-heads, Puritans.
45 **through**, downright, serious. (Same word as *thorough*.)
46 **taking up**, ordering goods on credit.
52 **lightness**, a pun on two meanings of the word. Horn was used in place of glass for the light of lanterns to *shine through;* hence the common misspelling, 'lanthorn.'
56 **Smithfield**, half a mile north of St. Paul's, was in Shakespeare's time a cattle and horse market. It is now the chief meat market of the city.
58 **Paul's**, St. Paul's Cathedral. Persons wishing employment used to advertise their services by posting notices on the columns of the church. The main aisle was a public promenade.
102, 103 **hunt counter**, follow the scent backwards.
111 **age**] F; an ague Q.
127 **and't please your lordship; a kind of**] Q; a F (perhaps better).
131 **it original**, its source. The possessive form, 'its,' was not current in Shakespeare's time, 'his' being generally used for neuter as well as masculine; see *his effects* in l. 133. 'It' for the possessive is somewhat rare.
143 **do become**] Q; be F.
187 **ill angel**, bad coin. An angel was worth between a third and a half of a pound sterling.
191 **costermonger's times**, times of huckstering.
192 **bear-herd**, bear-keeper; one of the occupations possible for disbanded soldiers. The 'baiting' of bears with bulldogs and performances of trained bears were both popular diversions in Shakespeare's day.
pregnancy, quick wit.
199 **vaward**, van, first part.
211, 212 **about three . . . afternoon**] *om.* F.
238 **never spit white again**, *i. e.*, spit blood till I die. Falstaff wishes he may be killed in the battle if he brandish anything but a bottle on a hot day. The passage has been much misunderstood.
240-247 **but it was . . . motion**] *om.* F.
253 **crosses**, a pun alluding to the cross stamped on certain coins.
255 **three-man beetle**, a pile-driver.
260 **prevent**, anticipate.
263 **groats**, coins worth fourpence.

iii. 5 **allow**, approve.
21-24 **Till we . . . admitted**] *om.* Q.
33 **winking**, shutting his eyes (to the facts).
36-55 **Yes . . . or else**] *om.* Q.
36-41 Many editors think this passage corrupt, but it can be interpreted: 'Yes, it does do harm, if this present quality or circumstance of war lives so in hope as buds in spring. 37 is parenthetical, explaining 'quality of war.'
81 **like**, likely.
85-108 **Archbishop's speech** *om.* Q.

ACT II

i. 17 **foin**, thrust.
30 **Lubber's-head**, libbard's or leopard's head, a shop sign.
52 **channel**, gutter.
54 **there**] F; in the channel Q.
56 **honey-suckle**, the Hostess's corruption of 'homicidal.' So in the next line **honey-seed** for 'homicide.'

94 parcel-gilt, partly gilded or gold-plated.
95 Dolphin-chamber. See note on *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 30.
97, 98 liking his father] Q; lik'ning him F.
108 so familiarity] Q; familiar F.
125 I know you ha'] F; you have, as it appears to me Q.
126 woman. After this word Q adds: 'and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.'
132 sneap, snub.
155 the only drinking, the only thing to drink from.
158 water-work, water-color frescoes.
164, 165 dost not know me? come] *om.* F.
182 Basingstoke, in Hampshire, 48 miles southwest of London. The Quarto substitutes 'Billingsgate,' the London fishmarket, which has never been a proper place for a king to sleep.

ii. 10 studied, inclined.
25-30 and God knows . . . strengthened] *om.* F (because irreverent).
64 accites, incites.
72 proper, good-looking.
80 virtuous] Q; pernicious F.
102 cankers, worms.
110 martlemas, prize ox. Martlemas or St. Martin's Day (Nov. 11) was the time for laying in beef.
125 borrower's] Theobald; borrowed Q F.
129-131, 133, 134 [Reads] . . . greeting; [Reads] . . . brevity] Hanmer assigned these passages to Poins.
160 frank, boar-pen; alluding to the Boar's-head Tavern.
164 Ephesians, boon-companions.
of the old church, of the old sort.
185 St. Albans, twenty miles from London, long the most usual first stage for travelers riding north.
190, 191 drawers, waiters.

iii. 17 the God of heaven] Q; may heavenly glory F.
23-45 He had . . . Monmouth's grave] *om.* Q.
61 recordation, memorial.

iv. 2 apple-johns, a withered-looking but lasting kind of apples.
12 noise, band of musicians.
14, 15 Dispatch . . . straight] *om.* F.
21 old Utis, great sport. 'Utis,' from *utaves*, octave, means the eight-day period of merriment after a festival.
29 canaries, canary wine.
36-38 When Arthur first in court . . . And was a worthy king. Falstaff hums the first lines of an old ballad.
40 calm, qualm.
43 muddy, foul. **rascal**, properly a thin deer; hence Falstaff's play on the word.
53 ouches, ornaments. The proper spelling is 'nouches.'
58, 59 *Dol.* **Hang . . . yourself**] *om.* F.
58 conger, sea-eel.
64 good-year, said to come from French *goujere*, pox.
74 Ancient, Ensign; the lowest commissioned officer.
111 cheater, used by Mrs. Quickly for 'escheator.'
138 bung, pickpocket.
140 cuttle, probably equivalent to 'bully.'
143 points, epaulets.
161, 162 as odious . . . sorted] Q; Captain odious F.
161 occupy. The word had been vulgarized by overuse.
173 Hiren, Irene, probably a character in a lost play by Peele. Pistol seems to have named his sword after her.
178, 179 An inexact repetition of two ranting lines in the second part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.
180 Cannibals, Pistol means 'Hannibals.'
193 Calipolis, a starving lady in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*.
195 'If fortune torments me, hope contents me.' The saying occurs both in Italian and in French. It is doubtful which version Pistol is trying to quote.
200 neif, fist. For the other spelling, 'neaf,' see *Midsummer Night's Dream* IV. i. 20.
203 fustian, coarse; fustian was a rough kind of cloth.
205 Galloway nags, worthless jades, alluding to Doll. The horses of Galloway in southwest Scotland were an inferior breed.
206, 207 shove-groat shilling, shilling used in the game of 'shove-groat' or shovel-board.
219 tirrits, a coined word probably meaning 'terrors.'
250, 251 Bartholomew boar-pig. Roast-pig was the particular delicacy sold at Bartholomew Fair, which was celebrated in Smithfield Market every year at the feast of St. Bartholomew.
258 pantler, pantry-servant.
262 Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, about twenty miles southwest of Stratford-on-Avon; well-known in Shakespeare's time for the manufacture of mustard.
263 conceit, wit.
268 flap-dragons, raisins floating in a vessel of burning spirits. The meaning of this line and the preceding is that Poins has an invincible digestion.
wild-mare, see-saw.
271 the sign of the leg, a bootmaker's sign.
272 bate, disturbance.
282 poll, head. Doll is stroking Falstaff's head.
288 whether] Collier; where Q; if F.
238 fiery Trigon, the red-nosed Bardolph. The fiery trigon is in astrology the triangle made up by the three fiery signs of the zodiac: Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius.
289 tables, account-book, alluding to the Hostess.
325 take not the heat, do not act while your anger is hot.
332-33 you knew me, etc. See *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 295.
363 outbids] F; blinds Q.
372 suffering flesh to be eaten. During Elizabeth's reign the eating of flesh during Lent was illegal. Eminent persons in ill-health sometimes secured special indulgence from the Archbishop of Canterbury.
413 peascod time, early summer, when peas are in pod.
420 good Doll. After these words Q adds: 'come, she comes blubbered, yea will you come, Doll?'

ACT III

15 vild, vile. The Quarto has the modern spelling.
17 watch-case, probably a sentry-box.
53-56 O, if this . . . die] *om.* F. For the omission of this entire scene (III. i.) in some copies of Q see the Introduction.
70-79 See *Richard II* V. i. 55-68.
93 a certain instance, positive information; but the news was incorrect, for Glendower outlived Henry IV.

.. 3 rood, cross.
9 ousel, blackbird. See *Midsummer Night's Dream* III. i. 128.
14 inns o' court, colleges in London for the study of law, fourteen in all. The most important are Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Inner and Middle Temple. Clement's Inn was attached to the Inner Temple.
23 Cotswold man. The Cotswold Hills, mainly in Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, extend to within five or six miles of Stratford-on-Avon. Cotswold men were famous patrons of sport, and still are.
32 see, a dialect form of 'saw'; the Folio substitutes the latter. 'Scogin's Jests' were published in 1565. Another Scogan, a poet, really lived in Henry IV's time.
34 crack, a pert boy.
41 as the Psalmist saith] *om.* F (because irreverent).
42 How, what is the price of?
43 Stamford fair. Perhaps Shakespeare meant Stratford fair, one of the important cattle markets of the region. No Stamford is known in this district.
51 clapped i' the clout, hit the bull's eye.
52 twelve score, two hundred and forty yards.
forehand shaft, an arrow of special strength for long shots, as opposed to 'underhand shafts.'
81 *Shal.* . . . gentlemen. This speech is given to Bardolph in some copies of Q, to Silence in others.
87 tall, valiant; see note on *1 Henry IV* I. iii. 62.
92 look] F; like Q.
31 other, others. In early English this pronoun always formed its plural without -s.
78 so many thousands, i. e., of vermin.
86 four Harry ten shillings, a blundering way of saying forty shillings, which Bullcalf pays in eight French crowns worth five shillings each. Ten-shilling pieces with King Henry's image were first coined in the reign of Henry VII.
60 three pound. The amount really offered was four pounds, but Bardolph evidently means to give himself a commission of twenty-five per cent.
90 caliver, light musket. See note on *1 Henry IV* IV. ii. 21.
91 traverse, march.
94 chopt, chapped.
96 tester, sixpence.
98 Mile-end Green, the training-place for the London militia.
00 Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show. Arthur's Show was an archery exhibition given by a society of Shakespeare's time whose members took the names of the various knights of the Round Table. Sir Dagonet was Arthur's jester.
313, 314 As you return, visit my] F; At your return, visit our Q.
329, 330 Turnbull Street, properly Turnmill Street, a disreputable quarter north of Holborn and very close to Gray's Inn.
338-344 yet lecherous . . . good-nights] F omits all except 'he came ever in the rearward of the fashion.'
339, 340 mandrake; see note on I. ii. 17.
341, 342 overscutched, over-whipped.
343, 344 fancies . . . goodnights, popular titles for songs.
344 Vice's dagger. The vice in interludes often carried a wooden dagger.
351 truss'd] F; thrust Q.
357 a philosopher's two stones. Two conceptions of the philosopher's stone prevailed: one that it would banish sickness and age; the other that it would transmute base metal into gold. Perhaps Falstaff only means that Shallow will be worth to him twice as much as the philosopher's stone.

ACT IV

i. 2 Gaultree Forest, properly Galtres, formerly extended almost to the walls of York. It remained royal property till 1670.
11 hold sortance, accord.
34 guarded with rage. Most modern editors explain **guarded** as 'trimmed' and change **rage** to 'rags.'
50 greaves, spelled **graves** in early editions.
55-79 And with . . . wrong] *om.* Q.
93 and 95] F omits these two lines.
94-96 The precise meaning of these lines is uncertain and many critics believe them corrupt. The archbishop's main idea is clear, however: he bases his action upon the general injuries of the commonwealth and upon the private cruelty of his brother's death.
103-139 O, my good . . . the king] *om.* Q.
116 force] Theobald; forc'd F.
117-25 A reminiscence of *Richard II* I. iii.
121 sights of steel, eye-holes in the **beaver, or face-guard** of the helmet.
139 indeed] Theobald; and did F.
149 overween, are arrogant.
166 intended, understood.
167 muse, wonder.
176 awful, full of awe, submissive.
198 picking, fastidious, frivolous.
201 tables, memorandum-books.
213 hangs, arrests, causes to hang irresolute.
226 just, equal.

ii. 19 image and] Rann; image Q F; imagin'd Rowe.
47 success, succession.
97 lie, lodge.
119 fondly, stupidly.

iii. 16 observance, homage.
22 And, if, as very frequently in Shakespeare.

23 **indifferency**, normal size.
40 **posts**, post-horses.
58 **the element**, used particularly of the element of air, the sky.
105 **ascends me . . . dries me**; 'me' the ethical dative. See note on *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 115.
108 **forgetive**, apt to forge, inventive.

iv. 5 **address'd**, prepared.
30 **observ'd**, treated with respect.
35 **flaws**, probably blades of ice.
39 **line**] F; time Q.
45 **venom of suggestion**, poisonous insinuations.
77 **mete**, measure.
92 **haunch**, the tail end.
104 **write . . . letters**] F; wet . . . terms Q.
119 **mure**, wall.

v. 27 **biggen**, night-cap.
36 **rigol**, circle.
72 **canker'd**, unhealthy.
75 **culling**] F; toling Q.
76 **The virtuous sweets**] *om.* Q.
80 **engrossments**, accumulations. This word is probably the subject of **Yields**, a plural in -s, as often in Shakespeare.
82 **determined**, ended.
124 **neighbour confines**, boundaries of neighboring states.
148 **true and inward**] F; inward true and Q.
163 **medicine potable**, dissolved gold was regarded as the great elixir of life by medieval doctors.
200 **purchas'd**, acquired by other means than inheritance: a legal term.
205 **my friends**. Tyrwhitt's conjecture. The old editions have 'thy friends.' Dyce substituted 'my foes.' The true reading is very doubtful.
235 **Jerusalem**. The Jerusalem Chamber, immediately south-west of Westminster Abbey, probably got the name which it still retains from wall-tapestries illustrating the history of Jerusalem. It was only about thirty years old at the time of Henry IV's death.

ACT V

i. 1 **By cock and pie**, a corrupted oath. 'Cock' is an inoffensive substitute for 'God.' 'Pie,' Latin *Pica*, was a slang name for the priests' guide or Ordinate.
16 **headland**, strip of field on which the horses turn when ploughing the rest, and consequently not sown so early.
21 **cast**, calculated.
26 **Hinckley**, on the edge of Warwickshire and Leicestershire.
29 **kickshaws**, trifles; from French *quelque chose*.
39 **well conceited**, well jested.
42, 43 **Woncot . . . the hill**; said to be farms in the immediate vicinity of Stratford.
82 **curry**, curry favor.
91 **intervallums**, legal vacations.

ii. 34 **swims against your stream of quality, is repugnant to your gentlemanly instincts.**
36 **impartial**] Q; imperial F.
38 **ragged and forestall'd**, incomplete and nullified.
48 **Amurath an Amurath succeeds**. See Introduction, 'Date.'
90 **in a second body**, in the person of a representative.
92 **propose**, imagine.
124 **affections**, wild habits.
141 **accite**, summon.

iii. 10 **well said**, well 'sayed, well done.
12 **husband**, husbandman, steward.
30 **Proface**, equivalent to Latin *proficiat:* may it do you good!
44 **leather-coats**, a kind of russet apple, said to be still peculiar to the neighborhood of Stratford.
63 **cavalieros**, gallants.
68 **pottle-pot**, a tankard holding two quarts.
69 **By God's liggens**, a coined oath; *liggens* is perhaps, like *lakin*, a corruption of *ladykin*, the Virgin.
79 **Samingo**, a drunken abbreviation of San Domingo. 'Do me right, And dub me knight, Domingo,' ends a stanza in one of the songs in Nashe's play, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, published in the same year as *2 Henry IV* (1600).
94 **Barson**, probably Barston in Warwickshire, fifteen miles north of Stratford.
104 **foutre**, a word of contempt.
107 **King Cophetua**. Falstaff adapts his style of speech to that of Pistol and takes the character of a ballad hero. The mention of King Cophetua suggests to the drunken Silence three other famous characters of the ballads.
119 **besonian**, base rustic; properly a beggar, from Italian *bisogno*, need.

iv. 8 **Nut-hook**. The catch-pole or beadle carried a long hook as badge of office, not unlike the hook used to gather nuts from high branches.
33 **atomy**] Q; Anatomy F. The meaning is 'skeleton.'

v. 1 **rushes**. See note on *1 Henry IV* III. i. 214.
38 **mechanical**, base.
45 **imp**, scion.

EPILOGUE

13 **come unluckily home**, return with an unprofitable cargo; a metaphor from the maritime commerce of the day.
36, 37 **and so . . . queen**] In Q these words follow infinitely (line 18), which suggests that the Epilogue once ended at that point.

HENRY V

SOURCES—Shakespeare's main authority for *Henry V* was the same as he had already used for *Henry IV*—the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles,* published in 1587. To Holinshed he was indebted for practically all his historical material—political intrigues and conspiracies, military campaigns, marches, sieges, and battles, messages by ambassadors and heralds, the intervention of the emperor, the treaty of Troyes, and the betrothal of Henry and Katharine. In passages such as the account of the bill against the clergy (I. i.) and the argument about the Salic law (I. ii.), Shakespeare contents himself with versifying Holinshed's prose, which he follows even in its minor errors; the list of the captured and slain at Agincourt (IV. viii.) is also taken over bodily, and in the final negotiations (V. ii.), where Holinshed mistranslates *très cher* by the Latin *præclarissimus,* Shakespeare does the same; the correct reading, *præcharissimus,* is given by Hall, Holinshed's authority, in his 1548 edition, but the misprinted *l* having crept into the 1550 issue, Holinshed—and after him Shakespeare—continued it. Yet it must not be thought that Shakespeare follows his authority slavishly. He makes changes freely for dramatic purposes—concentrating time, transferring places and persons, and omitting a four years' campaign before the treaty in the last act.

For a few hints and a phrase or two Shakespeare was indebted to the old play, the *Famous Victories of Henry V,* also used in Shakespeare's *Henry IV;* the most remarkable parallels are in the embassy of the tennis balls; a scene between the clown Dericke and a French soldier who takes him prisoner, containing perhaps a suggestion for the dialogue between Pistol and Monsieur le Fer; and the wooing scene at the end of the play. There is, however, no "fausse French" in the old play, and the resemblances, though striking in character, are slight in extent, amounting only to a few lines of anything like real indebtedness. Throughout the comic scenes, which give life and movement to the historical events narrated rather than presented, Shakespeare is profoundly and entirely original.

The stirring rhetoric by which the sieges and battle scenes are enlivened is original in another sense; it differs by a whole poetic world from Holinshed's prose, on which it is founded. Yet Shakespeare took from the *Chronicles* an occasional phrase that served his purpose. Henry's reply to the herald (III. vi.),

> If we be hinder'd
> We shall *your tawny ground with your red blood*
> Discolour,

has the right Shakespearean ring; but the words in italics are taken directly from the passage describing the incident in Holinshed. Another phrase of Henry's in the *Chronicles,* "I would not wish a man more than I have," gives the hint for one of Shakespeare's best speeches (IV. iii., 18-67), and the fine piece of rhetoric which follows (90-125) has its suggestion in Holinshed's report of Henry's answer "that his dead carcass should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen than his living body should pay any ransom." The famous description of the death of York and Suffolk (IV. vi.) is, on the other hand, entirely original, as Holinshed merely gives their names the first place on the list of those slain on the English side. In general, Holinshed gives the bare facts or a phrase or two which may serve as a suggestion or be adopted as they stand; but at the most they merely afford Shakespeare's poetic faculty something to work on. The imagination, the life and vigor of the rhetoric are as much Shakespeare's own as the movement of the blank verse.

Beside the historical events which form the backbone of the plot such as it is, Shakespeare took over from Holinshed the main outlines of the conception of Henry as a national hero, which gives the drama such unity as it possesses. In *Henry IV* Shakespeare had already amplified and emphasized Holinshed's hints as to Prince Henry's audacious youth, and his dismissal of his boon companions on his accession. Holinshed's plea that the Prince's youthful behavior "was not offensive or at least tending to the damage of anybody since he had a care to avoid doing of wrong and to tether his affections within the tract of virtue" was enlarged by Shakespeare into a deliberate intention on Henry's part to make the "loose behaviour" of his youth an effective contrast for the

real achievements of his manhood. This difficulty once overcome, and Henry as king separated from his base associates, Shakespeare proceeded to develop the character of "the mirror of all Christian kings" on the lines Holinshed had already laid down. The passage from the *Chronicles* is a long one, but it is too important to be omitted:—

"This Henry was a king, of life without spot; a prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained; a captain against whom fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned; whose people him so severe a justicer both loved and obeyed, (and so human withal,) that he left no offense unpunished, nor friendship unrewarded; a terror to rebels, and suppressor of sedition; his virtues notable, his qualities most praiseworthy.

"In strength and nimbleness of body from his youth few to him comparable; for in wrestling, leaping, and running, no man well able to compare. In casting of great iron bars and heavy stones he excelled commonly all men; never shrinking at cold, nor slothful for heat; and, when he most labored, his head commonly uncovered; no more weary of harness than a light cloak; very valiantly abiding at needs both hunger and thirst; so manful of mind as never seen to flinch at a wound, or to smart at the pain; to turn his nose from evil savor, or to close his eyes from smoke or dust; no man more moderate in eating and drinking, with diet not delicate, but rather more meet for men of war than for princes or tender stomachs. Every honest person was permitted to come to him, sitting at meal; where either secretly or openly to declare his mind. High and weighty causes, as well between men of war and other, he would gladly hear; and either determined them himself, or else for end committed them to others. He slept very little, but that very soundly, in so much that when his soldiers sang at nights, or minstrels played, he then slept fastest; of courage invincible, of purpose unmutable; so wisehardy always, as fear was banished from him; at every alarm he first in armor, and foremost in ordering. In time of war such was his providence, bounty and hap, as he had true intelligence not only what his enemies did, but what they said and intended; of his devices and purposes, few, before the thing was at the point to be done, should be made private.

"He had such knowledge in ordering and guiding an army, with such a gift to encourage his people, that the Frenchmen had constant opinion he could never be vanquished in battle. Such wit, such prudence, and such policy withal, that he never enterprised anything, before he had fully debated and forecast all the main chances that might happen; which done, with all diligence and courage, he set his purpose forward. What policy he had in finding present remedies for sudden mischief, and what engines in saving himself and his people in sharp distresses, were it not that by his acts they did plainly appear, hard were it by words to make them credible. Wantonness of life and thirst in avarice had he quite quenched in him—virtues indeed in such an estate of sovereignty, youth, and power, as very rare, so right commendable in the highest degree. So staid of mind and countenance beside, that never jolly or triumphant for victory, nor sad or damped for loss or misfortune. For bountifulness and liberality, no man more free, gentle, and frank, in bestowing rewards to all persons, according to their deserts: for his saying was, that he never desired money to keep, but to give and spend.

"Of person and form was this prince rightly representing his heroical affects; of stature and proportion tall and manly, rather lean than gross, somewhat long necked, and black haired, of countenance amiable; eloquent and grave was his speech, and of great grace and power to persuade; for conclusion, a majesty was he that both lived and died a pattern in princehood, a lodestar in honor, and mirror of magnificence; the more highly exalted in his life, the more deeply lamented at his death, and famous to the world always."

STAGE HISTORY—To the Elizabethans the potent rhetoric of *Henry V* offered a natural outlet for the patriotic enthusiasm aroused by the victory over Spain. The publication of two quarto editions of the play within three years of its first production attests its immediate popularity, and a contemporary elegy of Richard Burbage mentions King Harry as one of his famous parts. After the closing of the theatres at the Commonwealth, *Henry V* seems to have been lost to the stage for nearly a century, for the first certain record of its performance dates from 1738. Garrick revived the play in 1747, appearing himself as Chorus, arrayed in the costume of his own day, "a full-dress court suit with powdered bagwig, ruffles, and sword;" the part of Henry fell to Spranger Barry, whose physical proportions gave him a memorable advantage. There were spectacular productions at Covent Garden in 1761, 1769, and 1778, introducing a Coronation procession (taken over from *2 Henry IV*) and the defense of Henry's title to the crown by a champion in full armor on horseback. John Philip Kemble in 1789 made a deep im-

pression at Drury Lane by "the heroic perfection of his countenance and his figure;" his oratorical style was well adapted to the part, to which he thought himself particularly suited "for reasons as much mental as personal;" he made a noteworthy stage effect at the end of IV. i. by suddenly breaking off the prayer at the sound of the trumpet and rushing from the scene, sword in hand. Edmund Kean's last appearance at Covent Garden was made as Henry in 1830, shortly before his death; he forgot his lines and apologized from the stage for the failure of his memory. Macready frequently acted the part and said himself: "By diligent study I made Henry one of my most popular assumptions;" the most brilliant triumph of his career was an elaborate production at Covent Garden in 1839, for which the leading men of letters and artists of the day gave first counsel and afterwards congratulations. Between 1850 and 1860 there were rival productions by Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells and Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre; it was Kean's last Shakespearean revival, and had an unusually long run, due more to its expensive mounting than the excellence of its acting. In his farewell speech Kean said:—

"The siege of Harfleur as presented on this stage was no ideal battle, no imaginary fight: it was a correct representation of what actually had taken place: the engines of war, the guns, banners, fire-balls, the attack and defense, the barricades at the breach, the conflagration within the town, the assault and capitulation were all taken from the account left to us by a priest who accompanied the army,—was an eye-witness, and whose Latin manuscript is now in the British Museum." Kean made an elaborate show of Henry's entry into London, and this substitute for the Chorus's appeal to the imagination of the audience has appeared in nearly all the popular productions since his day. This "historical episode," reproduced with gorgeous pageantry from the account of an eye witness of the royal procession of 1415, was again a feature of Charles Calvert's Manchester revival of 1872, in which George Ringold endowed the character of Henry with "a singular personal attractiveness." F. R. Benson gave "a rather quiet, dignified presentation" at the London Lyceum in 1900, closely followed by a more magnificent production on the same stage in which Lewis Waller appeared as Henry and Lily Hanbury as Chorus. The Boer war accounted for the renewed popularity of the play, which had been somewhat neglected during the previous twenty years because of its lack of dramatic interest. Mr. Waller revived it with increased magnificence at the Imperial Theatre in 1904 and at the Lyric in 1908. Ben Greet's players early in the twentieth century acted *Henry V* without scenery for the Elizabethan Stage Society in London, and have since repeated the performance on both sides of the Atlantic on their own responsibility.

On the European Continent the play has been, for obvious reasons, less popular. The Emperor and Empress of Germany attended a performance at the Royal Theatre at Berlin in 1903, which seems to have been intended partly as a compliment to the members of the British Embassy, who were present on the Emperor's invitation.

The first recorded performance of *Henry V* in the United States was at the old Park Theatre, New York, in 1804, when Cooper, then a reigning favorite, chose it for his benefit night on his return from a successful European tour. The play was brought across the Atlantic by Macready in 1826, by Calvert and Ringold in 1875, and by Lewis Waller in 1912. Lawrence Barrett put it on at the California Theatre, San Francisco, in 1876; and in the same year, at New York, John Coleman was responsible for an expensive setting, which, in spite of its success, involved him in financial difficulties and kept the stage only for a week. But the most memorable production in America, and probably anywhere, was that of Richard Mansfield, in 1900. Mansfield spent between $30,000 and $40,000 before the first performance was given, and though there were crowded houses night after night, first at the Garden Theatre, New York, and afterwards in Philadelphia and Chicago, the enterprising actor-manager did not succeed in recouping himself for his outlay. Of the many gorgeous spectacles Henry's triumphal entry into London was the most elaborate; the siege of Harfleur and the battle of Agincourt were represented with knights, pikemen and bowmen, culverins, battering rams, axes, swords and daggers all in full view, every historical detail of costume and equipment being carefully reproduced. Mansfield was much commended for his stage generalship; about his presentation of the character of Henry the critics were not agreed; some condemned it as lacking in fire, too introspective and philosophic; William Winter described it as "winning, eloquent, and more sympathetic than any embodiment that he has hitherto set before this public." Its characteristic note was that of intellectual concentration, as that of Kemble was dignity tempered by spontaneous buoyancy, and that of Macready restless energy.

CRITICAL COMMENT—The play affords little

opportunity for critical comment except in the analysis of the character of King Henry. Dr. Johnson pronounced the conception of the youthful Prince Harry "great, original, and just" and the character of the king well supported, "except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry." Nineteenth century criticism is one long chorus of admiration of "Henry's freedom from egoism, his modesty, his integrity, his joyous humor, his practical piety, his habit of judging things by natural and not artificial standards" (Dowden). With the twentieth century there came a change. Professor A. C. Bradley in a paper entitled *The Rejection of Falstaff* (1902) denied that Henry was Shakespeare's ideal man, or even his ideal man of action. He condemns the treatment of Falstaff as unnecessarily harsh, and points out that when Henry adjured the Archbishop to tell the unvarnished truth about his claim to the French throne, he knew the clergy wanted the war, which is, indeed, foreshadowed at the end of *Henry IV*, the dying king having advised his successor "to busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels." Henry is cast in the same mold as his scheming father, and has no affections beyond the circle of the royal family. "Henry *always* succeeded," says Professor Bradley, and he finds in Falstaff "the inexplicable touch of infinity which Shakespeare bestowed on Hamlet and Macbeth and Cleopatra, but denied to Henry V" (*Oxford Lectures on Poetry*). About the same time Mr. W. B. Yeats, reviewing the Shakespeare performances at Stratford in 1901, was writing independently in much the same vein. Henry "has the gross vices, the coarse nerves, of one who is ruler among violent people. He is as remorseless and undistinguished as some natural force, and the finest thing in his play is the way his old companions fall out of it broken-hearted or on their way to the gallows." Instead of the lyrical phantasy of Richard II, Shakespeare has given him "a resounding rhetoric that moves men, as a leading article does today" (*Ideas of Good and Evil*). Mr. John Masefield in his little book on Shakespeare goes further in the same direction. Henry is "a popular hero as common as those who love him." He is "the one commonplace man" in the historical plays. He "woos his bride like a butcher, and jokes among his men like a groom. He has the knack of life that fits human beings for whatever is animal in human affairs." These views are interesting as criticisms of the character, regarded objectively, but it may be doubted whether they fall within the range of Shakespeare's purpose, which was to present "the mirror of all Christian kings" as he found him described in Holinshed and enshrined in popular tradition. They indicate a change in the standard of spiritual values since Shakespeare's day, and are of importance from this point of view rather than from that of the reader who wishes to approach the play in the spirit in which Shakespeare conceived it.

DATE AND TEXT—The reference to the Earl of Essex in the last Chorus (see note) makes it all but certain that the play was written and produced in the summer of 1599; and this conclusion is borne out by its omission from the Meres list (1598), its mention in the Stationers' Registers under date August 4, 1600, and the publication of the first quarto in the latter year. This quarto, reprinted in 1602 and under date 1608, is exceedingly defective, containing less than half as many lines as the folio of 1623, upon which our text is based, with an occasional correction where the quarto reading is obviously preferable. The more important variations from the folio text are included in the Notes.

C.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

[SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY.
A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants. Chorus.]

Enter Prologue.

Chor.] O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me CHORUS to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.
Exit.

ACT [FIRST]

SCENE I.—[*London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*]

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hea

As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The same. The Presence Chamber.*]

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland [*and Attendants*].

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French

Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors.
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might.
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatcher only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,

Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:'
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exeunt some attendants.*]
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
First Amb. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]
Exe. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
Exeunt. [*Flourish.*]

[ACT SECOND]

Flourish Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit.
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.
Exit.

[SCENE I.—*London. A street.*]

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy

house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may. And that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [*Draws.*]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate. [*Sheathes his sword.*]
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. [*Sheathing his sword.*] I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. *Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home. [*They draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, and thou wilt be friends, be friends: and thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay:
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me:
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.
[*He sheathes his sword.*]

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of't.
[*Sheathes his sword and shakes hands.*]

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in

quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

SCENE II.—*Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey [and Attendants].

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty. There's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. *Scroop.* } To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety.
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.
Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey [*guarded*].
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
Flourish. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.—*London. Before a tavern.*]

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.
Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!
Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away and it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.
Nym. They say he cried out of sack.
Host. Ay, that a' did.
Bard. And of women.
Host. Nay, that a' did not.
Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.
Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.
Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.
Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.
Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick

upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay:'
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*France. The King's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, The Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, [*the Constable, and others*].

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

[*Re-enter Lords, with*] *Exeter* [*and train*].

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe.
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full. *Flourish.*
Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT [THIRD]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
Alarum, and chambers go off
And down goes all before them. Still be kind
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE I.—*France. Before Harfleur.*]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum. Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest

That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[*Exeunt.*] *Alarum, and chambers go off.*

[SCENE II.—*The same.*]

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. *Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.*

[*Re-enter Fluellen*] *Gower* [*following*].

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plough up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the

order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll dig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation! Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal—What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

A parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*The same.*]

[*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls.*]

Enter King Henry and all his train before the gates.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. [*Stepping forward.*] Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.

[SCENE IV.—*The French King's palace.*]

Enter Katharine and [*Alice*], *an old Gentlewoman.*

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?
Alice. De neck, madame.
Kath. De nick. Et le menton?
Alice. De chin.
Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.
Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.
Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.
Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?
Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—
Alice. De nails, madame.
Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.
Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.
Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?
Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.
Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.
Alice. Excellent, madame!
Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*The same.*]

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, [the Duke of Bourbon,] the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-berg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

K. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

K. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*The English camp in Picardy.*]

Enter Captains, English and Welsh, Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words

at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, [*Gloucester,*] *and his poor soldiers.*

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*]

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*The French camp, near Agincourt.*]

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I

had rather have my horse to my mistress.
Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.
Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.
Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.
Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.
Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.
Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?
Con. Stars, my lord.
Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.
Con. And yet my sky shall not want.
Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.
Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.
Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.
Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.
Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?
Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.
Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.
[*Exit.*]
Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.
Ram. He longs to eat the English.
Con. I think he will eat all he kills.
Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.
Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.
Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.
Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.
Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.
Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.
Orl. I know him to be valiant.
Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.
Orl. What's he?
Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.
Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.
Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.
Orl. Ill will never said well.
Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'
Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'
Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'
Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'
Con. You have shot over.
Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.
Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!
Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.
Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.
Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.
Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of

beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

Exeunt.

ACT [FOURTH]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

Exit.

[SCENE I.—*The English camp at Agincourt.*]

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We shall, my liege.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! *Exeunt all but King.*
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The figo for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. *Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.
Stays [*in background.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.
Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.
Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?
Gow. I will speak lower.
Flu. I pray you and I beseech you that you will. *Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*
K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?
Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.
Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?
K. Hen. A friend.
Will. Under what captain serve you?
K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.
Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?
K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

Exeunt soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are they comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,

And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. *Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*The French camp.*]

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!
Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.
Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.
Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.
Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*The English camp.*]

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host, Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit Salisbury.*]
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight.
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.
Exit.

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.—*The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je

suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

Exit.

[SCENE V.—*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. *A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

Exeunt.

[SCENE VI.—*Another part of the field.*]

Alarums. Enter King Henry, [*Exeter*], *and his train, with prisoners.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.
Alarum.
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.
Exeunt.

[SCENE VII.—*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet. He was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, and Bourbon with prisoners; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others. Flourish.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. And 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. And 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, and 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs,

that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

[Scene VIII.—*Before King Henry's pavilion.*]

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.
Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.
Will. I will none of your money.
Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter [an English] Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?
Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.
[*Gives a paper.*]
K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shows him another paper.*]
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!
Exe. 'Tis wonderful!
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village,
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?
K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.
K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum';
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

ACT [FIFTH]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home.
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

Exit.

[SCENE I.—*France. The English camp.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. (*Strikes him.*) Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is; I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my

leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Good b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. *Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. *Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal.
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *Exit.*

[SCENE II.—*France. A royal palace.*]

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, [Gloucester,] Warwick, [Westmoreland,] and other lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, [the Princess Katharine, Alice and other ladies]; the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,

You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, defus'd attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles. Pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

Exeunt all [*except Henry, Katharine, and Alice*].

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding; I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you.' Then if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady? 134

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy. For he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee. 177

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it. I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 186

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 198

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me? 206

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we

not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?
Kath. I do not know dat.
K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?
Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.
K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me. Therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?
Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.
K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.
Kath. Den it sall also content me.
K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.
Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez. Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.
K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.
Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.
K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?
Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.
K. Hen. To kiss.
Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.
K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?
Alice. Oui, vraiment.
K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French Power and the English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?
K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.
Bur. Is she not apt?
K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.
Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear

naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

ur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

ur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

ur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

r. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

r. King. So please you.

. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her. So the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

r. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

Vest. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance. Let that one article rank with the rest; And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all, That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day, My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

Sennet. Exeunt.

[EPILOGUE.]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
Exit.

FINIS

NOTES

The scene of the action and names of the characters, omitted in the original editions, have been supplied by later editors, who have also divided the acts into scenes. Q signifies virtual agreement of the quartos, F the first folio.

ACT I

Ch. 7 **famine, sword, and fire.** 'Blood, fire and famine' are described by Holinshed as the three handmaidens of Bellona, the goddess of battle.
11 **cockpit.** The interior of the Elizabethan theatres was not unlike that of the buildings used for cockfighting. A part of the modern English theatres is still known as 'the pit.'
13 **wooden O.** Probably a reference to the Globe Theatre, built in 1599; it was octagonal outside, and round inside.
18 **imaginary forces,** powers of imagination.
32 **Chorus.** The usual function of the classical Chorus was to comment on the action, and explain its moral significance. Shakespeare uses it here, as in *Romeo and Juliet,* for a different purpose.

i. 1 **self,** same.
4 **scambling,** scrambling, disturbed.
5 **question,** debate, consideration.
15 **lazars,** sick beggars like Lazarus.
29-31 The reference is to the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, the gates of which were guarded by an angel.
34 **heady currance,** headlong current, like that of the river by which Hercules cleansed the Augean stables.
35 **Hydra-headed wilfulness,** infinite caprice or waywardness. The killing of the Hydra was another of the labors of Hercules.
46 **Gordian knot,** cut by Alexander of Macedon.
48 **charter'd,** licensed.
55 **companies,** companions.
59 **popularity,** association with the populace.
60-63 **The strawberry . . . baser quality.** The current botany of the time, as found in Montaigne and Bacon.
66 **cresсive in his faculty,** having the power of growth.
74 **exhibiters,** introducers of the bill.
86 **severals,** details. **passages,** lines of descent.

ii. 15 **nicely,** subtly.
16 **miscreate,** forged.
19 **approbation,** support, proof.
21 **impawn,** pledge.
40 **glose,** interpret.
49 **dishonest,** dishonorable, unchaste.
72 **find,** provide.
74 **Convey'd,** passed himself off.
77 **Lewis the tenth,** really the ninth, but the mistake was that of Shakespeare's authority, Holinshed.
82 **lineal,** descended from.
88 **satisfaction,** the assurance that satisfied him.
94 **amply to imbar,** to exclude altogether.
98 **Numbers,** XXVII. 8.
108 **his most mighty father,** Edward III at the battle of Crecy (1346) 'stood aloft on a windmill hill' (Holinshed).
114 **cold for,** cold for lack of.
137 **proportions,** assignment of troops.
144 **intendment,** attack.
145 **still,** constantly.
151 **gleaned,** stripped of defenders.
assays, attacks.
155 **fear'd,** frightened.
161 **send to France.** This is not the fact, but it is so represented in the old play of *Edward III,* pr. 1596.
173 **tear**] Rowe; tame F.
175 **crush'd,** strained, force.—not a logical conclusion.

179 **advised**, thoughtful, taking counsel.
181 **consent**, harmony.
184 **state**, kingdom.
187-204 **so . . . drone.** This elaborate simile had already been worked out in the *Euphues* (1580) of John Lyly, who borrowed it from Pliny.
190 **sorts**, various ranks.
202 **sad-eyed**, of grave aspect.
203 **executors**, executioners.
232 **Turkish mute**, one whose tongue was cut out to secure his silence.
233 **waxen**, secured by wax only, as laudatory poems were attached to tombs.
252 **galliard**, a lively dance.
255 **tun**, a cask, or a silver-gilt goblet. The *Famous Victories* has the phrases 'a gilded tun' and 'a tun of tennis balls'; Holinshed says 'a barrel of Paris balls.'
261-266 **rackets . . . set . . . hazard . . . courts . . . chases**, tennis terms used in double meaning.
270 **hence**, away from court.
282 **gun-stones**, cannon-balls, which were at first made of stone.
300 **omit**, let slip.
304 **proportions.** See note on line 137.
307 **God before**, before God, or perhaps, God going before us, i. e., with the help of God.

ACT II

Ch. 9 **hilts**, the projecting crosspieces below the handle.
18 **would**, would have.
23 **Richard Earl of Cambridge**, younger brother of the Duke of York killed at Agincourt, and grandfather of Edward IV and Richard III. He was descended from the fourth son, and his wife, Anne Mortimer, from the second son of Edward III; Henry V was descended from John of Gaunt, the third son.

i. 3 **Ancient**, Ensign.
17 **rest**, a card term, equivalent to 'standing pat' in poker.
26 **mare**] Q; name F.
31 **tike**, cur.
39 **drawn**] Theobald; hewne F.
44 **Iceland dogs** had a reputation for being vicious and quarrelsome.
48 **shog**, jog.
52 **perdy**, per dieu.
55 **take, catch fire, like cock**, an allusion to Pistol's name.
57 **Barbason**, a fiend.
66 **exhale**, draw your sword.
75 **Couple a gorge**, Pistol's French for *coupez la gorge*, 'cut your throat.'
78 **spital**, hospital.
79 **lazar**, a diseased beggar. See I. i. 15.
80 **Cressid**, the type of inconstancy.
84 **pauca** (*verba*), few words.
91 **yield the crow a pudding**, come to the gallows (referring to the Boy). **His**, of course, refers to Falstaff.
110-111 **I . . . betting**] Q; *om.* F.
112 **noble**, six shillings and eightpence—a discount of 17% for cash!
124 **quotidian**, a fever recurring daily; **tertian**, every third day.
132 **careers**, whims.

ii. 18 **head**, armed force.
22 **consent**, agreement, harmony. See I. ii. 181.
31 **create.** Latin past participle; cf. *miscreate*, i. ii. 16.
43 **more advice**, thinking better of it.
44 **security**, carelessness, over-confidence.
54 **distemper**, intoxication.
61 **late**, lately appointed.
75 **hath**] Q; have F.
79 **quick**, alive.
86 **accord**, agree, consent.
90 **practices**, plots. Cf. 99 **practis'd.**
108 **admiration**, wonder, astonishment.
109 **proportion**, reason, order of nature.
114 **All**] Hanmer; And F.
hoop, exclaim, shout.
114 **suggest**, tempt.
123 **Tartar**, Tartarus, the classical hell.
134 **complement**, exterior, demeanor.
137 **bolted**, sifted like the finest flour.
139 **full-fraught**, endowed with all virtues.
mark the] Malone; make thee F.
148 **Henry**] Q; Thomas F.
155-157 **For . . . intended.** According to Holinshed, the real motive of Cambridge was to transfer the crown to his brother-in-law, the Earl of March, whose next heirs were Cambridge's children. See note on II. Ch. 23.
166 **quit**, acquit.
175 **tender**, cherish tenderly.
176 **have**] Q; *om.* F.
188 **rub**, obstacle.

iii. 1 **bring**, accompany, escort.
3, 5 **yearn**, grieve.
9-10 **Arthur's**, Abraham's. See Luke XVI. 22.
12 **Christom**, the consecrated oil used at baptism.
13-14 **turning o' the tide.** Cf. *David Copperfield*, Ch. xxx.
17 **a' babbled**] Theobald; a Table F.
26-27 **and . . . stone**] Q; *om.* F.
56 **crystals**, eyes.

iv. 25 **morris-dance**, a dance in fantastic costumes, used at Whitsuntide and other festivals.
28 **humorous**, subject to humors or caprices.
34 **exception**, objection.
37 **Brutus** pretended madness to conceal his plans from Tarquinius Superbus.
54 **mountain**, mighty; apparently introduced for the sake of the pun. As to Cressy, see note on I. ii. 108.
75 **brother**] Q_1 Q_2; brother of Q_3 F.
80 **'longs**, belongs.
85 **sinister**, indirect, illegitimate.
awkward, twisted, not straightforward.
88 **line**, genealogical tree.
94 **indirectly**, wrongfully.

107 **pining**] Q; privy F.
132 **Louvre**, formerly a palace, now a picture gallery.

ACT III

Ch. 14 **rivage**, bank, shore.
18 **sternage**, the stern.
32 **likes**, pleases.
33 **linstock**, a long stick holding a lighted match to fire a cannon.
Alarum, call to arms, probably by drum-beat.
chambers, small cannon used on the stage.

i. 7 **summon**] Rowe; commune F.
10 **portage**, portholes.
13 **jutty**, jut over.
18 **fet**, fetched.
27 **pasture**, breeding, origin.

ii. 6 **plain-song**, the air without variations, hence the simple truth.
22 **cullions**, rascals, good-for-nothings.
23 **duke**, leader, commander, Latin *dux*.
mould, earth.
26 **bawcock** (French *beau coq*), **chuck**, terms of endearment.
30 **swashers**, swashbucklers, braggarts.
32 **antics**, buffoons.
50 **carry coals**, do menial service.
54-55 **pocketing up of**, putting up with.
61 **Flu.** Throughout this scene, the Folio has 'Welch' for Fluellen, 'Scot' for Jamy, and 'Irish' for Macmorris.
89 **God-den**, good evening.
92 **pioners**, pioneers.
110 **quit**, answer.
124 **lig**, lie.
126 **breff**, short.
127 **question**, debate, as in I. i. 5.

iii. 2 **parle**, parley.
11 **flesh'd**, having tasted blood. See II. iv. 50.
32 **heady**, headstrong, as in I. i. 34.
40 **wives of Jewry.** See Matthew IV. 16, 18.
50 **defensible**, capable of defending ourselves.

v. 6 **luxury**, vice, lasciviousness. The allusion here and in line 10 is to William the Conqueror, who was an illegitimate son.
13 **slobbery**, sloppy.
14 **nook-shotten**, full of inlets, or, perhaps, thrust into a corner.
19 **sur-rein'd**, over-ridden.
23 **roping**, dripping.
33 **lavoltas, corantos**, lively dances.

vi. 13 **ancient**, ensign, as commonly.
41 **Fortune . . . foe.** There is an old ballad beginning 'Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me?'
42 **pax**, a metal plate with a crucifix stamped on it, given by the priest to the congregation to kiss at mass.
60 **figo**, an indecent, contemptuous gesture.
75 **sconce**, fortification.
79 **con**, learn by heart.
80 **new-tuned**, new-fangled.
91 **speak with him from**, give him news from.
108 **bubukles**, a word of Fluellen's coinage, apparently compounded of 'bubo' and 'carbuncle.'
whelks, pustules, pimples.
120 **Tucket**, a signal by sound of trumpet.
121 **habit**, herald's coat. **Montjoy** is properly the title of the chief herald in France, but Shakespeare was lodging, at this time or a little later, with a French family named Mountjoy, from whom possibly he learnt the French used in the play. It is clear from 145-6 that he uses Montjoy as a proper name.
146 **quality**, office, profession.
151 **impeachment**, hindrance. French, *empêchement*.
161 **blown**, developed, made blossom.
165 **God before.** See note on I. ii. 307.
168 **advise himself**, reflect.

vii. The Dauphin was not present at Agincourt; see III. v. 64-66. The quartos assign his speeches in this scene to Bourbon.
14 **hairs**, with which tennis balls were stuffed.
14-15 **le cheval volant**, the flying horse. **Chez** does not mean 'with,' though Shakespeare so uses it here.
les narines de feu, the nostrils of fire.
27 **absolute**, perfect.
57 **strait strossers**, tight trousers; the Irish kern or footsoldier did not wear any.
68-69 **'Le chien . . . bourbier.'** The dog has returned to his own vomit, and the washed sow to her wallowing in the mire. See 2 Peter II. 22.
93 **go to hazard**, gamble. See IV. Ch. 18-19.
122 **bate**, flap the wings like a hawk unhooded; also abate.
134 **overshot**, beaten; also, intoxicated.
142 **peevish**, foolish, silly.
145 **apprehension**, intelligence.
166 **stomachs**, another double meaning, physical appetite and courage.

ACT IV

Ch. 1 **entertain conjecture**, imagine.
2 **poring**, causing to pore. Cf. 23, **watchful fires.**
5 **stilly**, in a low murmur (adv.).
6 **fix'd**, on fixed post.
9 **umber'd**, shadowed.
12 **accomplishing**, giving the finishing touch to fastening on the full armor by riveting the cuirass to the helmet.
19-20 **The confident—dice.** 'The soldiers the night before had played the Englishmen at dice' (Holinshed). See III. viii. 93.
25 **gesture**, bearing.
39 **over-bears attaint**, resists and conquers depressing influences.
46 **as may unworthiness define**, so far as they are able to apprehend it.
53 **Minding**, recalling, imagining.

i. 10 **dress**, address, prepare.
23 **slough**, as of a snake in the spring.
legerity, lightness.

35 Qui va la] Rowe; che vous la F. But the bad French may be Pistol's, not the printer's.
38 popular, of the people.
44 bawcock, fine fellow. See note on III. ii. 26.
45 imp, a shoot or scion.
49 le Roy, the King.
51 a Welshman. Henry V was born at Monmouth, on the Welsh border.
55 Saint Davy's day, March 1, the day of St. David, the Welsh patron saint. The leek is the national emblem, and is worn on that day to commemorate a victory over the Saxons in 540.
60 figo. See note on III. vi. 60.
66 admiration, wonder, astonishment, as in II. ii. 108.
96 Thomas] Pope; John F.
107 element, sky.
109 ceremonies, ceremonial robes and ornaments.
112 stoop, as a hawk on the prey.
115 possess, invest, infect.
147 rawly, without proper provision.
150 argument, business.
155 sinfully, in his sins.
176 native, in their own country.
183 unprovided, without spiritual preparation.
186 visited, punished.
209 pay, (used ironically) 'get even with.'
210 elder-gun, pop-gun.
216 round, direct, plain-spoken.
231 take, give.
246 clipper. To cut or clip English money was a crime. **Crowns** is used in the double sense of 'heads' and 'coins.'
248 careful, anxious.
253 wringing, physical pain.
255 privates, private persons.
262 soul, essence.
271 blown from, puffed up by.
277 balm, the consecrated oil with which the English king is anointed at his coronation.
ball, borne by the king in his left hand as a sign of sovereignty.
280 farced, stuffed, pompous.
287 distressful, hard-earned.
292 Hyperion, the sun-god.
301 advantages, benefits; hours is the subject, and **peasant** the object of the verb.
308 if] Tyrrwhit; of F.
318 chantries, chapels endowed for the singing of masses for departed souls.

ii. 4-5 eaux, terre, air, feu, water, earth, air, fire—the four elements.
11 dout] Rowe; doubt F. 'dout' is equivalent to 'do out,' i. e., put out.
18 shales, shells.
21 curtle-axe, a corruption of French *coutelas,* a short sword.
29 hilding, worthless, insignificant.
31 speculation (five syllables), looking-on.
35 tucket. See note on III. vi. 120.
36 dare, intimidate.
44 beaver, the lower part of the front of the helmet.
47 Lob, hang.
48 down-roping. See III. v. 23, note.
49 gimmal'd, jointed.
61 trumpet, trumpeter.

iii. 10 kinsman, Westmoreland, who was connected with Salisbury by marriage.
12 Farewell . . . today] Q; *after line* 14 F.
19 cousin, relative. Westmoreland married a daughter of John of Gaunt, Henry's grandfather.
26 yearns, grieves, as in II. iii. 3, 5.
40 Crispian, a Roman saint and martyr, whose day, with that of his brother Crispin, is Oct. 25.
44 live—see] Pope; see—live F.
45 vigil, the evening before.
50 with advantages, adding something to his achievements.
63 gentle his condition, give him the rank of a gentleman. Henry carried out this promise by legislation two years later.
70 expedience, expedition, speed.
77 likes, pleases as in III. Ch. 32.
107 rélapse of mortality, deadly rebound.
130 vaward, vanguard.

iv. Excursions, hurried movements of small bodies of troops and single combats to suggest a battle in progress.
4 custure me. There is an old Irish song 'Calen o custure me,' but it is idle to force Pistol's gibberish into sense.
9 fox, a cant word for sword, a fox being the blade-mark of a famous sword maker.
14 Moy, a grain measure. Latin *modius,* a bushel.
15 rim, diaphragm.
Or] Hanmer; For F.
20 luxurious, lascivious.
29 firk, drub, beat.
30 ferret, worry like a ferret.
75 devil, a favorite character in the miracle and moral plays, in which he supplied the element of boisterous humor and braggadoccio.
80-82 luggage . . . boys. This is the last exit of the Boy, who presumably falls in the slaughter described in the opening lines of Scene vii.

v. 11 honour] Knight; *om.* F.
15 by a] Q; a base F.
22 Bourbon appears in Scene vii. as King Henry's prisoner.

vi. 7 Larding, enriching.
9 honour-owing, honor-owning, honorable.
11 haggled, mangled.
21 raught, reached.
31 mother, the gentler, emotional part of human nature.

vii. 64 skirr, scurry.
65 enforced, driven.
81 their] Malone; with F.
83 Yerk, jerk, kick.
133 take, give, as in IV. i. 231.
181 purchase, obtain, acquire. See III. ii. 45.

viii. 128 'non nobis' and 'Te Deum.' Holinshed mentions the singing of this psalm of penitence and hymn of praise.

ACT V

Ch. 10 Pales, fences.
12 whiffler, the marshal clearing the way for a procession.
14 solemnly, with pomp and ceremony.
21 trophy, signal and ostent, outward sign and show of triumph.
25 in best sort, in official array.
29 but] Cambridge; but by F.
30 the general, Essex, who set forth on his campaign against the Irish rebels in April, 1599, and returned in disgrace the following September. This reference gives a most important indication of the date of the play.
32 broached, spitted.
38 emperor, Sigismund, who married Henry's cousin. He came to England in May, 1416.
44 brook, make the best of. As a matter of fact, nearly five years elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and Henry's betrothal to Katharine.

i. 2 Saint Davy's day. See note on IV. i. 55.
5 scauld, scurvy.
29 Cadwallader, the last Welsh king.
61 groat, fourpence.
75 respect, consideration.
78 gleeking and galling, scoffing and sneering.
85 huswife, jilt, jade, hussy.
spital, hospital, as in II. i. 78.
94 Exit. Dr. Johnson remarks that this is the dismissal of the last of the comic personages of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, adding, 'I believe every reader regrets their departure.'

ii. 1 wherefore refers to Peace.
17 basilisks, fabulous serpents whose look was fatal, and, hence, large cannon.
18 bar, place of conference.
31 congreeted, exchanged greetings.
33 rub, obstacle, as in II. ii. 188.
42 even-pleach'd, regularly interwoven.
49 burnet, a herb with brown flowers.
55 natures, natural offices, i. e., to feed man.
61 defus'd, disordered.
63 reduce, bring back.
65 let, hindrance, obstacle.
77 cursorary, cursory, hasty.
79 presently, at once.
82 accept, accepted. Latin past participle.
94 nicely, subtly, as in I. ii. 15.
130 directly, straightforwardly, plainly.
139-141 measure, used in three senses: (1) versification; (2) dancing; (3) amount.
148 jack-an-apes, monkey.
149 greenly, like a maid with green-sickness.
161 uncoined, not passed from one lady to another like a piece of money, but of virgin gold.
167 fall, shrink.
191 Je quand sur. Pope corrected Henry's French to 'Quand j'ay.'
193 St. Denis, the patron saint of France.
194 speed, helper.
218 scambling, scrambling, struggling. See I. i. 4.
221 a boy. Dramatic irony, for the son of Henry V lost his father's French possessions and brought his own realm to ruin. See Epilogue. The Turks had not taken Constantinople in 1420.
263 broken music, a technical term for an effect produced by substituting one instrument for another in orchestral pieces.
273-277 Laissez . . . seigneur. 'Let be, my lord, let be, let be: my faith, I cannot allow you to abase your greatness by kissing the hand of your lordship's most humble servant; excuse me, I beg you, my most mighty lord.' The passage, like the rest of the French text, is very incorrectly printed in first folio.
293-299 nice, subtle, delicate, prudish.
295 list, barrier.
313 condition, disposition, character.
332 winking, with eyes shut.
336 Bartholomew-tide, St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24. The betrothal took place in May.
347 perspectively, as through a perspective, a glass cut so as to produce an optical delusion.
350 never] Rowe; *om.* F.
367-369 très-cher, very dear; Praeclarissimus, most distinguished. So in Holinshed. See Introduction.
378 look pale. There are white chalk cliffs on both sides of the Channel.
393 paction, pact, agreement.
402 Sennet, a processional trumpet call.

Ep. 2 bending, suppliant.
4 by starts, by taking selected incidents only.
11 Whose state, of whose kingdom.
13 which oft our stage hath shown. The three parts of *Henry VI* had been favorably received by thousands of spectators.
14 This is the concluding line of a regular Shakespearean sonnet.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

SOURCES—The central theme of *Much Ado about Nothing* is the deceit practised upon a lover, who is led to repudiate his betrothed by seeing a man at her chamber window. The incidents composing the fabric of this plot are generally believed to have been taken from the twentieth *Novella* of Matteo Bandello, the most celebrated of Italian novelists of the Renaissance, who died about the time of Shakespeare's birth. The story, one of the longest in Bandello's collection, appealed chiefly to the sentimental and the pathetic; and the sorrowful speeches of the broken-hearted heroine and the repentant villain furnish most of the discourse. The dramatist, employing this theme for the ends of high comedy—brilliancy of wit, bold contrast of characterization, and effective symmetry in the parts of the action—was forced to make alterations and additions, a summary of which affords an instructive illustration of his methods.

Bandello, following history, had taken pains to give the revolting details of the Sicilian Vespers (1283), which preceded the violent seizure of Messina by King Pedro of Arragon. Girondo's plot against the innocent girl, Fenicia, is ascribed by Bandello to anger at the rejection of his suit and jealousy of his successful rival and brother-in-arms, Timbreo of Cardona. Shakespeare banished the Vespers, making Pedro's return to Messina incident upon a bloodless victory over a baseborn brother, Don John, whose loss of fortune and favor, added to his natural malice, gave sufficient motive to revenge upon the king's favorite. Bandello's Girondo, described as "exceeding doughty of his person in the late wars," and "one of the most magnificent and liberal gentlemen of the court," could then be transformed into Benedick, in order to heighten the comedy, and afford a pleasing contrast to the darker nature of the main situation. In the same way, Bandello thought the remorse of conscience all that was needed to bring about not only Timbreo's regret for his repudiation of Fenicia, but the repentant Girondo's disclosure of his villainy. Shakespeare, in one of his happiest devices, made this discovery the argument of his sub-plot; and was truer to nature in leaving the regret of the too-credulous Claudio to wait upon the facts. Finally, the crisis of Bandello's story, the repudiation by Timbreo of his lady, was conveyed in the cold terms of a letter. Shakespeare chose the wedding in the church for this dramatic moment. Timbreo's message may well serve as an illustration of the style of Bandello.

"Don Timbreo di Cardona sendeth unto you, Messer Lionato, and unto your lady, bidding you provide yourselves with another son-in-law, inasmuch as he purposeth not to have you to parents-in-law, not indeed for any default of yourselves, whom he believeth and holdeth to be loyal and worthy, but for that he hath with his own eyes seen a thing in Fenicia which he never could have believed, and therefore he leaveth it unto you to provide for your occasions. To thee, Fenicia, he saith that the love he bore thee merited not the requital which thou hast made him therefor, and biddeth thee provide thyself with another husband, even as thou hast provided thyself with another lover. . . ."

The compression into Don Pedro's brief but telling narrative of the scene at the chamber-window of Fenicia, an episode fully treated in Bandello, was another masterstroke of dramatic effect on Shakespeare's part. In two small details of this device he sought aid from other versions of the same story. The fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (1516; translated by Harington in 1591) tells the tale of Ariodante and Ginevra. Here the deception of the hero was better devised than in Bandello. Instead of the mere entrance of the villain at a window of Lionato's house, Ginevra's maid is bribed by her lover to dress in her mistress's clothes and be seen in her chamber with him. Shakespeare availed himself of this intrigue; but to lighten the texture of the plot left the maid innocent of her part in the deceit. To do this it was necessary to remove Margaret from actual contact with Don John; and therefore he adopted Spenser's version of Ariosto's story, in the *Faerie Queene* (II. iv.), which gave the part of the supposed lover to a base groom. Two lines of this version—

"He either envying my toward good,
Or of himself to treason ill disposed"—

have been thought to suggest Shakespeare's motivation of Don John; but this seems hardly necessary.

Of all the other features in the plot Shakespeare is generally credited with being the sole inventor. The characters of Benedick and Beatrice exhibit the growth of his dramatic power in the years following the creation of their prototypes, Rosaline and Biron, in *Love's Labour's Lost.* The parts of Dogberry and Verges, similarly, bear equal witness to his ability to make real and human the stock figures of the comic stage. Above all, the neatness and symmetry of the general dramatic design disclose the hand of the artist who had constructed *The Merchant of Venice.*

Some minor questions, however, offer problems yet to be solved. Shakespeare's common practice of selecting themes already popular on the stage has justified the suggestion of an earlier play as the chief source. "A matter of panicia" (Phenicia) appears in the Revels Accounts of 1574, "showed by my lord of Leicester's men." In 1583 a play about Ariodante and Ginevra was performed before Queen Elizabeth. *Die schöne Phœnicia,* a German play by Jacob Ayrer, based on Belleforest's version of Bandello, is held to have had an English original. Finally, the internal evidence from *Much Ado* itself, in its printed form, has been offered as favoring the theory of an earlier play by Shakespeare, of which the present text is a revision.

This last claim has some foundation. The lack of care shown in a number of details, where the main plot is so highly wrought out, would be more characteristic of a dramatic palimpsest written over early work than of a new play made out of whole cloth. Thus the stage-direction of the quarto of 1600 introduces Innogen, wife of Leonato (I. i. and again II. i.). Don John appears wrongly in the stage-direction of I. i. 183. Antonio's servant overhears Don Pedro's device (of winning Hero's love for Claudio) from the orchard-alley; Borachio overhears it from behind the arras of a musty room. Antonio's son, mentioned in I. ii., should naturally be the one to challenge Claudio; this task falls to Benedick, and the son is no more heard of. Leonato says (V. ii. 298):

> "My brother hath a daughter,
> And she alone is heir to both of us."

This reference to "my brother," if to Antonio, passes over the son already mentioned; if not to Antonio, then Beatrice's claims at least are slighted. Claudio's uncle, referrred to in I. i. 18ff., is not elsewhere mentioned, though his presence at the wedding would be more than natural. The clerkly watchman, George Seacole (III. iii. 11) becomes Francis Seacole a little later (III. v. 62). Finally, there appears a repetition of device in the overhearing which has been accounted for as intentional in the artist's plan, but which may also be interpreted as haste or the shreds of early work. "The body of [his] discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on."

This evidence, however, though important in its cumulative effect, is at best negative; and either the needs of immediate presentation, the taking up of new work, or perhaps the dramatist's greater interest in the dialogue and important characters could well account for such lack of finish in minor details.

At the Princess Elizabeth's wedding in 1613, warrants were made out in the Lord Treasurer's accounts for *Much Ado,* one of seven Shakespearean plays performed at these festivities. In the second part of this warrant appears "one other called Benedicte and Betteris." Some have thought this a reference to the earlier play; but the unlikelihood of inserting one play under two names in accounts is more than balanced by the unlikelihood of presenting two plays on the same plot and with the same characters upon one occasion. Charles I added the name *Benedick and Beatrice* to the title of his copy of this play, in the Second Folio of 1632.

CRITICAL COMMENT—The criticism of the playhouse has always been favorable to *Much Ado about Nothing.* Leonard Digges, in verses written perhaps in 1623, but published in 1640, says:

> "Let but Beatrice
> And Benedick be seen, lo, in a trice
> The cockpit, galleries, boxes all are full."

Since the Restoration mingled praise and censure have been bestowed upon the play, varying principally with the sentiments most in fashion in the critic's time. Thus in 1709, Charles Gildon thought "the accusation of Hero is too shocking for either tragedy or comedy," but admired Benedick and Beatrice as "two sprightly, witty, talkative characters; . . . all that passes betwixt Benedick and Beatrice is admirable." In the days of Blue-Stockings, Mrs. Inchbald censured these same characters for allowing themselves to become eavesdroppers. In the romantic age William Hazlitt declared that "perhaps that middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit in which the ludicrous blends with the tender"; but Campbell objected to Beatrice as "a tartar," and "an odious woman," quite untrue to the soft ideal of the time. Later critics, particularly those of the moral school,

ve passed hurriedly over the distressing figure of laudio, or have lingered only to denounce him undly. Andrew Lang took comfort in the thought at "though Hero forgave Claudio, we may be happy certain that Beatrice never will." A German itic, representative of his school, says that "the oral impossibility (of Claudio's character) is patut." On the other hand, from one of the acutest f German critics, F. Kreyssig, has come the scholrly vindication of this character as a true and faithl study of the aberrations of youth. "It is youth, ndowed with unusual vitality, but totally inexperiiced, and spoiled by fortune, that pleads for forgarance."

Critics have been more at one over the merits of ne play from the constructive side. The skill with hich the catastrophe is prepared for, and especially ne manner in which the solution is provided by the ull wits of the constables, have been frequently raised. Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), in her me the most distinguished of Beatrices, has written uch excellent comment on the play. She ranked it, rom the theatrical standpoint, among the best of hakespeare's works, and delighted in the witty railery of her part. Some modern critics, however, have elt obliged to apologize for the wit of the piece. ang says: "The wit-combats must be judged hisorically. . . . Even court-wit was clumsy in Shakepeare's time."

A most amusing, and at the same time instructive ontrast in criticism comes from the pens of the most amous poet, and the most successful playwright, of ur day. George Bernard Shaw has called the play irresistible as poetry, but hopeless as epigrammatic omedy," and he compares the wit of Benedick and is lady most unfavorably with that of a coster and flower-girl. Dogberry, on the other hand, he liked, s "a capital study of parochial character. Sincerely layed, he always comes out as a very real and highly ntertaining person." While the playwright thus praises the poetry, the poet has lauded the playcraft f *Much Ado*. Swinburne says: "For absolute power of composition, for faultless balance and blameless rectitude of design, there is unquestionably no creation of his hand that will bear comparison with *Much Ado about Nothing*."

STAGE HISTORY—In the MS. of the play, which was carelessly prepared for the printers, the names of two of the actors are preserved. William Kemp, he most famous low comedian of his day, was Dogberry, and Richard Cowley played Verges. Quotations from Dogberry's malapropisms are common in the language of the time. The popularity of the witless constable is indicated also by Robert Armin, the comedian who succeeded Kemp with the Lord Chamberlain's players. In the dedicatory epistle to *The Italian Tailor and his Boy* (1609) he says: "Pardon, I pray you, the boldness of a beggar, who hath been writ down an ass in his time, and pleads under formâ pauperis in it still, notwithstanding his constableship and office."

The inclusion of this play in the score chosen for court performance in 1613 is further evidence of its rank among Elizabethan comedies. Playwrights have more than once paid Shakespeare the compliment of echoing the characters and dialogue of *Much Ado*. Thomas Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange* (1607) imitated the dialogue; D'Avenant's *Law against Lovers* (1661-2) added Benedick and Beatrice to the plot of *Measure for Measure;* and James Miller's *Universal Passion* (1736) combined Shakespeare with Molière, in his *Princesse d'Élide*.

The modern revival of the play dates from 1721, when Ryan produced it at Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the advertisement "not acted thirty years." From this time performances were of fair frequency; appearances are recorded at Covent Garden in 1737, 1739 (when Mrs. Vincent played Beatrice), and in 1746, when Mrs. Pritchard chose to play Beatrice for her "benefit." This rôle she made famous two years later, when Garrick acted Benedick for the first time, at Drury Lane, Nov. 14, 1748. Davies says: "The excellent acting of Mrs. Pritchard in Beatrice was not inferior to that of Garrick in Benedick. Every scene between them was a struggle for superiority; nor could the spectators determine to which of them the preference was due." Murphy adds that when later Mrs. Pritchard turned the part over to her daughter "the play lost half its value." Other admired impersonators of the part in Garrick's time were Peg Woffington, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Abington. Perhaps the most distinguished performance of the eighteenth century was that of John Kemble, who appeared for the first time as Benedick at Drury Lane on April 30, 1788, with Miss Farren as Beatrice and Mrs. Kemble as Hero. Charles Kemble, according to Lady Martin, was the most famous Benedick of the next generation. Miss Brunton played Beatrice in his company in 1817. In Kemble's farewell performances at Covent Garden, he introduced "the first of modern Beatrices," Helen Faucit, who for over thirty years was supreme in the part. Next to the same actress's Rosalind, it was perhaps the most popular rôle of the time.

Since 1880 the play has been almost continuously on the stage. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry opened this era with the notable performance at the Lyceum in 1882, which set the fashion for elaborate stage settings. Fitzgerald speaks of the "magnificent and ambitious scene" which was the glory of this revival, the grand cathedral interior of Act IV, scene i. "It has never been surpassed on any stage, has given unalloyed pleasure, and excited boundless admiration." Unfortunately, Irving also set the fashion of reducing the part of Dogberry to a nonentity, and playing the piece entirely as romantic comedy. This has been followed by such actors as Sir George Alexander (1899); and in the Daly revival of 1896, with Ada Rehan. Sir Herbert Tree's performance in 1905 at His Majesty's rivalled Irving's in scenic splendor. The performances at Stratford-on-Avon from 1879—Lady Martin's last appearance—to the present time, have set a good example in the opposite direction. In the earlier years of the twentieth century F. R. Benson played Benedick at these revivals. Ben Greet's company about the same time popularized the simpler stage tradition in both England and America. A revival at the New Theatre, London, in 1920, aimed at a workable compromise between the methods of the "platform" and the "picture" stage; Henry Ainley made a manly Benedick and Madge Titheradge as Beatrice was "always a great lady—never a romp, maintaining her dignity with all her mischievousness." An interesting performance was given in August, 1923, by the boys of Eton College, the part of Benedick being played by A. R. D. Watkin, the captain of the School.

Augustin Daly, in 1869, opened his little theatre in Twenty-fourth Street just west of Fifth Avenue, New York City, the repertory including *Much Ado About Nothing,* with Mrs. Scott Siddons as a charming but rather youthful Beatrice. In 1874, at the Lyceum Theatre, Adelaide Neilson presented a Beatrice running over with high spirits, fun, and mischief. Irving and Terry brought over their production to the United States in 1884. Two years later Fanny Davenport, then in her thirty-sixth year and at the zenith of her ability, presented, at the Union Square Theatre, a setting which was less gorgeous than Irving's but was thought creditable in view of the vivacity of her performance. Modjeska and Edwin Booth offered a production in New York in 1889 which the critics pronounced unsatisfactory, but they were lavish in their praises of Daly's production with Ada Rehan in 1896. Jessie Millward's Beatrice in 1904 was described as the best since Ellen Terry's, and this year saw also for the first time the performance of E. H. Sothern as Benedick and Julia Marlowe as Beatrice, which held the stage for many years. At the New York Empire, John Drew realized a long standing ambition by opening the season of 1913 as Benedick, but this part was not judged one of his best.

DATE—On August 4, 1600, *Much Ado* was entered in the Stationers' Register to be stayed—that is, as we would say, copyrighted, to prevent unauthorized publication. On August 23 it was again entered, this time for publication, by Andrew Wise and William Aspley; shortly afterward the first quarto appeared. How long before this date the play was written is doubtful; the title page refers to the usual "sundrie times" of acting. The entry of August 4 groups the play with *Henry V* (written in the summer of 1599) and *As You Like It,* which were entered at the same time. As *Henry V* probably followed *2 Henry IV* immediately, the two comedies may be assigned to the season of 1599-1600. Internal evidence, while of doubtful value, links *Much Ado* to *The Merchant of Venice,* in the relation of the parts of high comedy to the main action, and especially in the placing of a large and effective group-scene in Act IV. For these reasons and others, *As You Like It* is generally placed after *Much Ado.*

TEXT—The present text is based on the First Folio (1623), which reproduces, with a few obvious corrections, the excellent quarto of 1600; the title page of this reads: *"Much Adoe about Nothing.* As it had been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. (Valentine Simmes) for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." A few important variations and emendations are indicated in the Notes.

M.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

[Scene: Messina.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Don Pedro, prince of Arragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua.
Leonato, governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthasar, attendant on Don Pedro.
Conrade, Borachio, } followers of Don John.
Friar Francis.
Dogberry, a constable.
Verges, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.
Hero, daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Ursula, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.]

ACT FIRST

[Scene I.—*Before Antonio's orchard.*]

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.
Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.
Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action? 6
Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.
Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio. 11
Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how. 17
Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.
Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness. 23
Leon. Did he break out into tears?
Mess. In great measure.
Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!
Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no? 31
Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.
Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?
Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua. 36

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bir'-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it; he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; and he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick! Nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather

hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name! I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John.*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you. I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.
D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.
Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.
D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.
Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.
Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.
D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.
Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love; prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.
D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.
Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.
D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try;
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'
Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'
Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.
D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.
Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.
D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.
Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—
Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—
D. Pedro. The sixth of July; Your loving friend, Benedick.
Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. *Exit.*
Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.
D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit; 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato and Antonio, [meeting].

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine; the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

Excunt.

[SCENE III.—*The same.*]

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am; I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.
D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?
Bora. Even he.
D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?
Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.
D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?
Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference; I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.
D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?
Con. To the death, my lord.
D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?
Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

[SCENE I.—*A hall in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, [*Margaret, Ursula,*] *and others.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?
Ant. I saw him not.
Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.
Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.
Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.
Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—
Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.
Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.
Ant. In faith, she's too curst.
Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.
Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.
Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.
Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.
Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-'ard, and lead his apes into hell.
Leon. Well, then, go you into hell.
Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids;' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.
Ant. [*To Hero.*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.
Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'
Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.
Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll

none; Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.
eon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.
eat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.
eon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.
eat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.
eon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*]

nter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, [Borachio,] Maskers with a drum.

). Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?
Iero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.
). Pedro. With me in your company?
Iero. I may say so, when I please.
). Pedro. And when please you to say so?
Iero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!
). Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.
Iero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.
). Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Drawing her aside.*]
Balth. Well, I would you did like me.
Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.
Balth. Which is one?
Marg. I say my prayers aloud.
Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.
Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.
Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales:' —well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.
Bene. What's he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.
Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.
Beat. Do, do! he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.
Bene. In every good thing.
Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.
Dance. [*Then*] *exeunt* [*all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio*].
D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero

and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

Exeunt [*Don John and Borachio*].

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things.
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. *Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed; it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I

was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out o' question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. *Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord; time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection th' one with th' other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*The same.*]

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be

cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*Leonato's orchard.*]

Enter Benedick alone.

Bene. Boy!

[*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not; I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Leonato, and [*Balthasar with*] *Music.*

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord; the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting. [*Air.*]

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now, divine air! Now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

[*Balth.*] 'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.'

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.
Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.
D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.
Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.
D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.
Balth. The best I can, my lord.
D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. *Exit Balthasar.* Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?
Claud. O, ay; stalk on, stalk on! the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.
Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.
Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.
D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.
Claud. Faith, like enough.
Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.
D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?
Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.
Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did, indeed.
D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.
Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.
Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.
Claude. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.
D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?
Leon. No; and swears she never will; that's her torment.
Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'
Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.
Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.
Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?
Claud. That.
Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'
Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

eon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

). Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

laud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

). Pedro. And he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

laud. And she is exceeding wise.

). Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

eon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

). Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

eon. Were it good, think you?

laud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

). Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

laud. He is a very proper man.

). Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

laud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

). Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

laud. And I take him to be valiant.

). Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

eon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

). Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

Exeunt [*Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato*].

Bene. [*Coming forward.*] This can be no trick; the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured; they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry! I must not seem proud; happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.
Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.
Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.
Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?
Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well.
Exit.
Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.' If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.
Exit.

ACT THIRD

[SCENE I.—*Leonato's garden.*]

Enter Hero and two Gentle[wo]men, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it; there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.
Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit.*]
Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, [behind].

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
[*Approaching the bower.*]
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not cómmendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be cómmendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beat. [*Coming forward.*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. *Exit.*

[SCENE II.—*A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache—
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm?
Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.
Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.
Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?
D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?
Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.
Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.
D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?
Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.
D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?
D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.
Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.
D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him; conclude, conclude he is in love.
Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.
D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.
Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.
D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.
Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.
Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!
D. Pedro. Good den, brother.
D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.
D. Pedro. In private?
D. John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.
D. Pedro. What's the matter?
D. John. [*To Claudio.*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?
D. Pedro. You know he does.
D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.
D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?
D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.
Claud. Who, Hero?
D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
Claud. Disloyal?
D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.
Claud. May this be so?
D. Pedro. I will not think it.
D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, con-

fess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*A street.*]

Enter Dogberry and his compartner [*Verges*] *with the Watch.*

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge;—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you.

Exeunt [*Dogberry and Verges*].

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven years; a' goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation shame

her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak; we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*Hero's apartment.*]

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband;' and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, and it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy; ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill; heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus

Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love; nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V.—*Another room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, with the Constable [*Dogberry*] *and the Headborough* [*Verges*].

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir; our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well. [*Going.*]

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

[SCENE I.—*A church.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice [*and Attendants*].

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none;
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin;
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it;
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*]
Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!
Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero!
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine and mine I lov'd and mine I prais'd
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long
And given way unto this course of fortune
By noting of the lady; I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it;
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good;
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer; for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;

And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.
Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience and endure.
Exeunt [*all but Benedick and Beatrice*].
Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.
Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.
Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.
Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.
Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.
Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!
Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—
Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.
Bene. Beat—
Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.
Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me

a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II.—*A prison.*]

Enter the Constables [*Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton*], *in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and*] *Borachio.*

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear; sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

[*Con.*] Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him.

Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

[SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.
D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord;
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou!—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
Leon. Brother Antony,—
Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.
Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?
Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.
Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claud. God bless me from a challenge!
Bene. [*Aside to Claudio.*] You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you,

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit; 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit;' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit;' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise;' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues;' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company; your brother the bastard is fled from Messina; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dog. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. 'Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood; what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead

upon mine and my master's false accusation;
and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward
of a villain.
Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through
your blood?
aud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.
Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to
this?
ra. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice
of it.
Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treach-
ery;
And fled he is upon this villany.
aud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth ap-
pear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.
g. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this
ime our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato
of the matter; and, masters, do not forget to
specify, when time and place shall serve, that
am an ass.
rg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato,
nd the sexton too.

ter Leonato [*and Antonio, with the Sexton*].

n. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
may avoid him; which of these is he?
a. If you would know your wronger, look
on me.
n. Art thou the slave that with thy breath
hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
a. Yea, even I alone.
n. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
third is fled, that had a hand in it.
thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
ecord it with your high and worthy deeds;
'was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
id. I know not how to pray your patience;
et I must speak. Choose your revenge your-
self;
npose me to what penance your invention
an lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not
ut in mistaking.
Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
nd yet, to satisfy this good old man,
would bend under any heavy weight
hat he'll enjoin me to.
n. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night.
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daugh-
ter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your com-
ing;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.
Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke
to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.
Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the of-
fender, did call me ass; I beseech you, let it
be remembered in his punishment. And also,
the watch heard them talk of one Deformed;
they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock
hanging by it, and borrows money in God's
name; the which he hath used so long and
never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted
and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray
you, examine him upon that point.
Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.
Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth; and I praise God for
you.
Leon. There's for thy pains.
Dog. God save the foundation!
Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
I thank thee.
Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your wor-
ship; which I beseech your worship to correct

yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

Exeunt [*Dogberry and Verges*].

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch.*] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt [*severally*].

[SCENE II.—*Leonato's garden.*]

Enter Benedick and Margaret, [*meeting*].

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs. *Exit Margaret.*

Bene. And therefore will come.

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now; and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

ene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

eat. And how long is that, think you?

ene. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum; therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy; and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

eat. Very ill.

ene. And how do you?

eat. Very ill too.

ene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

rs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

eat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

ne. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III.—*A church.*]

ter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

aud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is, my lord.

aud. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Epitaph.

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies;
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.'

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

'Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily;
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.'

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV.—*A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated;
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
Exeunt Ladies.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with cónfirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly,
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*]
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your fath-
er's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his blea-
Claud. For this I owe you; here comes oth-
reckonings.

Enter Antonio, with the Ladies [*masked*].

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let m-
see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take h-
hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this ho-
friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wif-
[*Unmasking*
And when you lov'd, you were my other hu-
band.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer;
One Hero died defil'd, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dea-
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slande-
liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death;
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice
Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that nam-
What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reas-
Bene. Why, then your uncle and the prince a-
Claudio
Have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reaso-
Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret a-
Ursula
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you di-
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick f-
me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh de-
for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. *Dance.*

FINIS.

NOTES

The division into acts was first made in the text of the Folio of 1623. The scenes, names of the characters, and stage directions enclosed in square brackets have been added by later editors.

ACT I

S. D. Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Innogen his wife, . . . Q F.
1 Pedro] Rowe; Peter Q F (and elsewhere).
7 sort, rank.
16 better bettered, more surpassed.
23 badge, mark (of service).
26 kind, natural.
30 Mountanto, lit. 'upper-cut,' a thrust in fencing.
37 pleasant, amusing.
39 set up his bills, issued a public defiance, as in modern pugilism.
40 flight, flight-arrow, used in long-distance matches.
41 subscribed for, 'signed up with.'
42 bir'-bolt, bird-bolt, a flat-headed arrow, used to kill birds.
47 meet, quits.
51 trencher, platter.
52 stomach, appetite; with play on another meaning, hardihood.
66 five wits, not the five senses, but the five other wits: the memory, fantasy, estimation, imagination, and common wit. Benedick is left the last only.
69 difference, a heraldic term; an extra mark to distinguish coats otherwise alike.
77 block, hat-mold.
82 squarer, quarreler.
117 still, always.
129 dear, rare.
143 continuer, one who spurs on, keeps lively.

185 **sad**, serious.
186 **flouting Jack**, mocking clown. **Cupid**, god of love, was blind; **Vulcan** was god of smiths.
188 **go in**, keep harmony.
200 **wear his cap with suspicion**, deceived husbands, according to the ancient jest, wore invisible horns. Every husband, therefore, would suspect his cap of concealing horns.
205 **S. D. Don Pedro**] don Pedro, John the bastard Q F. Don John is of course out of place here.
218 **the old tale**, a variant of Bluebeard, in which the phrase occurs as his denial of villainy.
225 **fetch me in**, catch me.
237 **in the despite of**, to the slander of.
243 **recheat**, the blast recalling the hounds. Cf. note on line 200.
244 **baldrick**, belt from which the bugle hung.
247 **fine**, conclusion.
248 **go the finer**, be the better dressed.
258 **argument**, theme for illustration.
259 **cat**, a common mark in less kindly times.
261 **Adam**, Adam Bell, a famous archer, probably is meant.
263 This line is taken from Thos. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedie* (1587).
272 **horn-mad**, mad as a bull.
276 **temporize**, 'come to time.'
283 **tuition**, protection.
287-290 elaborate puns from the tailor's trade. **Body**, the outer cloth. **Guarded**, faced. **Guards**, lace trimmings. **Fragments**, patches. **Old ends**, old odds and ends; also old verse-tags (cf. 263) and letter-ends.
317 **salv'd**, made it stronger, more plausible.
319 **necessity**, thing needed.
320 **'tis once**, only once in a lifetime.
328 **break**, disclose.

ii. 7 **event**] events Q F; result.
9 **pleached**, folded, shaded by crossed branches.
15 **top**, forelock.
26 **Cousins**, friends (who now arrive). See the words of Old Capulet on a similar occasion, in *Romeo and Juliet* I. v.

iii. 1 **good-year**, plague, pox.
12 **Saturn**. This planet made men saturnine, or surly.
13 **mortifying mischief**, mortal sickness.
18 **claw**, cajole.
28 **canker**, dog-rose.
31 **carriage**, behavior.
48 **model**, ground-plan.
58 **March-chick**, forward child.
60 **entertained**, taken into service.
61 **smoking**, fumigating.
70 **sure**, trustworthy.

ACT II

i. **S. D. Leonato**] Leonato . . . his wife Q F.
20 **shrewd**, shrewish.
28 **just**, exactly.
33 **in the woollen**, between the blankets, without sheets.
42 **bear-'ard**, bear-warden, keeper. Apes rode o the bear. Women, dying maids, were popularly sai to lead apes in hell.
66 **marl**, clay.
74 **important**, importunate. **measure**, a statel dance.
78 **cinque pace**, 'five step,' a lively dance.
81 **ancientry**, old-fashioned style.
97 **favour**, face.
99 **Philemon's roof**, the peasant's hut that sheltere Mercury and Jupiter, when upon earth, in the guis of men (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, translated by Gold ing in Shakespeare's time). Lines 99-102, if wri ten as a couplet, would go in Golding's meter.
104, 107, 115 **Balth.**] Theobald; Bene. Q F.
123 **dry hand**, a sign of age.
135 **Hundred Merry Tales**, a famous jest-book printed in 1516.
148 **fleet**, company.
149 **boarded**, accosted.
178 **banquet**, sweetmeats and wine, dessert.
188 **accident**, occurrence.
195 **County**, Ital. *conte*, count.
215 **disposition**, temperament.
222 **warren**, game-preserve, in which look-out statio were posted.
229 **flat**, absolute.
253 **conveyance**, jugglery.
257 **terminations**, expressions.
263 **Ate**, goddess of discord.
276 **Prester John**, a fabled Christian king of th East, heir of the Three Wise Men; in Shakespeare time, identified with the king of Ethiopia.
277 **Cham**, Khan.
288 **use**, interest, usury.
304 **civil**, a civile (Seville) orange was neither swe nor sour.
307 **blazon**, exposition (a term of heraldry).
309 **conceit**, imagination.
330 **alliance**, marriage.
355 **pleasant-spirited lady**, according to Professo Mary Scott, Beatrice's 'humor' is based on that o Lady Emilia Pia, a witty character in *The Courtye of Count Baldessar Castilio* (tr. 1561), the mo popular of Italian books in English.
359 **not ever**, not always.
394 **strain**, stock.
403 **drift**, plan.

ii. 6 **ranges evenly with**, is parallel to, agreeable t
21 **temper**, fashion.
26 **stale**, worthless woman.
28 **misuse**, deceive.
44 **term me Claudio**, that is, as a protection again chance listeners.
50-51 **jealousy shall be assurance**, suspicion shall b verified.

iii. 21 **orthography**, euphuist, one who plays wit words.
31 **cheapen**, ask the price of.
38 **S. D.** F here inserts the name of Jack Wilso apparently the actor who took the part of Ba thasar.
58 **crotchets**, musical notes, and punningly, whim conceits.

2 moe, old form of more.
3 dumps, doleful tunes.
4 night-raven, a bird whose cry was believed unlucky.
3 gull, trick.
7 ecstasy, madness of love.
6 daffed, put aside.
6 tender, offer.
8 contemptible, contemptuous.
0 outward happiness, prepossessing appearance.
6 large, loose.
9 wear it out, rub it out.
9 sadly borne, seriously conducted.
3 censured, thought of.
5 quirks, witty conceits.
9 sentences, sayings.

ACT III

S. D. Gentlewomen] Gentlemen F.
3 proposing, conversing.
0 advance, raise.
2 propose] Q; purpose F; conversation.
6 haggerds, wild female hawks.
2 misprising, mistaking.
3 black, dark-featured. antic, buffoon.
5 agate, small figure (cut in agate to set in a ring).
2 from, averse to.
0 tickling, trisyllabic.
1 every day, to-morrow, to-morrow, and every day after.
4 lim'd, caught, as with bird-lime.
7-116 These ten lines are set in sonnet-like form, to suit their lyrical expression.

11 hangman, rascal.
3 hang it, criminals were hanged, drawn, and quartered.
8 can] Pope; cannot Q. F.
6 slops, loose breeches.
8 conditions, qualities of mind.
0 face upwards, to receive Benedick.
3 good den, good afternoon.
9 aim at, think of.
5 circumstances, details.

i. 7 charge, instructions. Statutes of the Streets, published 1595, contain instructions scarcely less ludicrous than these.
4 bills, pikes.
9 present, represent.
5 statues] F; statutes Q.
0 coil, turmoil.
7 scab, rogue.
0 pent-house, shed with eaves projecting over the street.
4 unconfirmed, inexperienced.
3 reechy, filthy.
4 Bel's priests. In the Apocryphal Daniel, Bel is said to have seventy priests.
6 codpiece, part of the breeches.
5 me, with meaningless expletive force.
6 possessed, took as by enchantment.
3 lock, love-lock. Dogberry learns this wrong, as usual (V. i. 319).
191 bills, used here in two senses, pikes and accounts.
192 in question, in demand.

iv. 6 rabato, elaborate collar.
13 tire, headdress.
18 night-gown, tea-gown.
21 underborne, lined underneath.
44 clap's, clap us. Light o' love, a popular tune.
45 burden, bass accompaniment.
47 heels, dances (used scornfully).
49 barns, bairns, children.
50 scorn . . . heels, 'show it the sole of my foot,' disdain it.
56 H, pronounced as now aitch. Ache was also pronounced thus.
57 turned Turk, become false to faith.
68 professed apprehension, taken up wit as a trade.
74 Carduus Benedictus, the holy-thistle, a sovereign remedy.

v. S. D. with Dogberry and Verges] and the Constable, and the Headborough F.
3 confidence, for conference.
10 off] of Q F.
18 palabras, Dogberry's mistake for the Spanish saying *pocas palabras*, few words.
37 age. The proverb really is, 'When the ale is in, the wit is out.'
62 Francis] George in III. iii. 11.
67 noncome, a confusion of nonplus with *non compos mentis*.

ACT IV

i. 23 Why, then, some be of laughing. Benedick here quotes the old grammars upon interjections, and implies, that his examples are better suited to the occasion.
31 learn, teach.
42 luxurious, lustful.
45 approved, proved.
51 forehand sin, sin of haste.
57 write, proclaim. Q F read: Out on thee seeming.
93 liberal, licentious.
107 conjecture, suspicion.
130 frame, system.
161 apparitions, appearances.
168 experimental seal, confirmation of experience.
169 tenour] Theobald; tenure, Q F.
187 misprision, mistake.
188 bent, inclination.
190 practice, trick, deceit.
191 frame, plan.
204 the princes left for dead] Theobald; the princesse (left for dead) Q F.
207 ostentation, conventional display.
222 rack, strain.
233 liver, seat of sad passions.
236 success, the succeeding events.
247 inwardness, intimacy.
257 prolong'd, put off.
266 even, plain.
277 and eat it] F; by it Q.
306 bear her in hand, deceive her.
318 Count Comfect, Sir Sugarplum.

ii. S. D. Enter the Constables, Borachio and the Town Clerk in gowns Q F.
1 **Dog.**] Capell; Keeper Q F.
2 **Verg.**] Capell; Cowley Q F (and elsewhere).
4 **Dog.**] Capell; Andrew Q F.
5 **exhibition to examine**, the examination to exhibit (conduct).
10 **etc., Dog.**] Capell; Ke. Kem. Kemp Q F.
21 **defend**, forbid.
28 **go about with**, get around, circumvent.
38 **eftest**, quickest (eft, again).
53 **Verg.**] Const. Q F.
69 **Dog.**] Rowe; Constable Q F.
70-71 **Verg. . . . coxcomb**] Malone; Cowley. Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb Q. F.

ACT V

i. 16 **Bid**] Capell; And Q F. **Bid sorrow wag**, Bid sorrow 'On your way!'
18 **candle-wasters**, studious persons.
24 **perceptial medicine**, salutary precepts.
28 **wring**, writhe.
30 **moral**, full of moral advice.
32 **advertisement**, advice.
38 **push**, interjection of contempt, pish.
58 **fleer**, mock.
62 **to thy head, in thy face.**
65 **bruise**, wrinkles.
84 **foining**, thrusting.
94 **scambling**, brazen-fac'd, foppish boys.
95 **cog**, cheat. **deprave**, vilify.
96 **anticly**, like clowns. **show**] and show Q F.
123 **high-proof melancholy**, melancholy to the highest limit.
129 **minstrels**, who are bid to draw their bows.
135 **meet in the career**, meet full tilt, a phrase of the tourney.
138 **staff**, lance.
139 **broke cross**, broken against the opponent's body, like a cudgel; a mark of poor tilting.
142 **turn his girdle**, prepare for fight (by turning the belt around).
149 **protest**, make public.
158 **woodcock**, fool.
166 **wise**, cautious.
204 **wit**, which should be worn like a cloak.
233 **bound to your answer**, given in charge.
243 **incensed**, prompted.
291 **Possess**, inform.
309 **pack'd in**, confederate in.
313 **by**, concerning.
328 **God save the foundation**, a phrase used in receiving alms, of the almshouse. As acted on the stage Verges receives a purse in his hat, which has a hole in it, and so he loses the money; whereupon Dogberry picks it up with the words given above with a punning sense.

ii. 7 **come over it**, that is, the style (stile).
17 **give thee the bucklers**, yield.
33 **carpet-mongers**, carpet-knights.
47 **came for**] Rowe; came Q F.
78 **old instance**, argument taken from ancient times not fit for the present
81 **monument**, memory.
85 **rheum**, tears.
86 **Don Worm**, conscience was often, from the time of miracle plays, called the worm of conscience.
98 **old coil**, regular row.
100 **abused**, deceived.

iii. 10 **dumb**] F; dead Q.
21 **heavily**] Q; heavenly F.
22 **Claud.**] Rowe; Lo Q F.
32 **speed's**, speed us.

iv. 17 **confirm'd**, resolute.
43 **savage bull**, cf. I. i. 262.
67 **qualify**, mitigate.
87 **pure brain**, purely of his own. [Bene]; Leon F
116 **double-dealer**, inconstant lover.

AS YOU LIKE IT

SOURCE OF THE PLOT—The essential characteristic of pastoral is the contrast between the charming simplicity of country life and the treacherous, unsatisfying sophistication of court and city; but in its centuries of development in poetry, romance, and drama, pastoral acquired a set of conventions as elaborate and artificial as Touchstone's code of duelling and good manners. This conventional element is predominant in Lodge's *Rosalind* (pr. 1590, 1592, 1598), the pastoral romance from which Shakespeare drew the main outlines of his plot, and the task of the dramatist was to enhance the natural charm of the woodland setting and create the romantic atmosphere in which the characters have life and being, without sacrificing the familiar features of a popular story In the novel, as in the play, the hero (Rosader—Orlando) is a third son, oppressed and deprived of the advantages due to his position by the envy of his eldest brother (Saladyne—Oliver), who plots his destruction at the hands of the champion wrestler at the court of France. The usurper (King Torismond—Duke Frederick) has driven his elder brother (Gerismond—Duke Senior) into banishment, and their respective daughters (Alinda—Celia and Rosalind) are present at the wrestling, at which Rosader, encouraged by the approving glances of Rosalind, throws and maims his opponent. Rosalind took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman." Rosader stepped into a tent and wrote her a love poem. Rosalind entertained her new passion by warbling to her lute one of the sweetest of Elizabethan lyrics:—

"Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet,
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within my eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?"

Scarcely had Rosalind ended her madrigal, when Torismond, fearing her influence, pronounced sentence of banishment against her. When Alinda protested, he banished them both. Rosalind, being of tall stature, put on the apparel of a page, and assuming the names of Ganymede and Aliena, they fled to the forest of Arden, to seek Rosalind's father. After two or three days' travel, they fell in with Montanus (Silvius) and Corydon (Corin), and from the latter bought a sheep farm which happened to be for sale. Meanwhile Rosader had returned home victorious, but his brother's treachery and cruelty led him to flee with his faithful servant, Adam Spencer, to the forest of Arden, where they wandered five or six days without food. Adam Spencer fainted, and Rosader, drawing his rapier, sallied forth to kill some wild beast to relieve his comrade's hunger.

"It chanced that day, that Gerismond, the lawful king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in that forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who, seeing such a crew of brave men, having store of that for want of which he and Adam perished, stepped boldly to the board's end, and saluted the company thus:

"'Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may: know that I and a fellow-friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food: perish we must, unless relieved by thy favors. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such men as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme.'

"Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity, that rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast.

" 'Gramercy, sir,' quoth Rosader, 'but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonor it were for me to taste one crumb, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer.'

"Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the news, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon Rosader got him up on his back, and brought him to the place."

Rosader became one of Gerismond's foresters; and every day eternized the name of his Rosalind by carving sonnets in her honor upon trees. He was thus engaged when Ganymede and Aliena came upon him uttering the name of Rosalind with passionate sighs. "Aliena looked on Ganymede and laughed; and Ganymede, looking back on the forester, and seeing it was Rosader, blushed; yet thinking to shroud all under her page's apparel, she boldly" inquired of him about his Rosalind. Next day, after more poems and conversation, Ganymede, wishing to keep Rosader longer, said, "Nay, forester, if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo. I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be, as thou art, Rosader." After a "wooing eclogue," Ganymede exclaimed: "How now, forester, have I not fitted your turn? Have I not played the woman handsomely, and shown myself as coy in grants as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspicion as men of flattery? And yet to salve all, jumped I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalind content her Rosader?" The forester made a merry reply, concluding: "Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these feigned affections do divine some unfeigned end of ensuing fancies." "And thereupon," quoth Aliena, "I'll play the priest: from this day forth Ganymede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganymede wife, and so we'll have a marriage." "Content," quoth Rosader, and laughed. "Content," quoth Ganymede, and changed as red as a rose. "And so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking he had wooed and won his Rosalind.

Meanwhile Saladyne also had been banished by Torismond, out of avarice, and he too fled to the forest, where Rosader came upon him sleeping, watched over by a hungry lion, and rescued him at the expense of a wound on the breast. Saladyne obtained his brother's forgiveness, and joined the company of the banished Gerismond. By chance he was able to rescue Aliena and Ganymede from some rascals who had laid violent hands on them, Rosader having been overpowered and sore wounded. This commended him to Aliena, and he soon won her consent to marry him. Quoth Ganymede, "a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalind."

"Ah, good Ganymede," quoth he, "by naming Rosalind, renew not my sorrows; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries."

"Tush, be of good cheer, man," quoth Ganymede, "I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I will cause him to bring in Rosalind, if either France or any bordering nation harbor her; and upon that take the faith of a young shepherd!"

The threefold marriage follows, Rosalind's revelation of her sex persuading Phœbe to accept the faithful Montanus. Rosader and Saladyne were in the midst of all their jollity, when their brother Fernandyne brought word that the twelve peers of France were fighting on the edge of the forest on behalf of Gerismond against the usurper. With the help of Gerismond and his companions, the peers put to flight the army of Torismond, who was slain. Restored to his throne, Gerismond "created Rosader heir apparent to the kingdom; he restored Saladyne to all his father's land, and gave him the dukedom of Namours; he made Fernandyne principal secretary to himself; and that fortune might every way seem frolic, he made Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captain of the King's Guard, and Corydon master of Alinda's flocks."

The changes Shakespeare made in the story are not of great importance. He concentrates and omits, making Celia's flight into the forest voluntary, and by means of Hisperia, connecting Orlando with the girls' disappearance so as to account for the banishment of Oliver; on the other hand, the ease with which Celia falls in love with Oliver is better explained in the novel than in the play. The characters of Touchstone and Jaques, William and Audrey are not even suggested by Lodge, and the others are, in

ny real and profound sense, as much Shakespeare's wn, for he alone has given them the living charm hich seems likely to endure as long as the language sts.

CRITICAL COMMENT—The play has always een a favorite—"oftener read than any other," ac- ording to Halliwell; Hudson's preference among hakespeare's comedies; "the sweetest and happiest f all," in the words of Dowden. Dr. Johnson, with ore of eighteenth century reserve, says the fable is ild and pleasing, the character of Jaques natural nd well preserved, the comic dialogue very sprightly, nd the graver part elegant and harmonious. He ommented upon "the facility with which both Rosa- nd and Celia give up their hearts;" and a nineteenth entury poet and critic, A. C. Swinburne, deplored ie bestowal of Celia on Oliver as an "unlucky slip f the brush which has left so ugly a little smear in ne corner of the canvas." Professor A. C. Bradley, n his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (1909), finds in ne play the truest expression of Shakespeare's nature nd habitual temper. "It is full not only of sweet- ess, but of romance, fun, humor of various kinds, elight in the oddities of human nature, love of mod- sty and fidelity and high spirit and patience, dislike f scandal and censure, contemplative curiosity, the eeling that in the end we are all merely players. . . . nd finally, it breathes the serene holiday mood of scape from the toil, competition, and corruption of ity and court into the sun and shadow and peace f the country, where one can be idle and dream and editate and sing, and pursue or watch the deer as ne fancy takes one, and make love or smile at lovers ccording to one's age."

STAGE HISTORY—Of the early history of *As ou Like It* there remains only the tradition that hakespeare himself took the part of Adam. The lay did not suit the Restoration taste, and for a undred years it seems to have been unknown to the tage. It was brilliantly revived at Drury Lane in 740 with Mrs. Pritchard as Rosalind; but the most amous impersonation of the eighteenth century was nat of Peg Woffington. In 1757 at Covent Garden ne collapsed while speaking the epilogue, and was arried off the stage to die. Mrs. Siddons tried the art in 1785 without adding to her reputation; Mrs. Dancer before her, and Mrs. Jordan after her, were nore highly praised. John Philip Kemble played Orlando in 1787, and Jaques in 1805. Macready nd Phelps both participated in the Drury Lane re- ival of 1842, described at the time as the most uperb production of the play "the world has ever seen or ever will see;" the Rosalind of this occasion was the beautiful Mrs. Nisbett, the original of Miss Fotheringay in Thackeray's *Pendennis;* but the great Rosalind of this generation was Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Theodore Martin) who acted the part with unusual intelligence and charm. Adelaide Neilson, the next noteworthy exponent, is described as "superbly beautiful and a vision of dazzling glee." Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Langtry, and Julia Neilson figure honorably on the records of British Rosalinds of the nineteenth century, and there were many others. Edith Wynne Matthison emphasized the wistful tenderness of the character, and perhaps imparted into it an excessive touch of sentiment, though her fainting scene was highly praised. Lily Brayton, playing with Oscar Asche at His Majesty's in 1907, made Rosalind "something of a minx" in a performance characterized by vigor, jollity, gusto, and a wealth of decoration. Nigel Playfair's production at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival of 1919 (Athene Seyler as Rosalind) was so good that a year later it had a success- run in London.

The first open air performance of the play was given in 1884 at Kingston-on-Thames, and there have been many since, in sunshine and in rain, on both sides of the Atlantic. Performances by casts composed entirely of men, or entirely of women, or entirely of boys, or entirely of Syrians—the last at Beyrout —are also on record.

The play was acted at the John Street Theatre, New York, in 1786, and again in 1796. The Park Street Theatre opened with *As You Like It* in 1798. The next performance recorded is that of 1850 at the Astor Place Opera House with Charlotte Cushman as Rosalind. There were numerous revivals during the second half of the nineteenth century. Julia Marlowe's Rosalind, which held the stage at intervals for twenty years, was pronounced "sugary but attractive." Modjeska's portrayal was characterized by imagination and poetic feeling; she never forgot that Rosalind was a princess, even in her doublet and hose. Ada Rehan, on the other hand, emphasized the essential womanliness of the part, and brought its buoyant humor into strong relief; her presentation was exceedingly popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and was undoubtedly the most successful of the period, though some critics found it too dashing to be altogether dignified. Henrietta Crossman in 1902 returned to the vein of tender sentiment. Ethel Barrymore played Rosalind in 1908, Maude Adams in 1910, Edith Wynne Matthison in 1918, Elsie

Mackay in 1919. A complete list of English-speaking Rosalinds would fill many pages, and the play has also been acted in German and in French.

DATE AND TEXT—As You Like It does not appear in the Meres list, and was, therefore, in all probability later than 1598. The critics are agreed in placing its composition not long before 1600, an entry in the Stationers' Registers recording it under date Aug. 4 of that year among plays "to be stayed." The effort to prevent publication at that time was no doubt successful, for it has come down to us only in the Folio of 1623. The present issue is a modernized version of that text, with a few corrections of obvious printer's errors; the more important of these are noted where they occur.

C.

AS YOU LIKE IT

[Scene: Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

The Old Duke, living in banishment.
The New Duke, Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
Amiens, Jaques, } lords attending on the banished duke.
Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Charles, wrestler to Frederick.
Oliver, Jaques, Orlando, } sons of Sir Roland de Boys.
Adam, Dennis, } servants to Oliver.
Touchstone, a clown.
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar.
Corin, Silvius, } shepherds.
William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

Rosalind, daughter to the banished duke.
Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Phebe, a shepherdess.
Audrey, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Orchard of Oliver's house.*]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly), stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better, for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! [*Strikes at him.*]

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*Grapples with him.*]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education; you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke. Therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

li. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder. 164

'ha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship!

Exit.

li. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, (yet I know not why,) hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. 180

Exit.

CENE II.—[*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

'el. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

'os. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet [I] were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 25

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 36

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly. 42

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*].

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, [and] hath sent this natural for our whet-

stone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, (if we had them,) thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, (if I had it,) then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Ferdinand, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence—

Ros. With bills on their necks: 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

lourish. Enter Duke [Frederick], Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *Wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Charles is thrown.*] *Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else;
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt Duke [and train].

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. [*To Orlando.*] Sir, you have well deserv'd.
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*] Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
[*They withdraw a little.*]
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. [*Going.*] Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.
Exeunt [*Rosalind and Celia*].
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners.
But yet indeed the smaller is his daughter;
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well
[*Exit Le Beau.*]
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! *Exit*

SCENE III.—[*A room in the palace.*]

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me
Come, lame me with reasons.
Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.
Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.
Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
Cel. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest.

Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke [*Frederick*] *with Lords.*

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake;
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay.
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her: she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No! hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;

And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better.
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.
Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*The forest of Arden.*]

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaquès grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralise this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend[s],
"Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A room in the palace.*]

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*Before Oliver's house.*]

Enter Orlando and Adam [*meeting*].

Orl. Who's there?
Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to s[o]me kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*The forest of Arden.*]

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Clown, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat. Therefore courage, good Aliena!
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.
Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here: a young man and an old in solemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace! fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality;
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me; if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
Exeunt.

SCENE V.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

[*Ami.*] 'Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.'

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

All together here.

'Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.'

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

[*Jaq.*] Thus it goes:—

'If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he
And if he will come to me.'

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end; I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—[*The forest.*]

[*A table set out.*] *Enter Duke Senior,* [*Amiens,*] *and Lords, like outlaws.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contémplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, [*with his sword drawn*].

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. And you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*]
Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad.
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

[*Ami.*] 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
The[n], heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

'Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.'

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Roland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That lov'd your father; the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*A room in the palace.*]

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be;
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is.
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The forest.*]

Enter, Orlando, [*with a paper*].

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

Exit.

Enter Corin and Clown [*Touchstone*].

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of

rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep: and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle, to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, [*with a paper, reading*].

Ros. 'From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.'

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

'If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.'

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

ouch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

os. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.
el. [*Reads.*] 'Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd.
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not h[er] heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.'
os. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'
el. How now! back, friends! Shepherds, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.
ouch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
Exeunt [*Corin and Touchstone*].
el. Didst thou hear these verses?
os. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.
Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.
Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.
Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?
Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.
Cel. Trow you who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?
Ros. I prithee, who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.
Ros. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible?
Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.
Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!
Ros. Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly?
Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?
Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.
Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.
Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.
Ros. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.
Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.
Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.
Cel. Give me audience, good madam.
Ros. Proceed.
Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.
Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.
Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.
Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.
Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bringest me out of tune.
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.
Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.
Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.
Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?
Orl. Yes, just.
Jaq. I do not like her name.
Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?
Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.
Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery?
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.
Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?
Orl. Very well: what would you?
Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?
Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.
Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.
Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised; if the interim be but a se'n-night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue). Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to

imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*] *and Audrey; Jaques* [*behind*].

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honestly upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no: the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is

better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Advancing.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company; I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
but,—
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour; your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all 's

brave that youth mounts and folly guides.
Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
Cel. Well, and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.
Exeunt.

SCENE V.—[*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, [*behind*].

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
Ros. [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od 's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him: take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I bear you.
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better;
And be not proud,—though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.
Exeunt [*Rosalind, Celia, and Corin*].
Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty.
But, sure, he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so—and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am rememb'red, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. *Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

[SCENE I.—*The forest.*]

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these. But it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, and you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person I say I will not have you

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.
Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.
Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.
Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.
Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.
Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.
Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.
Orl. What sayest thou?
Ros. Are you not good?
Orl. I hope so.
Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?
Orl. Pray thee, marry us.
Cel. I cannot say the words.
Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'
Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'
Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.
Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged
Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.
Orl. For ever and a day.
Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.
Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?
Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.
Orl. O, but she is wise.
Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'
Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.
Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?
Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!
Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.
Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.
Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.
Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?
Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.
Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so

God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. *Exit* [*Orlando*].

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Jaques, and Lords, Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. *Music.*

Song

'What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home; the rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.'

Exeunt.

Scene III.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. [*Enter Silvius.*] Look, who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a housewife's hand—but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
(*Reads*)

'Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?'

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. (*Reads.*)

'Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?'

Did you ever hear such railing?

'Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.'

Meaning me a beast.

'If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspéct!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind:
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who, with her head nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was 't you he rescued?
Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
[*Rosalind swoons.*]
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it. Cousin!—Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
Oli. This was not counterfeit. There is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*] *and Audrey.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a

clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head. Nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he. Now, you are not *ipse,* for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. Therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true:

there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are. Neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have; it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To*

Sil.] As you love Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*] *and Audrey.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

'It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

'Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

'This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

'And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time,' etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*The forest.*]

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.
Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?
Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.
Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.
Duke S. I like him very well.
Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.
Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.
Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.
Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?
Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself; this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment; this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true; this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied; this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.
Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?
Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.
Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?
Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.
Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.
Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.
Ros. [*To Duke.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love, adieu!
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[*To Rosalind and Orlando.*]
You and you no cross shall part.
[*To Celia and Oliver.*]
You and you are heart in heart.
[*To Phebe and Silvius.*]
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
[*To Audrey and Touchstone.*]
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

'Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!'

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word. [*To Silvius.*]
Now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother [*Jaques de Boys*].

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man.
Thou offerest fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot.
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meanwhile, forget this new-fall'n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*]

[EPILOGUE.]

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Exeunt.

FINIS

NOTES

ACT I

A 2-3 **bequeathed me . . . charged**, i. e., my father.
14 **taught their manage**, trained.
20 **hinds**, farm servants.
22 **mines**, undermines.
31 **make**, do.
40-42 **Shall I keep . . . such penury.** An allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son; see Luke XV. 12, 16.
54 **is nearer to his reverence**, entitles you to some of the respect due to him.
76 **exercises**, occupations, pursuits.
77 **allottery**, share.
124 **carelessly**, free from care.
125 **world**, age.
134 **shall**, must, will have to.
146 **by underhand means**, indirectly.
156 **practise**, plot.
163 **anatomize**, dissect, analyze, expose.
172 **gentle**, of good birth and manners, a gentleman.
173 **noble device**, worthy ideas and purposes.
sorts, ranks.
177 **misprised**, undervalued.

ii. 6 **learn**, teach.
41 **honest**, virtuous, chaste.
42 **ill-favouredly**, ugly.
52 **natural**, fool.
87 **Ferdinand**] Capell; Frederick F. Some editors get over the difficulty by assigning the next speech to Celia.
91 **taxation**, satire.
115 **amaze**, daze, bewilder.
131-132 **Be it known—these presents**, the usual preamble of public notices.
150 **broken music**, a technical term in Elizabethan orchestral music.
200 **gracious**, favorably regarded, in people's good graces.
222 **speed**, helper.
238 **still**, always, constantly.
253 **envious**, malicious.
258 **suits**, service and favor.
263 **quintain**, a wooden figure to be tilted at.
268 **Have with you** (to Celia), 'I'm with you.'
270 **conference**, conversation.
276 **condition**, state of mind.
278 **humorous**, governed by humors, i. e., moods.
284 **smaller**] Malone; taller F. Some change is necessary. See I. iii. 117.
291 **argument**, reason.
296 **In a better world**, in a better state of affairs.

iii. 18 **Hem**, cough.
33 **chase**, reasoning.
37-38 **deserve well**, i. e., to be hated because he hated her father.
49 **intelligence**, communication.
55 **purgation**, proof of innocence.

64 **derive**, inherit.
friends, relatives.
72 **remorse**, compassion.
77 **Juno's swans.** Swans are the birds of Venus. Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks.
119 **curtle-ax**, cutlass, short sword. French, *coutelas*.
124 **semblances**, outward appearance.
130 **Aliena** (Latin), 'stranger,' 'foreigner.'
135 **woo**, persuade.

ACT II

i. 5 **penalty**, the punishment of Adam's transgression, which brought about the changes of the seasons. Some editors change **not** to *but*.
6 **as**, such as.
8 **which**, in regard to which.
10 **these**, the seasons (line 6).
22 **fools**, a term of pity and endearment as in 39.
23 **desert**, wild.
26 **Jaques**, two syllables.
33 **sequester'd**, separated from companions, isolated.
39 **cours'd**, followed.
67 **cope**, cope with.
68 **matter**, substance, things worth hearing.

ii. 8 **roynish**, scurvy.
19 **suddenly**, immediately.
20 **quail**, slacken.

iii. 7 **fond**, foolish.
8 **bonny priser**, stalwart champion.
26 **practices**, plots.
37 **diverted**, corrupted.
blood, natural affection.
52 **lusty**, vigorous.
53 **kindly**, natural, seasonable.
71 **seventeen**] Rowe; seaventie F—an obvious misprint.

iv. 1 **weary**] Theobald; merry F. If the original reading is right, Rosalind is hiding her real feelings.
12 **cross**. The ancient penny had a cross stamped on it.
31 **fantasy**, love.
44 **thy wound**] Rowe; they would F—another misprint.
45 **by hard adventure**, by a painful chance.
50 **chopt**, chapped.
52 **peascod** here stands for the whole plant.
53 **cods**, pea-pods.
57 **mortal in folly**, mortally foolish.
59 **ware**, aware.
66 **clown**, boor.
72 **desert**, wild, as in II. i. 23.
95 **waste**, spend.
99 **feeder**, of sheep.

v. 32 **cover the while**, set the table in the meantime.
36 **disputable**, disputatious, argumentative.
48 **note**, tune.
49 **in despite of my invention**, to revenge myself on my own lack of imagination.
63 **first born of Egypt**. See Exodus XI. 5.

vi. 8 **conceit**, imagination.

vii. 5 **compact of jars**, made up of discords.
6 **the spheres**, in which, according to the ancient belief, the heavenly bodies were fixed. It was supposed that each in its revolution yielded a note, and that the eight notes together made a sublime harmony. See *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 60-63.
13 **motley**, the parti-colored dress of the professional jester.
55 **bob**, hit.
56 **anatomiz'd**, dissected, exposed, as in I. i. 162.
57 **squandering**, random.
66 **brutish sting**, animal passion.
71 **tax**, censure.
73 **wearer's**] Rowe; wearie F.
79 **basest function**, lowest occupation.
80 **bravery**, finery.
on my cost, at my expense.
85 **free**, innocent.
96 **inland**, in touch with civilization.
97 **nurture**, culture.
125 **upon command**, at your will.
139 **All the world's a stage**. The motto of the Globe Theatre, where this play was probably first acted, was 'Totus mundus agit histrionem'—all the world acts the player's part.
144 **mewling**, squalling.
150 **pard**, leopard.
151 **jealous**, suspicious, quick to take offense.
156 **modern instances**, trite illustrations.
158 **pantaloon**, a silly old man; originally a stock character in Italian comedy.
163 **his**, its.
167 **venerable burden**. A Stratford tradition recalls this scene as acted by Shakespeare himself in the part of Adam. See Appendix.
178 **Because thou art not seen**. The winter wind's unkindness does not hurt like that of a person who is seen and known.
193 **effigies**, likeness.

ACT III

i. 3 **argument**, occasion, object.
11 **quit**, acquit.
17 **extent upon**, valuation of.
18 **expediently**, expeditiously.

ii. 4 **Thy huntress' name**. Orlando imagines Rosalind as one of the attendants of Diana, goddess of the chase and of chastity.
10 **unexpressive**, inexpressible.
74 **make incision in thee, cure thee**, referring to the medical practice of blood-letting.
75 **raw**, green, inexperienced.
80 **harm**, misfortune.
97 **lin'd**, delineated.
103 **rank**, jog-trot in file.
109 **after kind, follow nature**.
125 **medlar**, a play on 'meddler.'
136 **civil**, of civilized life.
153 **cheek**, beauty.
her] Rowe; his F.
155 **better part**, physical grace.
163 **pulpiter**] Spedding; Jupiter F.
171 **scrip**, shepherd's pouch.

179 **without**, outside of.
186-188 **berhymed . . . Irish rat.** A double allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and the superstition that Irish witches could destroy rats with rimes.
191 **chain.** See I. ii. 258.
204 **Good my complexion!** Rosalind swears by her blushes.
206-207 **one inch . . . of discovery.** If you delay a second longer, my curiosity will be as boundless as the unexplored Pacific.
221 **stay**, wait for.
226 **sad**, serious.
234 **Wherein went he?** How was he dressed?
238 **Gargantua**, a fabulous giant in Rabelais.
245 **resolve**, solve, answer.
258 **furnished**, dressed, equipped.
260 **heart**, a pun on 'hart.'
261 **burden**, refrain.
289 **conned**, learned by heart.
out of rings, from the sayings engraved inside rings.
290 **painted cloth**, tapestry, which was sometimes adorned with mottoes.
307 **figure**, face, portrait.
314 **habit**, dress, disguise.
334 **se'nnight**, week. Cf. fortnight.
354 **fringe upon a petticoat.** The metaphor suits Rosalind's real character better than her assumed one.
362 **religious**, under vows.
363 **inland**, cultivated.
368 **taxed**, blamed.
382 **fancy-monger**, dealer in love-fancies.
392 **blue**, dark about the lids.
393 **unquestionable**, unwilling to be talked to, reserved.
396 **simply**, indeed. **having**, wealth.
397 **younger brother's revenue**, little or nothing.
402 **point-device**, finical.
435 **colour**, kind, as in I. ii. 107.
436 **entertain him**, treat him as my lover.
443 **liver**, held to be the seat of the passions.

iii. 8 **capricious**, originally meant *goatish.* Latin *capra*, a goat.
9 **Goths**, pronounced 'Gotes'; another pun.
10 **ill-inhabited**, residing unsuitably in a fool.
15 **great reckoning**, a big bill.
26 **honest**, virtuous.
32 **material**, full of matter.
36 **foul**, plain-looking.
58 **rascal**, a lean, worthless deer.
64 **sir**, the title formerly given to a priest.
76 **'ild**, yield, i. e., reward.
77 **toy**, a trifle.
78 **pray be covered**, please put your hat on.
80 **bow**, collar.

iv. 9 **Something browner than Judas's.** According to tradition Judas had red hair, which was considered an indication of a deceitful nature.
15 **cast**, cast-off, with a pun on *castus*, chaste.
38 **question**, conversation.
46 **puisny**, weak, inferior, clumsy.

v. 23 **cicatrice**, mark. Latin, *cicatrix*, a scar.
capable impressure, perceptible impression.
29 **fancy**, love.
47 **bugle**, black glass bead.
51 **properer**, handsomer. See 55.
62 **foul**, plain-looking, ugly, as in III. iii. 39.
81 **Dead shepherd**, the poet Marlowe, from whose *Hero and Leander* (pr. 1598) the next line is quoted.
89 **extermin'd**, brought to an end.
108 **carlot**, churl, peasant.
115 **proper.** See above, 51, 55.
125 **parcels**, detail.
138 **passing**, exceedingly.

ACT IV

i. 7 **modern censure**, commonplace criticism.
11 **is**, arises from.
15 **nice**, fastidious.
19 **my**] Rowe; by F. Possibly **by** should be retained and the preceding **in** omitted.
34 **disable**, decry.
38 **swam in a gondola**, been at Venice.
48-49 **Cupid hath . . . heart-whole.** Love (like a constable) may have tapped him on the shoulder by way of arrest, but has not taken any bit of his heart into his keeping.
67 **leer**, appearance.
74 **gravelled**, stuck, stranded.
94 **by attorney**, by proxy.
113 **coming-on**, encouraging.
140 **before**, faster than.
152 **against**, before.
155 **Diana in the fountain.** Figures of Diana were common as fountains, but there may be a particular allusion here to one set up in Cheapside in 1596.
178 **occasion**, responsibility.
201 **religion**, strictness, binding obligation.
204 **try**, decide.
205 **misused**, abused.
222 **shadow**, a shady spot.

ii. 13 **Then . . . burden.** F prints these words as a line in the song; but they appear to be a stage-direction indicating that the actors sing as they accompany their comrade off the stage.

iii. 25 **Freestone-coloured**, brownish-yellow.
39 **Phebes me**, treats me in the Phebe-style, i. e., tyrannically.
58 **by him**, in a letter borne by him.
79 **neighbour bottom**, neighbouring valley.
81 **left**, passed by.
94 **napkin**, handkerchief. See line 98.
113 **indented**, zigzag.
123 **render**, report, describe.
132 **hurtling**, disturbance, conflict.
135 **contrive**, plan.
172 **passion of earnest**, real suffering.

ACT V

i. 61 **bandy**, contend.

62 **faction**, conspiracy.

ii. 13 **estate**, settle, bestow.
42 **incontinent**, immediately.
59 **conceit**, understanding.
66 **conversed**, been acquainted, had to do.
67 **not damnable**, not worthy of condemnation for practising black magic, which involved a league with the devil.
69 **gesture**, behavior, demeanor.
77 **tender dearly**, hold dear.

iii. 4 **dishonest**, dishonorable.
11 **roundly**, directly, straightway.
37 **untuneable**, out of tune.

iv. 4 **hope**, i. e., in vain.
27 **lively, life-like; favour**, looks.
35 **toward**, at hand.
45 **purgation**, proof, as in I. iii. 55.
measure, a slow, courtly dance.
50 **ta'en up**, made up. Cf. 104.
58 **copulatives**, candidates for matrimony.
64 **foul**, ugly.
65 **sententious**, full of pithy sayings.
67 **bolt**, small, blunt arrow used for short distances; hence the proverb: 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'
72 **seeming**, becomingly.
80 **disabled**, decried, depreciated, as in IV. i. 34.
114 **S. D. still**, quiet, low, gentle.
116 **atone**, become at one.
120 **her**] F_3 F_4; **his**, F_1 F_2. Some editors also change **his** in the next line to **her**, but the first **her** may be taken as antecedent to **whose**.
141 **sure**, indissolubly bound.
144 **questioning**, debate, conversation.
156 **fancy**, love. **combine**, bind.
162 **address'd**, prepared. **power**, force.
163 **conduct**, leadership.
166 **religious**, under vows, as in III. ii. 362.
174 **lands withheld**, from Oliver by the usurping Duke. See III. i. 9-12.
175 **dukedom**, by inheritance as Rosalind's husband.
179 **shrewd**, harsh, sharp, piercing.
181 **states**, estates.

EPILOGUE

2 **unhandsome**, unbefitting.
3 **lord**, hero.
4 **needs no bush**, (a proverbial expression) requires no recommendation or advertisement. A brush of ivy was the sign customarily hung at the door of a wine shop.
10 **furnished**, dressed. Rosalind still wears her wedding-dress.
18-19 **If I were a woman**. A boy acted the part of Rosalind. In the public theatres there were no women actors till after the Restoration.
20 **liked**, pleased.

APPENDIX—SHAKESPEARE'S ACTING IN *AS YOU LIKE IT*

Capell writes in his 'Notes' (1779):—'A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford, that a very old man of that place, of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare, being asked by some of his neighbors what he remembered about him, answered, that he saw him once brought on the stage on another man's back; which answer was applied by the hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene (*As You Like It* II. vii.).'

The story that Shakespeare acted the part of Adam, Steevens, also, found in 'the manuscript papers of the late Mr. Oldys', and thus tells it in his Variorum edition (1793):—'Mr. Oldys had covered several quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From these I have made the following extracts: "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, etc., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them [Charles Hart], this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."'

Malone discredits this story as far as the brother of Shakespeare is concerned, and says: 'From Shakespeare's not taking notice of any of his brothers or sisters in his will, except Joan Hart, I think it highly probable that they were all dead in 1616, except her, at least of those of the whole blood; though in the Register there is no entry of the burial of his brother Gilbert, antecedent to the death of Shakespeare, or at any subsequent period; but we know that he survived his brother Edmund. The

truth is, that this account of our poet's having performed the part of an old man in one of his own comedies, came originally from Mr. Thomas Jones of Tarbick, in Worcestershire, who related it from the information, not of one of Shakespeare's brothers, but of a relation of our poet, who lived to a good old age, and who had seen him act in his youth.'

Coleridge (as reported by Collier) and Halliwell-Phillipps gave credence to the Stratford tradition, and it is now generally accepted as containing a germ of truth.

TWELFTH NIGHT

SOURCES OF THE PLOT—In the main plot of *Twelfth Night* are combined two of the most popular stories which English and Italian playwrights of the sixteenth century derived from the comedy of ancient Rome. The one story, dealing with the complications produced by the appearance in the same town of twin brothers mutually unconscious of each other's presence, reached modern literature from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, and with comparatively little modification had already furnished Shakespeare material for one of his earliest plays — *The Comedy of Errors.* The other story, treating the perplexities of love which are bound to arise when a charming young lady disguises herself as an even more irresistible young man, owes its origin, rather less directly, to several plays of Terence and Plautus. It was variously elaborated by Italian and Spanish writers of the Renaissance, and passed then to England, where it became perhaps the most important plot device in all the Elizabethan drama. Taking it up in his early play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Shakespeare gave it final and masterly form in *As You Like It,* and returned to it a dozen years later when writing *Cymbeline.*

The combination of these two stories, achieved by representing the indistinguishable twins, not as brothers but as brother and masculinely-garbed sister, had been made in Italy long before Shakespeare began to write; and the resultant plot, doubly rich in comic and romantic possibilities, had been largely utilized both on the stage and in prose narrative. In 1531, a literary society of Siena called *Gl' Intronati* (The Thunder-smitten) acted under the title of *Gl' Ingannati* (The Deceived) a play in which it is possible to recognize the general outlines of the parts of Viola, Sebastian, Orsino, and Olivia. Viola is called Lelia, while the other three characters of Shakespeare answer roughly to the Fabrizio, Flaminio, and Isabella of the Italian work. A Latin version of the latter, called *Lælia* after the heroine's name, was performed at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1595, but remained unprinted till 1910. From one of these dramas Shakespeare might have got the first vague suggestion for the romantic incidents in *Twelfth Night,* but in fact there is no proof that he knew either. There is still less likelihood that the poet was acquainted with the two somewhat similar Italian plays called *Gl' Inganni* (The Deceivers), though the later of the two, printed at Venice in 1592, introduces an approximation to Shakespeare's "Cesario" in the name "Cesare" which the disguised girl assumes.

The story of *Gl' Ingannati* is repeated in prose narrative, with changed names and some alteration of details, in the twenty-eighth novel of Bandello's famous collection (1554). Bandello's tale was the basis of a French version made by Belleforest, and Belleforest's appears to have been used by Barnabe Riche, who in his collection of English stories called *Riche his Farewell to Military Profession* (1581) gave a new shape to the novel. He renamed the characters once more, calling them Apolonius (Orsino), Silla (Viola), Silvio (Sebastian), and Julina (Olivia); he removed the scene of action from Italy to Constantinople; and first suggested the episode of shipwreck and the mourning of Julina (Olivia). Though possessed of decided merits when compared in point of structure with the earlier versions, Riche's novel, *Apolonius and Silla,* is in spirit probably the coarsest of them all; and Dr. Furness was shocked by the general belief that *Twelfth Night* is indebted to it. "I venture to dissent," he says in the preface to his Variorum edition of the play; "not on the score that there are no incidents common to both story and comedy, because there are such, but I cannot believe that Shakespeare was ever in the smallest degree influenced by Riche's coarse repulsive novel. I doubt that Shakespeare ever read it, at least I hope he never did; his hours were more precious to us all than those of any poet who ever lived; it would be grievous to think that he wasted even half a one over *Apolonius and Silla.*" But it is Shakespeare's particular glory that he achieved just such marvelous feats of purification, and time can hardly be said to have been wasted which led to the substitution of the serene beauty of *Twelfth Night* for the mere vulgarity of the work it supplanted.

Apart from the fact that Riche's novel must have

been far better known to the English public of Shakespeare's day than any other extant treatment of the story, the dramatist's use of *Apolonius and Silla* is strongly suggested by the circumstance that it alone presents the Viola-Orsino-Sebastian-Olivia complication in the way Shakespeare presents it. In Bandello, *Gl'Ingannati,* and *Lœlia* this plot is confused by the presence of a very important alien element in the fact that Viola is beloved by the old father of Olivia. Only Riche, moreover, of all Shakespeare's predecessors, makes Orsino (Apolonius) a duke and a man of authority instead of a mere Italian gallant; and Riche alone offers a hint for the great dramatic scene (V. i. 100-174) in which Olivia confronts Viola in the presence of Orsino and claims her as her husband. It may be added that another story in Riche's volume, "Of Two Brethren and their Wives," offers the only known parallel to any part of the Malvolio plot in a husband's attempt to reform a shrewish wife by locking her up "in a darke house" and pretending to the neighbors that she is lunatic.

In 1608, a band of English actors performing at Gratz in Austria gave a play of which the outline is known only from a rough German version published in 1677 with the title, *Tugend- und Liebesstreit* (The Strife of Virtue and Love). This work, evidently based closely upon the *Apolonius and Silla* story of Riche, suggests the speculation whether in the case of *Twelfth Night,* as in so many of his other plays, Shakespeare may not have found his plot material already worked up into a crude drama when he approached it. The extant evidence, however, is too slight to admit of definite conclusions.

An editor can hardly escape a feeling of shame and impatience at the necessity of giving so much space to the discussion of Shakespeare's indebtedness in a play which, when all is said, must be acknowledged as one of the most brilliantly original of the poet's works. The relationship discussed applies only to the rudimentary conception of four figures. Even for these four the humanizing traits and nearly all the vivifying plot details are quite new; while for the rest of the play Shakespeare is indebted to no one but himself. Except for the remote parallel mentioned in the preceding paragraph, no source of any of the Malvolio business has been found; nor is there any pre-Shakespearean antecedent of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, or Maria. In the two knights, indeed, the poet is simply continuing the great Falstaff comedy of the slightly earlier *Henry IV* plays. The souls of Sir John, of Justice Shallow and Master Slender have suffered metempsychosis, as it were, into these Illyrian knights, where they display themselves hardly less delightfully than in their original setting.

DATE—Twelfth Night is not mentioned in Meres's list of Shakespeare's plays (1598) and may be fairly assumed not to have appeared when Meres wrote. The earliest evidence for the existence of any part of the drama dates from the following year, 1599, when the finest of the songs, "O mistress mine, where are you roaming," (II. iii.) was published in a musical miscellany, Morley's *Consort Lessons.* This by no means proves the existence of the play, for the songs introduced into Elizabethan dramas were very often not the original compositions of the dramatists. There is, indeed, pretty general agreement that the poor song with which *Twelfth Night* closes can hardly be by Shakespeare. Yet one would be sorry to deprive the poet of the charming lyric, "O mistress mine;" and there is no apparent reason to deny the possibility either that *Twelfth Night* may have been acted in 1599 or that a song of Shakespeare's may have become known a year or two before the presentation of the play in which it found its final place. In any case, an unusually satisfying piece of evidence proves that *Twelfth Night* was performed in February, 1602, and that it was then a relatively fresh play. John Manningham, a student of law in the Middle Temple, London, recorded in his diary, under date of February 2, 160½: "At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night, or What you Will,' much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni.* A good practice in it to make the Steward believe his lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practice making him believe they took him to be mad."

This is conclusive proof of the existence of *Twelfth Night* at the beginning of the year which we call, by modern reckoning, 1602. Nineteenth century investigations have carried a little farther Manningham's approximately correct indication of the play's source. The only obvious difference between the comedy described by the diarist and that which we know lies in the fact that in the former Olivia is said to be a "lady widow." This may easily be a misconception due to her mourning for her brother's death; but it is noteworthy that in Riche's novel Julina (Olivia) is actually in mourning for a deceased husband. It would be quite in accord with what we know of the careful revision Shakespeare gave the plays of his

middle period, if he had introduced this change in the reason for Olivia's mourning—a change making for delicacy and romance—after he had seen his comedy presented on the stage.

TEXT—The suggestion just made cannot be corroborated, for we have only one text of *Twelfth Night;* namely, that which appeared in the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare's plays and which represents the final theatrical version of the drama. This edition is very accurately printed, and the comedy would call for little textual criticism, if it were not for the intentionally mystifying nonsense of some of the speeches of Sir Andrew and the Clown.

STAGE HISTORY—That *Twelfth Night* should have been selected by the gentlemen of the Middle Temple for performance at their great feast in 1602 is evidence of the contemporary regard for the play. Canon Ainger speculates very interestingly upon the probability that Shakespeare himself took the part either of Malvolio or of Orsino on this occasion (*Shakespeare in the Middle Temple, English Illustrated Magazine,* 1884, p. 373). On Easter Monday, 1618, two years after the poet's death, the comedy was presented at court before James I; and another court performance, under the title of *Malvolio,* was given on Candlemas Day, 1623. In some commendatory verses prefixed to the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's sonnets, Leonard Digges makes special allusion to the drawing power of Malvolio's part:

"The Cockpit, Galleries, Boxes, all are full,
To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull."

Twelfth Night appears to have been popular with Restoration audiences, though no play of Shakespeare is more opposed to Restoration taste. Pepys witnessed three performances in 1661, 1663, and 1668 respectively, drawn by the general concourse, as his diary records on the first occasion, "against my own mind and resolution." It is not surprising under the circumstances that he thought the comedy "silly" and "one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage." Downes, however, writing of the same time in his *Roscius Anglicanus* (1708) reports: "Twelfth Night, or what you will; wrote by Mr. Shakespeare, had mighty success by its well performance: *Sir Toby Belch,* by Mr. *Betterton.* . . . All the parts being justly acted crown'd the play. Note, It was got up on purpose to be acted on Twelfth Night."

About a score of revivals in London are recorded between the time of Pepys and the performance of the comedy at Covent Garden, November, 1820, "degraded to an opera." In 1741 and again in 1746, Macklin, the great Shylock of the eighteenth century, acted Malvolio at the Drury Lane Theater; on the latter occasion with Peg Woffington as Viola. The closing quarter of this century witnessed a number of great revivals of *Twelfth Night;* and it was the remembrance of these performances, when Bensley acted Malvolio, Mrs. Jordan Viola, and Dodd Aguecheek, that twenty-five years later inspired Charles Lamb's fine essay "On Some of the Old Actors." A revival at Edinburgh early in the nineteenth century was much praised both by Sir Walter Scott, who introduces an allusion to the actors of Sebastian and Viola into his novel of *Waverley,* and by the great Shakespeare scholar, Dyce, who writes that Terry on this occasion presented Malvolio "much better than any one I have since seen in the part." At the Princess's Theater, London, Charles Kean produced *Twelfth Night* forty times during the season of 1850-51, much oftener than any other play of the season. The next notable London revival was that first given at the Lyceum Theater, July 8, 1884. On this occasion Ellen Terry acted Viola and Sir Henry Irving Malvolio. Miss Terry's Viola was praised in the highest degree and it remains one of the standard interpretations of the rôle. On the whole, however, this revival was not a success, perhaps from the ineffective presentation of the comic parts of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown.

The only recorded American performance of the play during the eighteenth century was given at Boston, May 5, 1794. First acted in New York at the Park Theater, June, 1804, the play has since been almost as popular in that city, and as well performed, as in London. The most remarkable nineteenth-century performances in America have perhaps been those in which Viola was presented by Adelaide Neilson (1877–1880), by Madame Modjeska, and by Ada Rehan (1893). The very elaborate production of the play on the last occasion, under the management of Augustin Daly, called forth two excellent essays by William Winter (*Shadows of the Stage,* Third Series, p. 20-46).

The recent stage history of this always actable and popular play includes a notable revival at the Hudson Theatre, New York, March, 1914, in which the Viola of Margaret Anglin and Sir Toby of Sidney Greenstreet were highly praised. In November of the same year an English actress, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, produced *Twelfth Night* at the Liberty Theatre, New York; and in 1917 an interesting interpretation in French was given in the same city by the Vieux

Colombier Company. Performances in America by the Sothern-Marlowe Company and in England by the Birmingham Repertory Players and by the company of Lillah McCarthy and Granville Barker met with great success. In November, 1918, Mr. Bernard Fagan presented the play at the Court Theatre, London, with Leah Bateman as Viola; and in March, 1922, it was produced by Miss Lillian Baylis at the "Old Vic." One of the most recent revivals opened at the Kingsway Theatre, London, in November, 1925, with Miss Dorothy Cheston as Viola.

CRITICAL COMMENT—"This play is in the graver part elegant and easy," Dr. Johnson remarked rather ponderously, "and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous." This praise he qualifies by adding that Aguecheek's character, though drawn with great propriety, is not "the proper prey of a satirist," and that the marriage of Olivia "wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life." Hazlitt's criticism (*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,* 1817) is the best explanation of those features of romantic comedy which puzzle or offend writers who judge the play, like Johnson, by the rules of classic drama: "This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons, than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humor; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others. . . . This may be called the comedy of nature, and it is the comedy which we generally find in Shakespeare."

"The great and secret charm of *Twelfth Night,*" Hazlitt says truly, "is the character of Viola. Much as we like catches and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment in the stocks. But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this—it is Viola's confession of her love."

Of Malvolio, whose rôle most of the great actors have preferred to that of Sir Toby or Orsino, Charles Lamb has written the finest appreciation (*On Some of the Old Actors,* 1823): "Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an overstretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honor in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest." B.

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

[Scene of Action: A city in Illyria and the adjacent sea-coast.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, a young gentleman of Messaline.
Antonio, a sea-captain, the friend of Sebastian.
Curio, Valentine, } gentlemen of Orsino's court.
Sir Toby Belch, Olivia's uncle.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek, suitor to Olivia.
Malvolio, Olivia's steward.
Feste, the clown, Fabian, } servants of Olivia.
A sea-captain, the friend of Viola.
Viola, Sebastian's twin-sister.
Olivia, a great lady of Illyria.
Maria, her gentlewoman.
A Priest, Courtiers, Sailors, Officers, and Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Orsino's palace.*]

Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords. [*Music within.*]

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?
Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The sea-coast.*]

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I serv'd that lady
And might not be delivcr'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prethee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.
Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.
Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to

drink in; and so be these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. And thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. And I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damn'd coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*The palace.*]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. [*To Curio.*] Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspéct.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best.

To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
Exeunt.

SCENE V.—[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.
Mar. Make that good.
Clo. He shall see none to fear.
Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'
Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?
Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?
Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
Mar. You are resolute, then?
Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.
Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.
Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.
Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio [*and attendants*].

Clo. [*Aside.*] Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'
[*Aloud.*] God bless thee, lady!
Oli. Take the fool away.
Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.
Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.
Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.
Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
Oli. Can you do it?
Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.
Oli. Make your proof.
Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.
Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?
Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?
Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.
Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?
Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.
Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.
Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.
Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?
Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.
Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?
Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. *Exit Malvolio.* Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.
Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—

Enter Sir Toby.

one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater.*
Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?
Sir To. A gentleman.
Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?
Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!
Clo. Good Sir Toby!
Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?
Sir To. Let him be the devil, and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*
Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?
Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.
Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.
Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.
Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.
Mal. Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.
Oli. What kind o' man is he?
Mal. Why, of mankind.
Oli. What manner of man?
Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
Oli. Of what personage and years is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

[*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*]

Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
Oli. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
Exit.
Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.
Finis, Actus primus.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*The sea-coast.*]

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.
Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather

to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scene II.—[*A street.*]

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me? I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [*Exit.*]

Scene III.—[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *'diluculo surgere,'* thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an un-

filled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th' art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

'O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.'

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. 'What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.'

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. And you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Catch sung.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house,

that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What and if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.
Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*The palace.*]

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antic song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.
Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.
Duke. Who was it?
Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.
Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit Curio.*] *Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Ay; prethee, sing. *Music.*

The Song.

'Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!'

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*
Duke. Let all the rest give place.
[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.
How now, my metal of India!
Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his

own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads*]

'Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.'

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads*]

'I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!
Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.
Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,—
Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.
Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.
Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.
Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.
Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.
Fab. And O shall end, I hope.
Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!
Mal. And then I comes behind.
Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.
Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love. and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prethee.'

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*
Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.
Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.
Sir And. So could I too.
Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.
Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter Maria.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
Sir And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport,

mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. *Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Olivia's orchard.*]

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: *I* am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and [Sir] Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman [*Maria*].

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.
Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Sir. And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em all three all ready.
Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.
Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.
Oli. What is your name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y' are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prethee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond

gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.—[*A street.*]

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever [thanks; and] oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*Olivia's orchard.*]

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.
Oli. Go call him hither. I am as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
Exit [*with Maria*].
Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.
Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?
Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prethee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof

itself would have earned him. Away!
Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*
Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.
Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]
Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.
Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs.
Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?
Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.
Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?
Vio. I will acquit you.
Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.
Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.
Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.
Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?
Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.
Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.
Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.
Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.
Sir. To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.
Exit Toby.
Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?
Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, and I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'ld have seen him damned ere I'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*]

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.
Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themselves!
Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
Ant. But O how vild an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.
Ant. Lead me on. *Exit [with Officers].*
Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*]
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
Sir And. And I do not,— [*Exit.*]
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. *Exit [with Fabian].*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.
Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.
Seb. I prethee, vent thy folly somewhere else.
Thou know'st not me.
Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prethee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell

me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prethee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter [*Sir*] *Andrew,* [*Sir*] *Toby, and Fabian.*

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]
I prethee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prethee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prethee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter [*Sir*] *Toby* [*and Maria*].

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal., within. Who calls there?
Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
Sir To. Well said, master Parson.
Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.
Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?
Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.
Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?
Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!
Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.
Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.
Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. *Exit [with Maria].*
Clo. [*Singing.*] *'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does.'
Mal. Fool!
Clo. *'My lady is unkind, perdy.'*
Mal. Fool!
Clo. *'Alas, why is she so?'*
Mal. Fool, I say!
Clo. *'She loves another'*—Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio?
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.
Mal. Sir Topas!
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.
Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!
Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I

see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prethee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing.*] 'I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

'Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil.' *Exit.*

SCENE III.—[*Olivia's orchard.*]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! *Exeunt.*

Finis, Actus Quartus.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an

ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap. I will awake it anon.

Exit.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest—
Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. H'as broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter [Sir] Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.
Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?
Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's th' end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.
Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural pérspective, that is and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. [*To Olivia.*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
[*To Viola.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
Oli. Open 't, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] 'By the Lord, madam,'—
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: and your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.
Oli. Prethee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*]
Fab. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*]
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister! you are she.

Enter Malvolio [*with Fabian*].

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me, why?
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prethee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.
Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!
Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? and you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]
Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
Exeunt [*all except Clown*].

Clown sings.

'When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.'

FINIS

NOTES

ACT I

i. 4 fall, cadence, a musical term.
12 validity, value.
pitch, elevation, height.
14 fancy, love.
15 high fantastical, highly imaginative.
21 turn'd into a hart. An allusion to the story of Actæon, who was changed by Diana into a hart and devoured by his own dogs. The legend is given in the third book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which Shakespeare probably knew both in the original and in Golding's translation. Orsino is punning on the two words, 'hart' and 'heart.'
26 element, the air.
heat. Whether this word is a noun or a participle (meaning 'heated') is doubtful.
31 brother's dead love, love of a dead brother.
33 frame, mold.
35 golden shaft, the arrow of gold, with which Cupid inspired love: another borrowing, probably, from Ovid.
38 fill'd, are filled. The subject is 'perfections.'
39 self, single or same.

ii. 10 those poor number, a collective singular: 'the poor number of those.'
15 Arion] Pope; Orion F.
25 A noble duke, a conventional phrase used of English lords with no reference to moral qualities: hence the captain adds the explanation that follows.
42-44 delivered to the world . . . What my estate is, publicly known as regards my position in life. Line 43 is parenthetical.
59 allow, approve.
62 eunuch . . . mute, figures associated with oriental courts, especially that of Turkey. Viola, however, changed her mind and entered Orsino's household as a page.

iii. 7 except, before excepted. Sir Toby repeats a legal phrase suggested to him by Maria's word, 'exceptions.' 'Except before excepted' in contracts was an abbreviated way of saying 'except those matters already stipulated as not covered by the contract.
12 and they, if they. Pope altered 'and' to 'an' in all such cases, but the change is not justified by history or grammar.
20 tall, fine. Maria, in her answer, takes the word in its ordinary sense.
27 viol-de-gamboys, viol da gamba, violoncello.
30 almost] F; 'all most' Upton.
natural, like a 'natural' or fool.
33 gust, taste.
37 substractors, a drunken perversion of 'detractors'
43 coistrel, knave.
45 parish-top. 'A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise.' (Steevens.)
45 Castiliano vulgo, an apparently meaningless interjection in mock-Italian. Warburton changed 'vulgo' to 'volto,' face.
46 Agueface, probably an intentional corruption of Sir Andrew's name.
65, 67 And. See note on line 12.
74 buttery-bar, the bar over which ale is dispensed from the buttery or ale-cellar.
85 canary, a sweet wine from the Canary Islands.
97 Tongues, pronounced like 'tongs' (curling-tongs) in Shakespeare's time. Hence Sir Toby's jest.
105 curl by] Theobald; coole my F.
113 count, Orsino (who has previously been called a duke). Count was not an English title and the word is used rather vaguely by Shakespeare.
122 kicke-chawses, trifles; a pluralized corruption of French 'quelque chose.' See *2 Henry IV* V. i. 29.
127 galliard, a lively dance.
130 the mutton to't, a pun on the association of mutton and caper-sauce.
137 coranto, another active dance.
139 sink-a-pace, cinque-pace, a dance.
144 damn'd coloured stock. What color of stockings Sir Andrew refers to is doubtful. Rowe, followed by most modern editors, reads 'flame-colored'; while 'damson-colored' and 'dove-colored' are other conjectures. Probably no more is meant than a stocking of any 'loud' shade.
148 Taurus! That's sides and heart. According to the old astrological theory of medicine, continued in modern almanacs, the zodiacal sign of Taurus actually governed affections of the neck and throat.

iv. 13 no less but, no less than.
15 gait, way; as in the Scotch 'gang thy ain gait.'
21 civil bounds, bounds of civility.
28 nuncio's, messenger's.
32 rubious, ruby-like, red.
34 semblative, similar to.
41 barful, full of hindrances.

v. 6 fear no colours, fear no enemies; 'colours' in this stock phrase seems to have meant originally the ensigns of a hostile army.
9 lenten, frugal, laconic.
27 gaskins, breeches, supported by 'points' or laces.
39 Quinapalus, an imaginary philosopher.
47 madonna, my lady.
52 botcher, an unskilful tailor.
61 misprison, misunderstanding.
62 cucullus non facit monachum, the cowl does not make the monk.
71 proof, trial.
96 fools' zanies, fools of fools. Zanni (zany) was the conventional name of the fool in the Italian improvised farces which had a great vogue in England in Shakespeare's time.
105 leasing, lying. Mercury was the patron of orators.
123 pia mater, the covering of the brain; here used for the brain itself.

124 **What**, of what rank.
136 **and**, if. See note on I. iii. 12.
142 **crowner**, coroner.
157 **sheriff's post**, a post set up before the residence of a sheriff for purposes of distinction.
166 **squash**, unripe pea-pod.
167 **codling**, immature apple.
168, 169 **well-favoured**, good-looking.
176 **S. D. Enter Viola**] F_2; *Enter Violenta* F_1.
187, 188 **comptible**, sensitive.
214 **skipping**, flighty.
217 **swabber**, a sailor who washes deck.
hull, to lie in port with sails down.
255 **in grain**, dyed in grain (cochineal), fast-dyed.
268 **praise**, appraise.
273 **nonpareil**, one having no equal.
279 **in voices well divulg'd**, well spoken of by public report.
289 **cantons**, cantos, songs.
320 **county's**, count's.
329 **owe**, possess.

ACT II

i. 11 **determinate**, intended.
12 **extravagancy**, vagrancy.
19 **Messaline**, an imaginary city. Perhaps Messina. in Sicily, the scene of *Much Ado*, was in Shakespeare's mind.

ii. 21 **That**] F_1; that sure F_2.
29 **pregnant**, resourceful.
30 **proper-false**, falsely handsome.
34 **fadge**, fit.
35 **fond**, dote.

iii. 2, 3 **diluculo surgere**, to rise at dawn. Lilly's Grammar, the elementary Latin textbook of Shakespeare's time, gives the complete adage, *diluculo surgere saluberrimum est.*
10 **life**] Rowe; lives F.
17 **the picture of 'we three,'** a picture of two fools; the spectator made the third.
20 **breast**, voice.
24, 25 **Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus.** If this is not utter nonsense, Sir Andrew has corrupted the meaning past discovery. The passage is suggestive of Rabelais.
27 **impeticos thy gratillity**] F; impeticoat thy gratuity Johnson. The meaning of the clown's perversion is that he has pocketed the sixpence. The rest of this speech is intentionally mystifying.
34 **testril**, a form of 'tester,' sixpence; so called after the analogy of a French coin which bore the head (Old French 'teste') of Louis XII.
61 **three souls out of one weaver.** Weavers, mainly Protestant immigrants from the continent, were famous for their psalm-singing and their thinness.
63 **dog**, very proficient; a slang expression.
80 **Cataian**, Chinese.
81 **Peg-a-Ramsey**, the title of an old song.
97 **coziers'**, cobblers'.
101 **Sneck up**, go hang!
124, 125 **cakes and ale**, the regular accompaniment of the old church festivals, which Puritans like Malvolio disapproved.
128, 129 **your chain.** A gold chain was the steward's badge of office. Dried bread crumbs were used to polish chains.
146 **a nayword**] Rowe; an ayword F. 'Nayword' means 'byword.'
161 **cons state**, learns by heart stately demeanor.
162 **utters**, displays publicly.
swarths, swaths, sweeps of the scythe.
189 **let the fool make a third.** It is really not the fool, Feste, but Fabian who makes the third. See II. v.
193 **Penthesilea**, the queen of the Amazons; one of the many jokes inspired by Maria's small size. See I. v. 218.
203 **cut**, a bob-tailed nag.

iv. 3 **antic**, quaint, old-fashioned. The modern 'antique,' which most editors substitute, has a different accent and significance.
5 **recollected.** The precise meaning of this word has to be guessed; 'hackneyed' is perhaps the most likely.
25 **favour**, face. In the next line Viola quibbles on the two meanings of the word.
38 **bent**, strain, the extent to which a bow can be bent.
47 **silly sooth**, simple truth.
54 **Fly away, fly**] Rowe; Fye away, fie F.
89 **pranks**, adorns.
91 **I**] Hanmer; It F.
127 **denay**, denial.

v. 6 **sheep-biter**, a malicious sneak; Malvolio is compared to a sheep-killing dog.
14 **And**, if. See note on I. iii. 12.
17 **metal of India**; i. e., gold.
36 **jets**, struts.
48 **blows**, puffs up.
55 **day-bed**, sofa.
59 **travel of regard**, gaze around.
92 **gin**, snare.
111, 112 **the numbers**, the meter.
114 **brock**, badger.
124 **staniel**] Hanmer; stallion F. Staniels were a poor species of hawk, much given to 'checking,' that is, deserting their proper prey for meaner game.
135 **Sowter**, a dog's name; literally, cobbler.
157 **born**] Rowe; become F. The main reason for Rowe's change is that 'born' is given in both the repetitions of this passage (III. iv. 45; V. i. 378).
161 **like**, likely.
174 **champaign**, open country.
177, 178 **point-devise**, exactly.
198 **Sophy**, the ruler of Persia.
208 **tray-trip**, a game at dice.
226 **Tartar**, Tartarus, Hell.

ACT III

i. 2 **tabor**, a small drum.
13 **cheveril**, kid.
40 **pilchards**, fish indistinguishable from herrings except in size—young herrings in fact.
58 **Lord Pandarus of Phrygia**, Cressida's uncle and

the confidant of Troilus. Shakespeare's play, *Troilus and Cressida*, composed between 1599 and 1603, is contemporary with *Twelfth Night*.

62 **Cressida was a beggar**, not in Chaucer's tale of *Troilus and Criseyde*, which was Shakespeare's main source for the legend, but in a continuation of Chaucer in the *Testament of Crisseid* by the fifteenth century poet Henryson.

65 **welkin**, sky; used humorously as a synonym of 'element,' which frequently had the special sense of 'sky.' See I. i. 26.

71 **haggard**, an untrained female hawk.

check; see note on II. v. 124.

86 **list**, limit.

94 **prevented**, anticipated.

102 **all ready**] Malone; already F.

123 **here**] Warburton; hear F.

131 **receiving**, understanding.

132 **cypress**, a transparent fabric named from the island of Cyprus.

135 **grise**, step; properly a plural, 'grees,' from French 'gre,' step.

ii. 8 **orchard**, used in Shakespeare's time in the general sense of 'garden.'

34 **Brownist.** Robert Brown (1550-1630) was the founder of an important Puritan sect.

46 **curst**, malignant.

48 **thou'st.** The use of 'thou' instead of 'you' was often an insult.

50, 51 **bed of Ware.** Ware in Hertfordshire, twenty miles north of London. The famous bed, ten feet and nine inches square, was sold at auction in 1864.

56 **cubiculo**, probably Sir Andrew's chamber.

70 **youngest wren of mine.** Theobald, followed by a great many modern editors, changes 'mine' to 'nine.'

77 **grossness**, stupidity.

85, 86 **the new map . . . Indies**, supposed to be a map published about 1599 in connection with Hakluyt's *Voyages* and containing new information regarding the East Indies.

iii. 9 **skilless**, inexperienced.

15 This line is hopelessly corrupt. The bracketed words were inserted by Theobald. It is evident that something has been omitted by the printer of the Folio.

iv. 5 **sad**, serious-minded.

9 **possessed**, possessed of an evil spirit, mad.

31 **Roman hand.** The Roman or Italian hand is the type of handwriting now universal in England, but it was new in Shakespeare's time and was not used by the poet. Copy-books of the time say that it was particularly favored by ladies.

78 **tang**] F_2 etc.; langer F_1. See II. v. 164.

125 **bawcock**, from French 'beau coq,' fine fellow.

129 **cherry-pit**, a child's game, played with cherry stones.

145 **taint**, spoil, grow stale.

156 **May morning**, the special season of merriment.

194 **bum-baily**, sheriff's officer.

209 **clodpole**, blockhead.

215 **cockatrices.** The cockatrice or basilisk was a fabulous reptile, said to have the power of killing what it looked upon.

222 **unchary**, unreservedly.

out] Theobald; on't F. The latter reading is possible.

227 **Goes . . . griefs.** Many editors substitute 'grief,' but Shakespeare often uses the old northern English plural verb in -s.

244 **tuck**, rapier.

245 **yare**, active.

257 **unhatched**, a form of 'unhacked,' unblunted.

258 **on carpet consideration.** 'Carpet' knights were those dubbed on the carpet before the king's throne, not on the field of battle.

263 **Hob, nob**, from 'hab, nab,' 'have or have not,' at random.

268 **quirk**, peculiarity, whim.

274 **meddle**, try conclusions, fight. Compare the Campbell song, 'Wha dare meddle wi' me?'

302 **firago**, apparently a form of 'virago.'

304 **stuck**, 'stoccado,' a thrust in fencing.

322 **as horribly conceited**, filled with as horrible an idea.

337 **duello**, dueling code.

349 **undertaker**, one who performs another person's business, a meddler. The modern sense of the word is new.

363 **favour.** See note on II. iv. 25.

379 **my having**, what I have.

399 **vild**, vile.

ACT IV

i. 19 **foolish Greek.** This phrase has been much discussed, but no one appears to have suggested the simplest interpretation. Sebastian, presumably an Italian himself, alludes to the Illyrian Feste quite properly as a Greek, i. e., an easterner.

55 **Rudesby**, rude fellow.

ii. 41 **clearstores**, probably 'clerestories'; but the clown is speaking intentional nonsense. The clerestory in churches is the highest part of the wall, above the aisles.

56 **haply**] Capell; happily F. The two words were not distinguished in spelling in Shakespeare's time.

99 **propertied me**, made a fixture of me.

103 **Malvolio, Malvolio.** Here the clown, of course, drops his own personality and speaks like Sir Topas.

112 **shent**, blamed.

iii. 6 **credit**, report which can be credited.

12 **discourse**, reason.

21 **deceivable**, deceptive.

29 **whiles**, until.

ACT V

i. 23 **conclusions to be as kisses.** 'As it takes two persons to make one kiss, so two premises are necessary for one conclusion.' (Wright.)

57 **bawbling**, bauble-like, insignificant.

58 **unprizable**, not valuable.

67 **desperate**, reckless. **state**, propriety.

68 **brabble,** brawl.
74 **terms,** circumstances. **dear,** dire.
112 **fat,** dull. See *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 1.
121 **the Egyptian thief.** The allusion is to the robber Thyamis in the romance of *Theagines and Chariclea,* translated from the Greek of Heliodorus. An English version was published in 1587.
129 **tender,** regard, care for.
136 **to do you rest,** to give you relief.
150 **propriety,** identity.
160 **joinder,** joining.
168 **case,** skin.
198 **othergates,** otherwise.
206, 207 **a passy-measures pavin]** Malone; a passy measures panyn F. The pavin was a dignified dance; 'passy measures' is usually taken to be a corruption of the Italian *passamezzo,* cinque-pace. For the latter see I. iii. 139 and note.
224 **perspective,** perspective-glass; an optical instrument by means of which various illusions were produced.
241 **suited,** clothed.
244 **dimension,** bodily figure.
245 **participate,** partake of, possess.
256 **lets,** hinders.
278 **orbed continent,** the sun.
288 **extracting,** supposed to mean 'distracting.'
302 **and,** if.
307 **perpend,** consider.
327 **proper,** own.
351 **geck,** fool.
371 **importance,** importunity.
391 **convents,** probably 'is convenient.'
398-417 The closing song is generally regarded as an old one not written by Shakespeare. Another version is sung by the Fool in *Lear* III. ii. 74-77.

JULIUS CÆSAR

NORTH'S PLUTARCH—In few fields are Elizabethan enterprise and courage better manifested than in the activities of the publishers of the period. In their fine fearlessness of chance, their public spirit, and devotion to real essentials, as well as in their carelessness of petty scruple and not infrequent piracies, a true kinship exists between the booksellers who launched the most important literary undertakings of the day and the mariners who carried their adventures over hardly less secure or well charted seas. To the willingness of the members of the great Stationers' Company to undertake risks far larger, considering the difficulties of production and the smallness of the reading public, than would to-day be thought reasonable we owe the Shakespeare Folio of 1623 itself as well as the two earlier books which provided the foundation of nearly half the plays it contained: Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland (1578) and Sir Thomas North's translation of the Lives of Plutarch (1579). Appearing first when Shakespeare was fifteen years old, North's book, a sumptuous folio volume, was three times reprinted before the poet's death (1595, 1603, 1612). From it Shakespeare derived the main essentials of *Julius Cæsar* and the later Roman plays of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus,* as well as the primary suggestion for *Timon of Athens* and possibly a hint for *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

North's Plutarch was based upon a French version by Jacques Amyot (1559), who in his turn translated from a Latin rendering of the original Greek. Amyot and North were both men of very strongly pronounced style and personality, typical examples in different ways of sixteenth century feeling; and the ultimate fruit of their labors, North's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,* has its high value less in its approximation to Plutarch's thought than as one of the most impressive pieces of English prose which the Elizabethan era can exhibit. It was as such that Shakespeare paid it a larger tribute of imitation than he offered during his maturity to any other work. *Julius Cæsar* is founded upon North's version of the life of Marcus Brutus and the last fifth of the life of Cæsar. Of course, Shakespeare fills in the portraits of many characters very lightly sketched by Plutarch and he alters historic details in the interest of dramatic effect, as when in the first act he puts the triumph of Cæsar and the feast of Lupercal on the same day and in the fifth throws together two engagements at Philippi really separated by about three weeks. On the whole, however, the story of the play is that of Plutarch, the scope of the former being determined mainly by the limits of the life of Brutus; and though the verbal echoes of North's prose are here rather less conspicuous than in the two Roman plays which followed, they are yet both numerous and striking. A good example of North's style is found in his brief account of Antony's speech over the dead Cæsar, a passage that Shakespeare has elaborated with masterly sympathy and imagination. There is no ground for the idea that Antony's oration in Act III owes anything to the translation of Appian ("An Ancient History and exquisite Chronicle of the Romans' Wars . . . Translated by W. B.," 1578) or to any other source than Shakespeare's original genius fired by the following words of North's life of Brutus:

"The second fault (of Brutus) was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them: the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river of Tiber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion: he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more, and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal

the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, 'Kill the murderers': others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that had killed him, to set them afire."

No single short extract can adequately represent either the charm of North's style or the masterly manner in which Shakespeare has adapted it to dramatic requirements. An edition of the lives of Cæsar and Brutus, published in the *Shakespeare Classics* series (1909) indicates by marginal symbols the passages used by the poet, and should be consulted by those interested in studying what is probably Shakespeare's finest achievement in the utilization of source material.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY OPINION OF CÆSAR'S CHARACTER—It is entertaining to speculate on the extent to which the play of *Julius Cæsar* might have been different, had Shakespeare, like present-day schoolboys, been early brought into contact with Cæsar's impressive but modest delineation of himself in the *Commentaries*. The *Gallic War* had indeed been translated by Arthur Golding (1565), to whose version of Ovid the poet owes a considerable debt; but there is no evidence that Shakespeare knew Golding's Cæsar. Nor, we may be sure, had he read any part of the *Commentaries* in the original, for Cæsar, unlike Ovid, was not a usual subject of study in sixteenth century schools. The earliest Latin text of Cæsar published in England, of which either the British Museum or Bodleian library possesses a copy, did not appear till just before the year 1700.

The Cæsar known to the ordinary Elizabethan was, like the very un-Homeric Achilles who figures in Shakespeare's play of *Troilus and Cressida*, not the real hero of antiquity, but a pompous braggart created in large part by the misconceptions of later writers. For any reader acquainted with the Cæsar whom all modern historians unite with Professor Ferrero in acclaiming as "a man whose powers have seldom or never been equaled in history," there is something almost shocking in the condescension of Shakespeare's earlier plays, which gibe at "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome" (*2 Henry IV* IV. iii. 45, 46) and repeatedly ridicule "Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'" (*As You Like It* V. ii. 34, 35; *Love's Labour's Lost* IV. i. 68-71). The same undervaluing of the hero—a trait in general quite foreign to Shakespeare's spirit—is found in the play which bears Cæsar's name; and the fault cannot justly be ascribed to Plutarch, for the latter, though he manifests little personal enthusiasm for Cæsar, is not essentially unfair in his portrait.

In order to understand Shakespeare's treatment of Cæsar we must consider the list of Renascence dramas which had introduced the Roman conqueror to the sixteenth century public. The first work of the kind was a Latin tragedy, *Julius Cæsar*, by a classically named Frenchman, Marc Antoine Muret, published in 1553, eleven years before Shakespeare's birth. Though Shakespeare most likely never heard of Muret or saw his drama, there is little doubt that his conception of Cæsar was deeply impregnated with the ideas which Muret made conventional. Sixteenth century academic tragedy, both in France and England, developed in close discipleship to the luridly sensational Latin plays ascribed to the philosopher Seneca; and Professor H. M. Ayres has shown ("Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar in the Light of some other Versions," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, 1910) that Muret's Cæsar is essentially a replica of the boastful Hercules in Seneca's *Hercules Œtæus*. It was not historic or psychological truth that Muret and the succeeding Senecan dramatists desired, but the opportunity for violent declamation and melodramatic horror. Cæsar, therefore, appealed to them, not because he was a great man, but because he gained spectacular successes and suffered a ghastly end.

Jacques Grévin's *César*, in French (acted 1558, printed 1561), followed Muret and maintained the same tradition, which rapidly passed to England. On February 1, 1562, a play of *Julyus Sesar* (now lost) was acted at court. In 1582 a Latin drama, *Cæsar Interfectus*, ascribed to Richard Eedes (likewise lost) was performed at Christ Church, Oxford. A later English play, Sir William Alexander's *Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*, printed in 1607 and probably composed a few years after Shakespeare's like-named drama, shows the French-Senecan idea of Cæsar as strong as ever: it owes nothing whatever to Shakespeare, but is deeply indebted to Grévin and another Gallic imitator of Seneca, Robert Garnier, whose *Cornélie* touches upon the story of Cæsar and Pompey. A fourth English academic play, *The Tragedy*

of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge, acted at Trinity College, Oxford, and printed in the same year with Alexander's work (1607) is equally independent of Shakespeare, whose *Cæsar* it may have preceded in time of composition. It alone of the extant non-Shakespearean dramas carries the action beyond the assassination and funeral of Cæsar to the death of Brutus.

These plays show how predominant the idea of the Senecan Cæsar was when Shakespeare conceived his subject. Most important of all in its bearing upon the Shakespearean tragedy was doubtless the lost double play, *Cæsar and Pompey* and *The Second Part of Cæsar* which Henslowe's company, the Lord Admiral's, acted publicly in London in 1594 and 1595. The growing point of Shakespeare's imagination was the actual theatre of his day. There, in the productions of his rivals and associates, he seems to have secured most of his inspirations, which he later elaborated out of the books he knew. And when he constructed his play of *Cæsar* out of the material offered by North he carried into the work a prepossession concerning the boastful, rather ineffectual Cæsar, which had become the conventional stage value of the character.

DATE—1599 and 1600 are the two years to which it is now thought reasonable to assign *Julius Cæsar*. The failure of Francis Meres to mention so striking a play in his list of Shakespeare's dramas (*Palladis Tamia,* 1598) is good evidence that it had not been acted when Meres wrote. That it was well known in 1601 is conclusively shown by an allusion in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601):

> "The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

Weever's book is stated by the author to have been written two years before its publication, which, if true with reference to the lines quoted, would carry the date of the play back to 1599; and evidence for the same year is found in the apparent allusion to Antony's words, "O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason" (III. ii. 109) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (acted 1599), where one of the characters remarks, "reason long since is fled to animals, you know." The same lines from Antony's well-known speech appear to be again echoed in Chapman's *Sir Giles Goosecap* (printed 1600).

TEXT—The first printed version of *Julius Cæsar* is that found in the 1623 Folio, which is the only basis for the modern editions. In such cases it is usual for editors to remark that the text is particularly free from error, since there are comparatively few Folio readings which cannot be given some sensible interpretation when no conflicting version exists. Only when there are several divergent texts is it possible to guess how far the Folio misrepresents the poet's manuscript. Several unsatisfactory passages are discussed in the notes.

JULIUS CÆSAR ON THE STAGE—Under the title, *Cæsar's Tragedy,* a play probably identical with this, was acted at court shortly before April 10, 1613. In some verses prefixed to the 1623 Folio Leonard Digges emphasizes the great stage effectiveness of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius (IV. iii.):

> "Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
> Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake."

This scene and the "passions of Juliet and her Romeo" Digges selects as illustrations of Shakespeare's popular success. During Charles I's reign *Julius Cæsar* maintained its popularity, being twice acted before the King and Queen (Jan. 31, 1637 and Nov. 13, 1638).

After the Restoration the famous actor and beau, Charles Hart (d. 1683), the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan, acted Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. The part passed then to Betterton, whose performances during the twenty-five years before his death in 1710 aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A curious attestation of the popular interest in Betterton's production of *Julius Cæsar* is found in the fact that six separate quarto editions of the play—the first ever printed—appeared between the years 1684 and 1691, all bearing the names of Betterton's cast and intended for the use of play-goers. (See Miss H. C. Bartlett's valuable paper, "Quarto Editions of Julius Cæsar," *The Library,* 1913.) Unlike most of Shakespeare's plays, *Julius Cæsar* has remained popular on the stage from the time it was first produced, and the true version has never been supplanted by spurious revisions. The Duke of Buckingham's attempt to spin the plot out into two five-act dramas called *Julius Cæsar* and *Marcus Brutus* respectively (1722) and Aaron Hill's adaptation under the title of *Roman Revenge* (1753), like Voltaire's effort at improvement in his "translation" of the first three acts and his *Mort de César,* hardly checked the popular appeal of the original play.

The famous Peg Woffington acted Portia in a number of performances about 1750. Mrs. Siddons's brother, J. P. Kemble, was famous as Brutus

between 1812 and 1817, and the part was continued by his younger brother Charles till 1837. Macready first appeared in the play at the Covent Garden theatre about 1818, taking the part of Cassius, which he later exchanged for that of Brutus. Of his last performance of Brutus, at the time of his retirement in 1851, he writes: "Acted Brutus as I never —no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. . . . I think the audience felt it." The scholarly revivals of Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells (London) concluded in a farewell performance of Brutus, Nov. 6, 1862. In 1898 and again in 1900, a magnificently staged production of the play was given at His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Tree, who chose the part of Antony, the latter acts being cut so as to accentuate the importance of that character. The same scenery and costumes were employed in Richard Mansfield's production, which began at Chicago, 1902, and continued in various American cities. The first of the many American performances of the play was given in Charleston, S. C., April 20, 1774. During the third quarter of the nineteenth century Edwin Booth was famous in each of the three parts, Brutus, Antony, and Cassius. Through the last twenty years performances have been very frequently given in America by R. B. Mantell and in England by the Ben Greet Players and the excellent company of Sir F. R. Benson. Among the more important modern revivals in London were those by Charles Fry, A. E. F. Horniman, Miss Florence Glossop-Harris, and, at the "Old Vic," by Miss Lillian Baylis. Special praise was accorded William Faversham's interpretation of Antony at the Lyric Theatre, New York (1912, 1914) and Henry Ainley's performance of the same part at the St. James's, London (1920).

THE OPINION OF CRITICS—It is doubtful whether any of Shakespeare's plays is better known to the general unliterary public than *Julius Cæsar*. The striking nature of the plot; the obviousness of the great situations, such as the oration of Antony and the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius; and the high and simple moral plane of the whole have long made it a favorite subject of elementary study in schools. Vast numbers of persons probably commence their reading of Shakespeare with this play, and a great many, to whom *Hamlet* remains quite unintelligible, come easily to a deeply beneficial appreciation of *Julius Cæsar*. This simplicity doubtless accounts for the coldness of some of the more subtle critics toward the play. The worst of English critics, Thomas Rymer (1641-1713), selected *Cæsar* and *Othello* as particular butts for his heavy ridicule of Shakespeare in his "Short View of Tragedy; Its Original, Excellency, and Corruption. With some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage" (1693). "Here," Rymer remarks of *Julius Cæsar*, "he (Shakespeare) sins not against nature and philosophy only, but against the most known history and the memory of the noblest Romans, that ought to be sacred to all posterity. . . . The truth is, this author's head was full of villainous, unnatural images, and history has only furnish'd him with great names, thereby to recommend them to the world, by writing over them, *This is* Brutus; *this is* Cicero; *this is* Cæsar. But generally his history flies in his face, and comes in flat contradiction to the poet's imagination." It is interesting to find Bernard Shaw virtually repeating this attack, with rather more decency of expression, in the preface to his *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (*Three Plays for Puritans*). John Masefield, on the other hand, comes to the rescue of the play, which has had rather less than its due from the critics and rather more perhaps from the common public, with some sensible remarks on the difference between the Elizabethan and the modern ideas of dramatic construction. He summarizes: "The play is generally considered to be the earliest of the supreme plays. Little more can be said of it at this time than that it is supreme. There is a majesty in the conception that makes it like gathering and breaking storm. The cause of the murder is a great personal treachery inspired by an unselfish idea."

B.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[SCENE: To the close of Act IV, sc. i, Rome; in Act IV, sc. ii & iii, Sardis in Asia Minor in Act V, the plain of Philippi in Macedonia.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.
MARK ANTONY, }
LEPIDUS, }
CICERO, } senators.
PUBLIUS, }
POPILIUS LENA, }
MARCUS BRUTUS, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
CAIUS CASSIUS, }
CASCA, }
TREBONIUS, }
LIGARIUS, }
DECIUS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER, }
CINNA, }
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a poet.
Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.
TITINIUS, }
MESSALA, }
Young CATO, }
VOLUMNIUS, }
VARRO, } servants to Brutus.
CLITUS, }
CLAUDIUS, }
STRATO, }
LUCIUS, }
DARDANIUS, }
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.
CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, wife to Brutus.
Commoners, or Plebeians, of Rome, Soldiers, etc.]

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—[*Rome. A street.*]

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners over the stage.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.
Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.
Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!
Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.
Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when

they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
Exeunt all the Commoners.
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*A public place.*]

Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer [and a crowd of citizens]: after them Marullus and Flavius.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
Flourish, and shout.
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. *Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cas. Good: I will expect you.
Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. *Exit.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to disgest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. *Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. *Exit.*

[SCENE III.—*A street.*]

Thunder and lightning. Enter [from opposite sides] Casca [with his sword drawn] and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons; they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
Exit Cinna.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.
Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

[SCENE I.—*Brutus's orchard.*]

Enter Brutus, in his orchard.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. *Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Gives him the letter.
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. *Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
Opens the letter and reads.
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
Knock within.
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
Exit Lucius.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*]
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?
[*Brutus and Cassius*] *whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
Clock strikes.
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.
Exeunt all but Brutus.
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Not for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Knock [*within*].
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charáctery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?
Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Cai. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Cai. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Cai. . Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on. *Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me, then. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Cæsar's house.*]

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murther Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. *Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*A street near the Capitol.*]

Enter Artemidorus, [*reading a paper*].

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Exit.

[SCENE IV.—*Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.
Exit.
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

[SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol.*]

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer*] The Ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar goes up to the Senate-House. Enter Popilius Lena.*]

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*]
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

They stab Cæsar.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! *Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!—

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt [*with Cæsar's body*].

[SCENE II.—*The Forum.*]

Enter Brutus and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Plebeians. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1st. Ple. I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd. Ple. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

3rd. Ple. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1st. Ple. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2nd. Ple. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd. Ple. Let him be Cæsar.

4th. Ple. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
1st. Ple. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,—
2nd. Ple. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
1st. Ple. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *Exit.*
1st. Ple. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3rd. Ple. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*]
4th. Ple. What does he say of Brutus?
3rd. Ple. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4th. Ple. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1st. Ple. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3rd. Ple. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2nd. Ple. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1st. Ple. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2nd. Ple. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3rd. Ple. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4th. Ple. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
1st. Ple. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2nd. Ple. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3rd. Ple. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4th. Ple. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4th. Ple. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4th Ple. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4th. Ple. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2nd. Ple. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2nd. Ple. Descend.

3rd. Ple. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*]

4th. Ple. A ring; stand round.

1st. Ple. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd. Ple. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st. Ple. O piteous spectacle!

2nd. Ple. O noble Cæsar!

3rd. Ple. O woeful day!

4th. Ple. O traitors, villains!

1st. Ple. O most bloody sight!

2nd. Ple. We will be reveng'd.

[*All.*] Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st. Ple. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2nd. Ple. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1st. Ple. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd. Ple. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd. Ple. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

3rd. Ple. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1st. Ple. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2nd. Ple. Go fetch fire.

3rd. Ple. Pluck down benches.

4th. Ple. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. *Exeunt Plebeians* [*with the body*].

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*A street.*]

Enter Cinna the poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

[*Enter Plebeians.*]

1st. Ple. What is your name?

2nd. Ple. Whither are you going?

3rd. Ple. Where do you dwell?

4th. Ple. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2nd. Ple. Answer every man directly.

1st. Ple. Ay, and briefly.

4th. Ple. Ay, and wisely.

3rd. Ple. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
2nd. Ple. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
1st. Ple. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2nd. Ple. That matter is answered directly.
4th. Ple. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3rd. Ple. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1st. Ple. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4th. Ple. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
4th. Ple. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3rd. Ple. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

ACT FOURTH

[SCENE I—*A house in Rome.*]

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, [*seated at a table*].

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent,—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth,
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Near Sardis.*]

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, [*Lucius,*] *and the Army; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.
March gently on to meet him.
Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
1st. Sold. Stand!
2nd. Sold. Stand!
3rd. Sold. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*Brutus's tent.*]

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say 'better'?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, [*followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius*].

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vildly doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone!
Exit Poet.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*]
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Boy [*Lucius*], *with wine and taper.*

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
Drinks.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius! My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
Exeunt [*all but Brutus*].

Enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. *Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.
[*Exit Ghost.*]
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

[SCENE I.—*The plains of Philippi.*]

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; [Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others].

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too?
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*The same. The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side.
Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*Another part of the field.*]

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
Exit.
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. Above. O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. *Shout.*
And, hark, they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus [*below*].

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV.—*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*]
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
1st. Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*]
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1st. Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
2nd. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1st. Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Int. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispers.*]
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then! no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*]
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
Alarum still.
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
Dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

NOTES

ACT I

i. S. D. Marullus] Theobald; Murellus F. Throughout the play, the Folio persists in this incorrect spelling.
3 mechanical, belonging to the artisan class.
4, 5 without the sign Of your profession. Shakespeare is thinking of contemporary London, where each trade had its peculiar mark of identification. See line 7.
16 Mar.] Capell; Fla. F.
26 with awl] Farmer; withal F (omitting the following full stop). The pun is meant for the ear, and it is not easy to represent it satisfactorily in print.
29 neat's leather, ox-hide.
36 his triumph, Cæsar's fifth triumph, celebrating his victory over the sons of Pompey at the battle of Munda (near Malaga in Spain), Mar. 17, B. C. 45. This was the first time that the victory of Romans over Romans became the occasion of a triumph.
56 Pompey's blood. Cneius Pompey, eldest son of Pompey the Great, was wounded at Munda and slain shortly after. 'Blood' is probably used, however, in the sense of kindred.
66 whe'r, whether; a common abbreviation (spelled 'where' in F).
70 ceremonies, ceremonious ornaments.
72 the feast of Lupercal, an ancient Italian religious festival of purification, occurring February 15. Another name of the feast was *Februa*, from 'februo,' purify; whence the designation of the month 'Februarius.'
78 pitch, height of a hawk's flight.

ii. 3 Antonius'] Pope; Antonio's F. The Folio printers were more accustomed to Italian than to Roman proper names. In lines 4 and 6 'Antonio' again occurs, and later in the play 'Octavio,' 'Flavio,' and 'Claudio' are substituted for the proper Latin forms in -us. The names may have been abbreviated in the original manuscript.
18 Ides of March, March 15.
24 S. D. Sennet, a trumpet call to signal the march of a procession.
Exeunt all but] Capell; Exeunt. Manet F.
34 as, which.
54 'Tis just, it is true.
71 jealous on, suspicious of.
72 laugher] Rowe; laughter F.
76 scandal, defame; a noun made to do duty as verb.
77 profess myself, declare myself, expose my secret thoughts.
87 indifferently, unconcernedly.
88 speed, assist.
91 favour, countenance, face.
109 hearts of controversy, contending hearts.
122 coward lips did from their colour fly, a far-fetched military metaphor. Cæsar's lips, losing color from disease, are likened to cowardly soldiers deserting their 'colors' or banner.
123 bend, glance.
124 his, its. 'His' is Shakespeare's usual form of the neuter as well as the masculine possessive; 'its,' a new formation, occurs very seldom.
129 temper, constitution.
136 Colossus, a brazen figure, more than a hundred feet high, which bestrode the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes. It was accounted by the Greeks one of the seven wonders of the world.
155 wide walks, the broad avenues and boulevards which marked the outskirts of Imperial Rome. The visitor, walking the circling streets of the great city, would be viewing the manifestations of Cæsar's single personality. Most modern editors follow Rowe in changing 'walks' to the more obvious and commonplace 'walls.'
156 Rome . . . room. In the usual pronunciation of Shakespeare's time these words were identical. The present sound of 'Rome,' like 'roam,' which

Shakespeare also knew, was introduced by travelers acquainted with the French and Italian names of the city.
60 **state**, sovereignty.
62 **nothing**, not at all; a common adverbial use.
jealous. See note on line 71.
66 **ferret**, ferret-like, i. e., red.
68 **conference**, debate.
97 **well given**, well-disposed.
04 **he hears no music.** Cæsar's suspicion of the leanness of Cassius is taken from Plutarch, but the allusion to the treachery of men who have no music in their souls is an original touch based apparently on the poet's personal belief. Compare Lorenzo's famous words in *The Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 83-88.
55 **like**, likely.
falling sickness, epilepsy.
66 **plucked me ope.** Shakespeare is very fond of this vague use of the dative 'me,' especially in narrative. The purpose is generally to emphasize slightly the speaker's feeling of the importance of the action referred to.
37 **And**, if. So in line 284.
38 **occupation**, mechanical trade.
03 **tardy form**, apparent inertia.
05 **disgest**, digest.
17 **doth bear me hard**, is ill-disposed to me.
19 **He**, Brutus; not Cæsar, as some commentators explain. The main purpose of the scene has been to show how Cassius 'humours' Brutus into a course of action which the wily Cassius, had he Brutus's opportunity to profit by the friendship of Cæsar, would never permit himself to be beguiled into.

21 **glar'd**] Rowe; glaz'd F.
6 **the bird of night**, the owl.
7 **Antonius**] Pope; Antonio F. See note on I. ii. 3.
8 **thus unbraced**, with the doublet open. Costume on the Elizabethan stage was frankly that of contemporary England, whatever the period represented. The anachronism involved is particularly striking in this play. See the references in the previous scene to the nightcaps of the Roman mob and to Cæsar's doublet (246, 266).
9 **thunder-stone.** Thunder was supposed to be accompanied by the fall of stones from the sky.
0 **cast yourself.** 'Case yourself,' dress yourself, has been proposed as a substitute for this rather unsatisfactory phrase.
1 **quality**, disposition. **kind**, nature.
5 A very difficult line, here printed as in F, except that the latter gives a comma after 'men.' Many recent editors substitute 'fool' for 'fools,' taking the word as a verb, but the change makes little improvement. Probably a verb is to be supplied, as in line 64: 'Why old men (turn) fools and children calculate (i. e., show the prudence of age).'
7 **fleering**, sneering.
8 **element**, sky.
9 **In favour's**] Johnson; Is Favors F. See note on . ii. 91.
5 **incorporate**, affiliated, joined.
4 **Pompey's theatre**, in the Campus Martius, the first stone theatre erected in Rome; built at the expense of the great Pompey and opened with magnificent dramatic and gladiatorial displays B. C. 55, ten years before the period represented in this scene. Pompey's porch, mentioned in lines 126 and 147, was a large portico adjoining.
162 **conceited**, conceived.

ACT II

i. 12 **general**, the public, or common, cause.
19 **remorse**, compassion.
20 **affections**, personal inclinations.
26 **degrees**, steps; used here in its literal sense.
29 **colour**, pretext; justification.
35 **closet**, study or private sitting-room.
40 **Ides**] Theobald; first F. See note on I. ii. 18.
44 **exhalations**, meteors.
59 **fifteen days**, i. e., this is the morning of the fifteenth. Theobald, followed by nearly all modern editors, changes to 'fourteen days,' on the ground that the fifteenth is only beginning—a remarkable piece of pedantry.
65 **phantasma**, nightmare.
66 **The Genius and the mortal instruments.** A peculiar feature of Roman religion was the belief that each man's career was directed by a 'genius' or dæmon born with him, but independent of his mortal attributes. The 'mortal instruments' are the physical and mental forces which the controlling genius set in operation.
70 **your brother Cassius.** Cassius had married Brutus's sister, Junia. The lady appears in Buckingham's adaptation, *Marcus Brutus*. See Introduction, *'Julius Cæsar* on the Stage.'
72 **moe**, more.
76 **favour.** See note on I. ii. 91.
83 **path**, walk; a very rare use.
95 **Decius Brutus**, properly Decimus Brutus; Shakespeare derived the erroneous form from North.
100 **S. D. Brutus and Cassius**] They F.
104 **fret**, mark with fret-work tracery.
106 **as**, where.
115 **sufferance**, suffering.
125 **secret**, secret-keeping, not garrulous.
125 **cautelous**, crafty.
130 **carrions**, carcases.
134 **insuppressive**, insuppressible.
135 **or . . . or**, either . . . or.
150 **break**, open negotiations.
166 A six-foot line. So perhaps also line 178.
196 **main**, general.
198 **apparent**, obvious, evident.
205 **glasses**, looking-glasses, used to distract the attention of the bears from their hunters.
215 **Caius Ligarius.** This is the form of the name in North's translation of the life of Brutus, though North adds a marginal note, 'In another place they call him Quintus.' Quintus was the real name of Ligarius.
218 **by him**, by his house; 'by' having here a force resembling the Latin 'apud,' French 'chez.'
227 **formal**, dignified, self-possessed.
246 **wafture**] Rowe; wafter F.

261 physical, healthful.
271 charm, conjure, entreat.
289, 290 the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart. There has been much misplaced interest in these words as anticipating Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood (1616).
308 charactery, writing.

ii. S. D. night-gown, dressing gown; an Elizabethan, not Roman, garment.
5 present, immediate.
13 stood on ceremonies, laid stress on omens.
19 fought] Dyce; fight F.
23 did neigh] Malone; do neigh F.
25 use] custom, experience.
46 We are] Upton; We heare F.
89 tinctures, handkerchiefs dipped in the blood of martyrs.
cognizance, heraldic emblem.
104 liable, subject.
128 That every like is not the same, alluding to Cæsar's words, 'like friends.' Brutus means, 'That every one like a friend is not really one.'
129 yearns] Theobald; earnes F. The meaning of this old word, which appears elsewhere in the Folio both as 'yearn' and 'earn,' is 'grieve.'

iii. S. D. Enter Artemidorus. Of this character North says (Life of Cæsar): 'And one Artemidorus also, born in the Isle of Gnidos (Cnidos), a Doctor of Rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him.'

ACT III

i. 29 address'd, prepared.
39 law] Johnson; lane F. **fond,** foolish.
54 freedom of repeal, free recall.
67 apprehensive, endowed with apprehension or understanding.
77 Et tu, Brute. These now famous words are not ascribed to Cæsar in any of the classical accounts of his death, but they occur in two other English works slightly earlier than *Julius Cæsar*. It has been suggested that the original source is a Latin drama on Cæsar's death, acted at Oxford in 1582. See Introduction.
80 common pulpits. An Englishman of Shakespeare's time would be reminded by this phrase of Paul's Cross, an out-door pulpit beside St. Paul's Church, from which much English history had been made. Shakespeare refers to it frequently in *Richard III*. North, likewise thinking probably of London practice, speaks of the 'pulpit for orations.' The Roman 'rostra' are meant.
94 abide, used for 'aby,' pay for.
115 Pompey's basis, the base of Pompey's statue. Cæsar's assassination occurred, not at the Capitol, as Shakespeare represents it, but in the portico of Pompey's Theatre.
131 resolv'd, satisfied, convinced.
157 bear me hard. See I. ii. 317 and note.
160 apt, ready.
174 Our arms, in strength of malice: 'our arms even now engaged in the strongest show of hostility to Cæsar's partisans.'
204 bay'd, brought to bay.
206 sign'd, marked with blood.
lethe, death; apparently from Latin *letum*, destruction.
253 S. D. Exeunt . . . Antony] *Exeunt. Manet Antony* F.
271 Ate, goddess of discord and vengeance.
273 Cry 'Havoc,' to give the signal for indiscriminate slaughter.
283 for] F_2; from F_1.
288, 289 Rome . . . Rome . . . Rome. See note on I. ii. 156.

ii. S. D. Enter Brutus] *Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit* F.
17 censure, judge.
41 question, legal question, examination.
43 enforced, exaggerated.
70 beholding, indebted.
119 abide. See note on III. i. 94.
138 napkins, handkerchiefs.
177 That day he overcame the Nervii, B. C. 57, thirteen years previous to Cæsar's death. The Nervi were the most warlike tribe of the Belgae.
183 resolv'd. See note on III. i. 131.
225 wit] F_2; writ F_1.
247 seventy-five drachmas. The nominal value of the drachma was about that of the French franc (twenty cents) but seventy-five drachmas would purchase considerably more in Cæsar's time than fifteen dollars to-day.
254 On this side Tiber. Cæsar's orchards or gardens were really on the far bank of the Tiber. North refers to the gardens as being 'on this side of the river of Tiber,' meaning the northern side nearest to France and England. Shakespeare transfers the phrase incorrectly to the speech of Antony, who is speaking on the strictly Roman or southern bank.
264 forms, benches.

ACT IV

i. 12 unmeritable, undeserving.
14 The three-fold world, the Roman world with its continental divisions of Europe, Asia, and Africa.
37 abjects, orts] Staunton; Objects, Arts F. 'Abjects' means things thrown away as useless, 'orts' broken scraps of food. The emendation is by no means certain, but it seems rather more satisfactory than the Folio reading.
44 our means stretch'd] F_1; and our best means stretch'd out F_2. The reading of F_2 completes the line which is defective in F_1, but it sounds more like the work of a metrical reviser than like that of Shakespeare.
48, 49 at the stake, and bay'd about, a metaphor from the Elizabethan sport of bear-baiting, an amusement which rivaled theatrical entertainment

in attractiveness for the general public. The bear was fastened to a stake in the center of the bear-garden or amphitheatre and attacked by a number of dogs. The best-known bear-garden was very near the Globe Theatre.

i. **16 familiar instances**, instances of familiarity.
23 hot at hand, fiery at the start.
26 fall, let fall.
46 enlarge, set free, give free expression to.
50-52 Lucilius . . . Lucius. It has been plausibly suggested that these names have been transposed and that we should read 'Lucius' in line 50 and 'Lucilius' in 52.
52 S. D. Exeunt. This is one of the numerous cases where no new scene was contemplated by the author. F has the stage direction, *'Exeunt. Manet (sic) Brutus and Cassius';* that is, the attendants go out, leaving Brutus and Cassius alone on the stage, which is now supposed to represent the interior of Brutus's tent, though the two main figures have not shifted their position.

ii. **2 noted**, branded, made notorious.
8 nice, trivial.
10 condemned to have, blamed for having.
13 speaks. A relative pronoun is often felt as being in the third person, though referring to an antecedent in the first or second. So regularly in modern German. Many modern editors make the unnecessary alteration to 'speak.'
28 bait. See note on IV. i. 48, 49. Brutus's allusion to himself as a dog suggests to Cassius the idea of bear-baiting, Cassius being, of course, the bear. Theobald, not seeing the point, altered 'bait' to 'bay,' which he thought repeated from the line above.
45 observe, do observance to, pay court to.
69 respect, care for.
75 indirection, unjust practice.
102 Pluto's. Perhaps Shakespeare meant to refer to Plutus, god of riches, but Plutus and Pluto were very often confounded even by classic writers.
137 jigging, writing jigs or doggerel verses. Elizabethan dramatic performances often ended with a 'jig,' that is, a dance and rude song.
152 Impatient. Logically one would expect the noun, 'impatience,' which is perhaps avoided because of its unpleasant assonance with 'absence.'
171 tenour] Theobald; tenure F.
184 Nothing, Messala. This speech is, of course, untrue in the light of what Brutus has said above (148-166). Various explanations have been attempted, the most satisfactory being that of J. Resch, that two alternative versions of Brutus's speech on Portia's death have been amalgamated. An undoubted instance of the confusion of two separate versions of the same scene is found in *Love's Labour's Lost.*
196 alive, while alive, as living men. Brutus means that the living have work to do from which the dead, like Portia, are happily released.
228 niggard, provide grudgingly.
238 S. D. Enter . . gown. F inserts this stage direction between the two halves of line 236.
242, 244 Claudius, Varro. F spells these names 'Claudio' and 'Varrus' throughout the scene. The correction is due to Rowe.

ACT V

i. **4 battles**, lines of battle, armies.
5 warn, summon.
19 exigent, extremity, emergency.
24 answer on their charge, respond to their attack; i. e., allow them the initiative.
33 posture, nature.
53 three and thirty. The number of wounds recorded by Plutarch is three-and-*twenty*, and Theobald altered this passage accordingly.
66 stomachs, appetites.
69 After **a word with you** F gives the stage direction: *'Lucillius and Messala stand forth.'*
72 as this very day. In early English 'as' frequently has a mildly intensive force without further significance. The use remains in the modern 'as for,' 'as to,' 'as yet'; it was particularly common in connection with words denoting time.
77, 78 Epicurus . . . And his opinion. 'Epicurus had said that if there were gods they must be happy, and so necessarily unconcerned with the affairs of men; so that portents and omens would be impossible' (Beeching).
80 former, foremost.
96 rest] Rowe; rests F.
105 prevent, anticipate.
106 The time of life, the natural life-time.
111 No, Cassius, no, etc. Brutus's contradiction here of his attitude in the previous speech (101-108) is due to an interesting misunderstanding of North's Plutarch. In the latter work Brutus says quite consistently that he had once blamed Cato for taking his own life, while he was 'yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world'; but he adds 'being now in the midst of danger I am of a contrary mind.' North's phraseology is rather obscure and it appears to have misled Shakespeare, who in the play makes the words of Cassius (108-110) effect the change in Brutus's attitude toward suicide really due to the latter's experience of life.

ii. **1 bills**, instructions, messages.

iii. **42 search**, probe, penetrate; a gentler word than 'pierce': usually employed of cleansing a wound.
43 hilts, the two projecting guards of a cross-handled sword.
97 whe'r, whether; spelled 'where' in F.
101 moe, more.
104 Thasos] Theobald; Tharsus F. Thasos is a small island off the coast of Thrace. Three weeks actually intervened between the battle in which Cassius died and the second battle of Philippi. Had the second fight occurred the same day as the first, as Shakespeare indicates for dramatic purposes, there would have been no reason or opportunity to remove Cassius's body.
108 Labeo and Flavius] Labio and Flavio F.
109 'Tis three o'clock. Shakespeare is tampering

with the progress of time. In line 60 the sun was already setting with 'red rays.' See also note on line 104.

v. 7 **Bru.** The speaker's name is omitted in F and was first supplied by Rowe. Some critics have proposed giving lines 7 and 8 to Lucilius, who is impersonating Brutus, but such an arrangement would leave the exit of Brutus unexplained.

17 **the news**] Pope; thee newes F.
17 **S. D. Enter Antony,** follows 15 in F.

v. 33 **to thee too, Strato**] Theobald; to thee, to Strato F.
46 **smatch**, smack, touch.
71, 72 **in a general honest thought And common good to all**, a species of *hendiadys:* 'in a thought of general honor and common good to all.'

HAMLET

HAMLET THE DANE—Like Beowulf, the most nificant hero of Old English poetry, Hamlet is a oduct of mythical Scandinavian history. Though guely recognizable in Icelandic sagas reaching n farther into the past, the figure first comes rly into view under the name of Amleth in the tin *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (Saxo Scholar), compiled about 1200 and printed in is in 1514. A French translation of Saxo's tale Amleth in the fifth volume of François de Belle-est's collection of *Histoires Tragiques* (1570) made legend easily accessible to English readers, for lleforest's volumes were the dear delight of the izabethan public and a favorite field for play-ights in search of plots. An English rendering m Belleforest, called *The History of Hamblet*, ap-ared in 1608, too late to be of interest in connec-n with the dramatic use of the story. From it are en the quotations which follow.

Belleforest's narrative, which conscientiously rep-ents Saxo except for a few trifling details, is in eral essential points the complete antithesis of story one reads in Shakespeare's tragedy. As ards the hero, the part that concerns us cele-tes the triumph of practical energy and clever tting. As regards the atmosphere, it reproduces stern Scandinavian realism of the Icelandic sagas. plot runs thus, the bracketed names being those Shakespeare's corresponding figures:—

wo brothers, Horvendile (the elder Hamlet) and ngon (Claudius), govern the province of Dit-sh in the present Schleswig-Holstein as representa-s of Roderick, King of Denmark. In single com- Horvendile slays the King of Norway (the elder tinbras) and is rewarded by marriage to Rod-k's daughter Geruthe (Gertrude). Their son is mlet (Amleth in Saxo and Belleforest). Later jealous younger brother Fengon (Claudius) mly attacks and murders Horvendile, as he is sit-g at a banquet with his friends. Fengon justi- the crime before the people by falsely charging rvendile with cruelty to Geruthe, whom Fengon erward marries himself. "Hamlet, a boy, is, like the general public, quite aware of the murder, and he thirsts for vengeance; but Fengon guards himself carefully and prepares to kill Hamlet as soon as the latter's age or conduct shall give promise of danger. Hamlet feigns idiocy in order to escape the murderer's watchfulness, but Fengon suspects the trick and attempts to trap him into a manifestation of sanity by preparing an apparently accidental meeting in the woods between him and a court lady (Ophelia) with whom he is in love. Spies are hidden in the bushes to observe his behavior; but Hamlet, warned secretly by the lady and by a friend of his boyhood (Horatio) avoids discovery. Another test is arranged, when Hamlet is brought to an interview with his mother in her chamber while one of Fengon's counselors (Polonius) hides behind the hangings to observe his actions. But the prince, "doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speak severely and wisely to his mother touching his secret practices he should be understood, and by that means intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cock beating with his arms (in such manner as cocks use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried, 'A rat, a rat!' and presently drawing his sword thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counselor (half-dead) out by the heels, made an end of killing him, and being slain, cut his body in pieces, which he caused to be boiled, and then cast into an open vault or privy, that so it might serve for food to the hogs." Returning he reasons so effectively with his mother that he wins her to his side. Fengon, alarmed at the disappearance of the counselor, yet fearing to murder the prince openly, sends him to England. "Now to bear him company were assigned two of Fengon's faithful ministers (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern), bearing letters engraved in wood, that contained Hamlet's death, in such sort as he had advertised the king of England. But the subtle Danish prince (being at sea) whilst his companions slept, having read the letters, and known his uncle's great treason, with the

wicked and villainous minds of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter, razed out the letters that concerned his death, and instead thereof graved others, with commission to the king of England to hang his two companions."

The ministers are accordingly executed soon after their arrival, and Hamlet remains a year in England, where he further proves his marvelous astuteness and secures the hand of the English king's daughter. At the year's end, he suddenly returns to Denmark, with the connivance of his mother, "arriving the same day that the Danes were celebrating his funerals, supposing him to be dead in England." Thus finally he takes the crafty Fengon unawares and slays him, whereupon he makes a great oration to the Danes and is by them proclaimed King of Denmark.

THE PLAY OF HAMLET BEFORE SHAKESPEARE—As early as 1589, when Shakespeare's dramatic career was only just beginning or about to begin, the satirist Thomas Nashe (introductory epistle to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*) alludes to "whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfuls of tragical speeches," in a connection which proves the notoriety of a sensational play of that title, full of ranting speeches and composed in imitation of the Senecan melodrama. Further allusions in the passage are fairly interpreted as meaning that Nashe understood the writer of this *Hamlet* to be Thomas Kyd, the known author of a very similar kind of play: *The Spanish Tragedy* (1587). Special features of Kyd's Senecan melodrama are: (1) the presence of the ghost; (2) the extended use of impassioned soliloquy; (3) the presentation of real (not merely feigned) insanity. Another element which Kyd employed with much effect in *The Spanish Tragedy* is (4) the device of the play within the play (see *Hamlet* III. ii.). It is fair to assume that these four new features, all unknown to Saxo and Belleforest, were present in the Hamlet drama of 1589 and that they passed from it to Shakespeare. It was most likely this 1589 play, though perhaps in a revised form, which Henslowe's Diary shows to have been acted on June 9, 1594, by the Lord Admiral's Company and Shakespeare's (the Lord Chamberlain's) in conjunction. That Shakespeare acted one of the parts in this production is not at all unlikely, and it is pretty certain that he got from it his first strong interest in the subject. Of all the great losses which Elizabethan literature has suffered hardly any is so deplorable as that of the pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet*. That it was in itself a shoddy piece of work, notable mainly for its sensationalism, is fully proved by the allusions of the time; but it carried with it to its well merited oblivion the key to many of the now insoluble difficulties in Shakespeare's greatest drama. A brief German prose play, dating in its present form from about 1710 and entitled *Der Bestrafte Brudermord* (*Fratricide Punished*), is supposed to represent roughly the text of the pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet* as acted in Germany by English actors about the year 1600.

DATE—Hamlet opens Shakespeare's great tragic period, the period of his most impressive intellectuality, and the date of this play is therefore particularly important. Fortunately, the year 1601 can be assumed with more than ordinary positiveness as the period of the tragedy's first production on the stage. Many kinds of evidence indicate the unlikelihood of earlier composition. Meres, in 1598, is silent concerning *Hamlet*, and the play's close relationship to *Julius Cæsar* suggests strongly that it immediately followed the latter tragedy. The connection is apparent not merely in verbal parallels like the repetition of the description of the omens presaging Cæsar's death (*Julius Cæsar*, II. ii. 17-24) in the first scene of *Hamlet* (112-125), but even more strongly in the fact that Brutus and Hamlet are companion sketches, Hamlet being the more elaborate and mature. Both plays are based upon the dilemma that confronts an imaginative, contemplative, and highly moral student when his conscience seems to require him to correct an intolerable state of affairs by a deed of ruthless violence. Brutus chooses the more obvious alternative, performs at once the bloody duty he perceives, and perishes in consequence. Hamlet, with more subtle instinct, delays and perishes likewise. For a personality of the type of Brutus and Hamlet, either outlet from the situation is fatal, but the course of Hamlet is the nobler and the more humanly interesting.

Hamlet is the richest of Shakespeare's plays in contemporary allusion. The clear statement of the theatrical problems of the time (II. ii. and III. ii.) fixes the tragedy as one of the latest documents in the so-called "War of the Theatres" of 1601. An date for *Hamlet* later than 1601 is precluded by the entry on the Stationers' Register, July 26 of the following year (1602) of "A book called the Revenge of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his Servants." There is no doubt that Shakespeare's play is here referred to and that its first run on the stage was then over.

THE TEXT—The first edition of *Hamlet* appeared in 1603 with the title: "The Tragical History of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by his Highness' servants in the City of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford and elsewhere." This first quarto of *Hamlet* is the most puzzling of all the early representations of Shakespeare's work, but the modern texts of the play owe practically nothing to it. It is now generally agreed that it is based upon rough short-hand reports of the speeches as they were delivered on the stage, eked out perhaps by the text of the old pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet*. In this quarto are found little over half the number of lines in the authorizative versions; several passages are so confused as to be quite meaningless; and in a number of cases both the incidents and the names of characters differ from those in the standard text. It is particularly noteworthy that Shakespeare's Polonius is known here as Corambis, and appears as Corambus in the German *Hamlet* (*Fratricide Punished*). Such may have been the counselor's name in the old English tragedy of 1589.

Modern texts of *Hamlet* are made up from the second quarto edition, printed in 1604, and from the Folio version of 1623. Three later quartos, published between 1611 and 1637, have no independent authority. The 1604 text contains over two hundred lines not found in the Folio. The Folio, on the other hand, is the only authority for about eighty-five other lines, mainly of a local nature which it would doubtless have been injudicious to print in 1604. No question of the genuineness of any of these lines has been raised, and modern editions include them all, though they thus make the play a good deal longer than Shakespeare probably intended that it should be. In the present text the commencement of passages not found in the Folio is indicated by a dagger, an asterisk being inserted opposite the line at which the Folio text resumes. In the many cases of doubt, the readings of the Folio are generally preferred as probably best representing the poet's final text of the play. The notes seek to indicate all important deviations from the Folio. It is noteworthy that most of the insoluble textual difficulties occur in lines for which the quartos are our only authority.

STAGE HISTORY—Speaking of Shakespeare's career as an actor, his first biographer, Nicholas Rowe says (1709) that "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*." The part of Hamlet himself was created by Richard Burbage, the greatest tragedian of Shakespeare's company; and there is reason for believing that a number of pieces of the original stage business have been orally transmitted from Burbage down to the actors of the present day. The great popularity of *Hamlet* with the Elizabethans is attested by copious references in the literature of the period and by the sudden production after 1601 of a large number of other plays on the revenge theme. During the Puritan ascendancy, when the public theatres were suppressed (1642-1659) a version of the grave-diggers' scene, *The Grave-Makers*, appears to have been surreptitiously acted. It was later published, with other "drolls," in Francis Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport* (1662).

On August 24, 1661, two months after the Duke of York's Theatre had been opened by Sir William Davenant, *Hamlet* was played with Thomas Betterton in the title rôle. Betterton had been trained in the part, it is said, by Davenant, who had studied the playing of Taylor, a member of Shakespeare's own company at the old Blackfriars Theatre. From this time till Betterton's final triumphant performance nearly fifty years later (Sept. 20, 1709), Hamlet was his greatest part; and Betterton's masterly interpretation of the character did much to prevent Restoration society from losing taste for Shakespeare. In the first year of the revival (Nov. 26, 1661), John Evelyn expresses the prevalent coldness for Elizabethan drama: "I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad." A year and a half later, however, even the usually unsympathetic Pepys had been won by Betterton's acting. "To the Duke's house," he writes in his diary, May 28, 1663, "and there saw 'Hamlet' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton." Five years later Pepys was yet more enthusiastic (Aug. 31, 1668): "To the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw Hamlet, which we have not seen this year before or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

David Garrick, the most famous Hamlet of the eighteenth century, altered the conclusion of the play. "He cut out the voyage to England. . . . He omitted the funeral of Ophelia, and all the wisdom of the Prince and the rude jocularity of the Grave-diggers. Hamlet bursts in upon the King and his court, and Laertes reproaches him with his father's and his sister's deaths. The exasperation of both is at its

height when the King interposes; he had commanded Hamlet to depart to England, and declares that he will no longer bear this rebellious conduct, but that his wrath will at length fall heavy on the Prince. 'First,' exclaims Hamlet, 'feel you mine!' and he instantly stabs him. The Queen rushes out, imploring the attendants to save her from her son. Laertes, seeing treason and murder before him, attacks Hamlet to revenge his father, his sister, and his King. He wounds Hamlet mortally, and Horatio is on the point of making Laertes accompany him to the shades, when the Prince commands him to desist, assuring him that it was the hand of Heaven, which administered by Laertes 'that precious balm for all his wounds.' We then learn that the miserable mother had dropped in a trance ere she could reach her chamber door, and Hamlet implores for her 'an hour of penitence ere madness end her.' He then joins the hands of Laertes and Horatio, and commands them to unite their virtues to 'calm the troubled land.'" (Boaden, *Life of J. P. Kemble,* 1825, i. 110.)

During the early part of the nineteenth century the most striking interpretations of Hamlet were the strongly contrasted performances of J. P. Kemble and Edmund Kean. Kemble, brother of Mrs. Siddons, succeeded to the Garrick tradition of the play and gave a very polished, refined presentation of the hero. Kean, on the other hand, made his revival famous for its daring innovations and imaginative brilliance. Hazlitt (1817) expresses an unfavorable judgment of both interpretations. "We do not like to see our author's plays acted," he remarks, "and least of all *Hamlet.* There is no play that suffers so much in being transferred to the stage. Hamlet himself seems hardly capable of being acted. Mr. Kemble unavoidably fails in this character from a want of ease and variety. The character of Hamlet is made up of undulating lines; it has the yielding flexibility of 'a wave o' the sea.' Mr. Kemble plays it like a man in armor, with a determined inveteracy of purpose, in one undeviating straight line, which is as remote from the natural grace and refined susceptibility of the character as the sharp angles and abrupt starts which Mr. Kean introduces into the part. Mr. Kean's Hamlet is as much too splenetic and rash as Mr. Kemble's is too deliberate and formal. His manner is too strong and pointed. He throws a severity, approaching to virulence, into the common observations and answers. There is nothing of this in Hamlet."

From Kemble the part passed to Macready, whose first performance in 1812, at the age of eighteen, was a success, and who a half-century later (1861) quoted as one of the highest compliments of his career the saying of a critical observer, "Yours is the only intelligible Hamlet I have ever seen." From Macready the Hamlet tradition of Garrick and Kemble descended to Samuel Phelps, the inaugurator of the great Sadler's Wells Shakespearean revivals of the mid-nineteenth century; and from Phelps to his disciple, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the most notable exponent of the character in the last generation. In 1874 and at intervals during the next fifteen or twenty years, Sir Henry Irving played Hamlet with much applause to the Ophelia of Ellen Terry. Irving had earlier taken the part of Laertes in the *Hamlet* performances of both Edwin Booth (1861) and Fechter (1865). Miss Terry records her special appreciation of the opportunity for delicate "cumulative" effects in the comparatively small part of Ophelia. In more recent years *Hamlet* was successfully acted in London by Sir Herbert Tree, both with elaborate scenery and with none, and throughout the English county-towns by Sir F. R. Benson. A production without scenery at the Little Theatre, London, in 1913 was highly praised by connoisseurs, but proved "caviare to the general."

Most of the great English Hamlets have played in America, the tours of Edmund Kean, Irving, and Forbes-Robertson being particularly noteworthy; but the native American stage has contributed an unusually rich offering to the interpretation of this play. The first recorded performance was given by Hallam in Philadelphia, 1759. On Feb. 22, 1788, the occasion of General Washington's fifty-sixth birthday, the tragedy was acted in New York with the alterations of Garrick. Edwin Forrest did for the part of Hamlet in America much that Kean did for it in England, and his influence was by no means restricted to the land of his birth. The greatest of all American Hamlets was Edwin Booth (1833-1893), whose first production of the play in New York ran for the then unprecedented number of one hundred consecutive nights (Nov. 26, 1864-Mar. 24, 1865). In 1880 and the following year Booth successfully acted Hamlet in England, and in 1883 in Germany. On April 4, 1891, he took his farewell of the stage in the part of Hamlet at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Richard Mansfield declined to act *Hamlet* on the ground that it was impossible for him to add anything of importance to Booth's conception of the figure. E. H. Sothern's popular production was put on in 1900 and repeatedly revived, while R. B. Mantell's more commonplace interpretation also maintained a

iendly public for itself. On October 2, 1913, the ıubert Theatre in New York was opened by a great roduction of Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet,* which for generation had been regarded as supreme. Again, 1916, Forbes-Robertson acted the part in farewell rformances at New York (April 10), at the Sanders heatre, Harvard (April 26), and elsewhere in Amer-a. In 1918 and 1919 Walter Hampden secured a reat popular success with an interpretation which ın for over 100 performances in New York and was peated in later seasons. But Hampden's refined id reserved version rather suffered in the inevitable mparison, when John Barrymore produced (Harris heatre, New York, November, 1922) his remarkably ivile rendering of the part. This production of the lay, daringly ingenious both in interpretation and staging, was transferred in February, 1925, to ıe Haymarket Theatre, London, where as in New ork it received great and deserved praise. In-enuity was carried much farther when Sir Barry ackson produced "*Hamlet* in Modern Dress" at the ingsway Theatre, London (August, 1925). Though uite competently acted, this revival impressed the ublic mainly through its introduction of twentieth-entury clothes and properties. It was more talked bout than attended. Transferred to New York with different cast (Booth's Theatre, November 10, 925), it was highly praised by some critics as a production finely stimulating, adventurous and mpelling," but quite failed to draw audiences and as withdrawn after a couple of weeks. Meantime, Ir. Hampden, again reviving the play (October 10, 925) with Ethel Barrymore as Ophelia, had the atisfaction of seeing his traditional rendering—con-rvatively staged and acted with very few cuts—utlast the novelty in modern dress.

HAMLET CRITICISM—The lasting and quite un-aralleled popularity of *Hamlet* both on the stage nd off is a tremendous fact of dramatic history for hich it is not easy to give a satisfactory theoretical xplanation. The supremacy of the play over all the ther works of Shakespeare has apparently always een felt and recognized, notwithstanding that it lies ore open probably than any of the other major ramas to the charge of obscurity and technical im-rfection. The secret of the tragedy's unfading in-rest is perhaps best stated by Hazlitt. Hamlet's peeches and sayings, he remarks, "are as real as our wn thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic h, which is above that of history. Whoever has ome thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself 'too much i' the sun'; whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known 'the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes'; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a specter; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet."

The problems of Hamlet's personality and mental condition have agitated critics from the time of the play's appearance, and the mass of literature on the subject has long been so large as to defy perusal. It cannot be said that the central mystery has been cleared up, though many of the subsidiary inquiries have been answered. Much that puzzled earlier commentators—Hamlet's perfunctory assumption of madness, for example—is now explained as the result, not of the poet's settled design, but of the influence of pre-Shakespearean conceptions of the subject. The best treatment of the play from this historical or evolutionary aspect is found in compact form in *The Genesis of Hamlet* (1907) by Professor C. M. Lewis, who summarizes thus: "In the existing tragedy we find two distinct heroes imperfectly melted into one. Kyd's Hamlet and Shakespeare's Hamlet, taken separately, are comparatively simple and intelligible persons; but the Kyd-Shakespeare compound is a 'monstr'-horrend'-inform'-ingendous' mystery, *cui lumen ademptum.* Kyd's Hamlet does most of the deeds of the play, and Shakespeare's Hamlet thinks most of the thoughts. Kyd is responsible for most of the plot, and Shakespeare for most of the characterization; Kyd for the hero's actual environment, Shakespeare for the imperfect description of his environment that has come down to us. Thus the Kyd-Shakespeare composite hero follows up one man's thoughts with another man's deeds, and confronts with Shakespeare's soul a situation of Kyd's devising."

The most persuasive recent attempt to explain the personality of the Shakespearean Hamlet as he stands is given in Professor A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904). The two chapters on *Hamlet* in this book—presenting both a new theory of Hamlet's disposition and an acute discussion of previous views—should be read by all students of the play. The common idea that Hamlet was a mere thinker, essentially incapable of practical activity, degrades Hamlet, Bradley insists, and travesties the play. "For Hamlet, according to all the indications in the text, was not naturally or normally such a man, but rather, I venture to affirm, a man who at any *other* time and in any *other* circumstances than those presented would have been perfectly equal to his task; and it is, in fact, the very cruelty of his fate that the crisis of his life comes on him at the one moment when he cannot meet it, and when his highest gifts, instead of helping him, conspire to paralyze him." It is not any inherent quality of Hamlet's mind, Bradley thinks, which produces his inability to act, but a temporary melancholy due to the shock of his father's sudden death and his mother's scandalous marriage. "Suppose that violent shock to his moral being of which I spoke; and suppose that under this shock, any possible action being denied to him, he began to sink into melancholy; then, no doubt, his imaginative and generalizing habit of mind might extend the effects of this shock through his whole being and moral world. And if, the state of melancholy being thus deepened and fixed, a sudden demand for difficult and decisive action in a matter connected with the melancholy arose, this state might well have for one of its symptoms an endless and futile mental dissection of the required deed. And, finally, the futility of this process, and the shame of his delay, would further weaken him and enslave him to his melancholy still more."

It is not likely that any single logical interpretation can fully account for the complex and illogical character of Hamlet. Bradley's exposition can profitably be studied in connection with the diametrically opposed treatment in *Shakespeare's Hamlet: a New Commentary* by W. F. Trench (1913). In making the mind of Hamlet more normal and intelligible, it may be said that Bradley makes it rather less romantic and picturesque. The picturesque Hamlet, the dreamer and poet, weak in action but charming beyond any other figure of the stage, has been eloquently described by Coleridge and Schlegel, but best of all, perhaps, by Goethe, who in *Wilhelm Meister* approached the character from the most auspicious angle, that of his hero, an actor studying the part for presentation. "I sought for every indication," Goethe makes Wilhelm say, "of what the character of Hamlet was before the death of his father; I took note of all that this interesting youth had been, independently of that sad event, independently of the subsequent terrible occurrences, and I imagined what he might have been without them. Tender and nobly descended, this royal flower grew up under the direct influences of majesty; the idea of the right and of princely dignity, the feeling for the good and the graceful, with the consciousness of his high birth, were unfolded in him together. He was a prince, a born prince. Pleasing in figure, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, he was to be the model of youth and the delight of the world. . . . Figure to yourselves this youth, this son of princes, conceive him vividly, bring his condition before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrible night when the venerable Ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder seizes him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and harkens. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge and the piercing reiterated prayer: 'Remember me!' . . . In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces. A beautiful, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off; every duty is holy to him,—this too hard. The impossible is required of him,—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind."

It by no means detracts from the value of this fine piece of appreciative criticism that Goethe thirty years later felt the mystery of the play to be still unsolved. "After all is said," he confessed in 1826, "*that* weighs upon one's soul as a gloomy problem." It was doubtless the unconquerable psychological problem incarnate in *Hamlet* that drove Shakespeare to compose the tragedy and has since given it its matchless vitality and human appeal.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

[Scene: Elsinore, the ancient capital of Denmark, and adjoining country.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Claudius, king of Denmark.

Hamlet, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.

Polonius, lord chamberlain.

Horatio, friend to Hamlet.

Laertes, son to Polonius.

Voltimand, Cornelius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Osric, } courtiers.

A Priest.

Marcellus, Bernardo, Francisco, } officers.

Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

Fortinbras, prince of Norway.

A Captain under Fortinbras.

English Ambassador.

Gertrude, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*]

[*Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.*]

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter the Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off. Look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! *Exit the Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

* *Enter Ghost again.*

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion! † *It spreads his arms.*
* If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. † *The cock crows.*
* Stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! *Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.
Exeunt

SCENE II.—[*Interior of the castle.*]

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his sister Ophelia, [with Voltimand and Cornelius,] Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity,

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.
Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month:
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well.
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord—
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Bernardo*] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not have your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar. }
Ber. } Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. }
Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue: I will requite your loves. So, fare you well: Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
Exeunt [*all but Hamlet*].
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—[*The house of Polonius.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell: And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favours, Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood, A violet in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more: For nature crescent does not grow alone In thews and bulk, but, as his temple waxes, The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now, And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will: but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; For he himself is subject to his birth: He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself; for on his choice depends The sanctity and health of the whole state; And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd Unto the voice and yielding of that body Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you, It fits your wisdom so far to believe it As he in his peculiar sect and force May give his saying deed; which is no further Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, If with too credent ear you list his songs, Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open To his unmaster'd importunity. Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister, And keep you in the rear of your affection, Out of the shot and danger of desire. The chariest maid is prodigal enough, If she unmask her beauty to the moon: Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes: The canker galls the infants of the spring, Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd, And in the morn and liquid dew of youth Contagious blastments are most imminent. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep, As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine.

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
Laer. O, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long: but here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!
Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go; your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*The platform.*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
† *A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off* [*within*].
* What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
† This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

* *Enter Ghost.*

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canóniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? *Ghost beckons Hamlet.*
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
† The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
* *Ham.* It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd? Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*Another part of the platform.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.
Ham. Murther!
Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul!
Mine uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Hor. & Mar. Within. My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*Within*] Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. [*Within*] Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Hor. [*Within*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?
Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all.
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desires shall point you;
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision here.
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. Swear. *Ghost cries under the stage.*
Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?
Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus, head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, and if we would,'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, and if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

[SCENE I.—*House of Polonius.*]

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him:' do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. 'And in part him; but' you may say 'not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so:' and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase and the addition
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?
Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'
Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord!
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord. *Exit.*
Pol. Farewell!

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, cum aliis.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of. I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
† Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
* That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you:
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*]
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main:
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

Welcome, good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown.
[*Giving a paper.*]
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for his enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! *Exeunt Ambassadors.*
Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter—have whilst she is mine—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.
[*Reads*] *The Letter.*
'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most

beautified Ophelia,'—
That's an ill phrase, a vild phrase; 'beautified' is a vild phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*]
'In her excellent white bosom, these.'
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*]
'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'
This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.
King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said ' 'Tis so,'
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading on a book.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently.
Exeunt King and Queen.
O, give me leave:
How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well; y' are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord!
Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not

at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. [*Aloud.*] What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber or plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. Mine honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Flourish for the players

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: for a-Monday morning, 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then, you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y' are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgement in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—

It is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lords' murther: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

† So, proceed you.

* *Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour forg'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flame
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made
Unless things mortal move them not at all
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, wh'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do ye hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play tomorrow. *Exit Polonius* [*with all the Players but the First*]. Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murther of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could ye not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Exeunt [*Ros. and Guil.*] *Manet Hamlet.*

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye. Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murther'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
Exit.

[ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—*A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,

When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

Exeunt [*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*].

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourself another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*A hall in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord!
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revénue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with [the King's] guard carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon' dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?
Pol. That I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.
Ham. And what did you enact?
Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?
Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.
Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?
Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
Oph. No, my lord.
Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?
[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]
Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.
Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
† To desperation turn my trust and hope,
And anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
* Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. *Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! *Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.
Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
Oph. Still better, and worse.
Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: 'The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
Pours the poison in [*the sleeper's*] *ears.*
Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
Oph. The king rises.
Ham. What, frighted with false fire!
Queen. How fares my lord?
Pol. Give o'er the play.
King. Give me some light: away!
All. Lights, lights, lights! *Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!
Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.
Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Guil. What, my lord?
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—
Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.
Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.
Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?
Ros. My lord, you once did love me.
Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.
Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.
Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?
Ham. Ay, but, 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a recorder.

O, the recorder! let me see. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?
Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.
Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?
Guil. My lord, I cannot.
Ham. I pray you.
Guil. Believe me, I cannot.
Ham. I do beseech you.
Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.
Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it

breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud that's almost in shape like a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE III.—*A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us.
Exeunt Gent[*lemen*].

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit Polonius.*]
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murther'?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't. And so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
Exit.
King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
Exit.

[SCENE IV.—*The Queen's closet.*]

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. Within. Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you.
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming
[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Kills Polonius.*
Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain!
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? † Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. * What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
† Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
* O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would you, gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! *Exit* [*Ghost*].
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy?
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, courb and woo for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
† That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. * Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: † the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. * Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*]
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
† One word more, good lady.
Queen. * What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. † There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
* This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.
Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

[ACT FOURTH

Scene I.—*Room in the castle.*]

Enter King, [and Queen].

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'
And, in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vild deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
Exeunt Gent[*lemen*].
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
† Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. * O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*Another part of the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.
Gentlemen, within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—
Guil. A thing, my lord!
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*Another room.*]

Enter King, [*attended*].

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?

os. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
ing. Bring him before us.
os. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

ing. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
lam. At supper.
ing. At supper! where?
lam. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
lam. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
lam. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
ing. Where is Polonius?
am. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
ing. Go seek him there. [*To Attendants.*]
am. He will stay till ye come.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]
ing. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.
am. For England!
ing. Ay, Hamlet.
am. Good.
ing. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
am. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
ing. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
am. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England! *Exit.*
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
Exit.

[Scene IV.—*Open country near Elsinore.*]

Enter Fortinbras, with [a Captain, and] an army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go softly on. *Exit.*

† *Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, &c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*]
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*]
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
Exit.

[SCENE V.—*A room in the castle.*]

* *Enter Queen, and Horatio.*

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshap'd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*]
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Enter [*Horatio, with*] *Ophelia, distracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia!
Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
Sings] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
Sings] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:
Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]
O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Messenger.

What is the matter?

Mes. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king:'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds:
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. *Noise within.*

Enter Laertes [followed by a mob].

Laer. Where is the king? Sirs, stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
[*They retire without the door.*]
Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vild king,
Give me my father!
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.
A noise within: 'Let her come in.'
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.
Oph. [*Sings*]
They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rains many a tear:—
Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.
Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.
Oph. [*Sings*] And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
Gramercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye. *Exit.*
Laer. Do you see this, you gods?
King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.
King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.—*Horatio's lodging.*]

Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
Sail. He shall, sir, and 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
[*Hor.*] *Reads the Letter.* 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'
Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.
Exit [*with sailor*].

[SCENE VII.—*A room in the castle.*]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.
Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,

As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.
King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.
King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?
Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. *Exit Messenger.*
[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!'
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'
Can you advise me?
Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'
King. If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. So you'll not o'errule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.
† *Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. * Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—

I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you. † The scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. * Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
† There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—
* Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do 't:
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—

As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

[ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—*A churchyard.*]

Enter two Clowns.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged:' could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than

either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*]

[*First Clown digs, and*] *sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath caught me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murther! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Clown. Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?
Clo. For no man, sir.
Ham. What woman, then?
Clo. For none, neither.
Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?
Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.
Ham. How long is that since?
Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that was mad, and sent into England.
Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Clo. Very strangely, they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.
Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?
Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.
Ham. Why he more than another?
Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.
Ham. Whose was it?
Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?
Ham. Nay, I know not.
Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.
Ham. This?
Clo. E'en that.
Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.
Hor. What's that, my lord?
Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?
Hor. E'en so.
Ham. And smelt so? pah!
[*Puts down the skull.*]
Hor. E'en so, my lord.
Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.
Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin with [Priest and] Lords attendant.

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.
[*Retiring with Horatio.*]
Laer. What ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.
Laer. What ceremony else?
Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayer,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.
Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
[*Scattering flowers.*]
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
Leaps in the grave.
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]
Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*]
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
Attendants. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son, what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.
Exit.
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit Horatio.*]
[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*A hall in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord!
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villainies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play—I sate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them as the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come.
In further evil?
Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.
Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter young Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.
[*To Horatio.*] Dost know this water-fly?
Hor. No, my good lord.
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.
Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.
Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.
Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.
Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.
Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—
Ham. I beseech you, remember—
[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]
Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. † Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.
Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.
Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?
Osr. Sir?
Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.
Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?
Osr. Of Laertes?
Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.
Ham. Of him, sir.
Osr. I know you are not ignorant—
Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?
Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—
Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.
Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.
* *Ham.* What's his weapon?
Osr. Rapier and dagger.
Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

† *Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

* *Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

† *Enter a Lord.*

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

* *Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, with other Attendants with foils and gauntlets. A table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon'd as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows.
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd.

With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.
aer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.
am. I do embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.
aer. Come, one for me.
am. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
aer. You mock me, sir.
am. No, by this hand.
ing. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
am. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
ing. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
aer. This is too heavy, let me see another.
am. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? *Prepare to play.*
sr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin:
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.
Give him the cup.
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. *Play.*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet.*] *In scuffling, they change rapiers* [*and Hamlet wounds Laertes*].
King. Part them; they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*]
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?
Osr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]
Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd.
Treachery! Seek it out.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. *Hurts the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother. *King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! *Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
March afar off, and shot within.
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.
[*Dies.*]
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with drums, colours, and attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shoot
So bloodily hast struck?
Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

Exeunt, marching; after the which a peal of ordnance are shot off.

FINIS.

NOTES

The first list of names of the characters was given by Rowe's edition (1709). The quartos have no act or scene division. The Folio marks both acts and scenes correctly as far as Act II, scene ii, except that it fails to separate scenes iii, iv, and v of the first act. The last three acts of the play are printed as one in all the old texts without any kind of division. It is generally agreed that the division between Acts III and IV, introduced by eighteenth century editors, is incorrect, but it has been retained to avoid upsetting the accepted numbering of scenes and lines. 'F' indicates the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, 'Q' the *Hamlet* quarto of 1604, which the later quartos follow. Where the readings of the imperfect 1603 quarto seem to possess independent authority, that edition is quoted as 'Q 1603.'

ACT I

S. D. Bernardo. Q F regularly spell this name 'Barnardo,' which represents the Elizabethan pronunciation of the first syllable.

13 rivals, partners; properly those sharing the use of the same stream (*rivus*).

29 approve, prove true.

42 Thou art a scholar; speak to it. The ability to summon up and converse with supernatural creatures was in popular belief one of the chief purposes of medieval scholarship. Doctor Faustus, like Horatio a scholar of Wittenberg, was very familiar to audiences of the day from the tragedy of Marlowe.

49 sometimes, sometime, formerly.

57 sensible, palpable. **avouch,** witness.

61 he] *om.* F.

65 jump] Q; just F.

68 the gross and scope, the general range; an example of 'hendiadys.'

72 the subject, the laboring classes; a collective noun.

73 cast, casting.

75 impress, impressing.

83 emulate, ambitious, emulous.

89 seiz'd of, possessed of; a feudal term. For 'of' F reads 'on.'

90 a moiety competent, a corresponding portion.

94 carriage, import; the meaning conveyed or 'carried' by the article or contract. **design'd,** drawn up.

96 unimproved, not put to use, lacking employment.

98 lawless] Q; landless F.

103 compulsative, violent, involving compulsion.

107 romage, bustle; said to be a nautical term for the cleaning out of a vessel.
108-125 Ber. I think . . . countrymen. These lines appear to have been inspired by reminiscences of *Julius Cæsar* II. ii. 13-23. They were probably later rejected by the poet as superfluous.
117 As stars . . . blood. As the passage stands this line makes no sense. The most plausible explanation is that some words have been lost between lines 116 and 117.
118 the moist star, the moon, which controls the tides of 'Neptune's empire.'
121 precurse, foreshadowing.
125 climatures, probably regions or latitudes. The precise force of the word is not certain.
127 S. D. It . . . arms] Q; *om.* F. 'His' is the usual possessive form of 'it' in Shakespeare.
140 partisan, a long spear-like weapon with blade as well as point.
150 morn] Q; day F.
154 extravagant and erring, vagrant and wandering.
155 confine, place of confinement.
161 dare stir] Q; can walk F.
163 takes, strikes with disease. For 'takes' F reads 'talks.'
164 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. This fine eulogy of the Christmas season of peace and good will has no pertinence with reference to the play. It is obviously not Christmas in Denmark. It is not improbable that lines 157-165 were inserted in honor of some Christmas performance of the play.
167 eastern] F; eastward Q.

ii. 9 jointress; properly 'dowager'; but with this meaning is probably combined the idea of 'joint-possessor.'
31 gait, progress, proceeding; spelled 'gate' in Q F.
33 his subject, those subject to him. See note on I. i. 72.
37 business, negotiate, do business.
38 dilated, fully expressed. Spelled 'delated' in Q.
44 of reason, of anything reasonable.
45 lose your voice, speak fruitlessly.
47 native to, allied by nature to.
64 cousin, used here, as very often in Shakespeare, of the relationship between uncle and nephew.
65 A little more than kin and less than kind. 'Kind' is probably not the adjective but a noun meaning 'nature.' The king's assumption of fatherhood to Hamlet is a little more than his actual kinship (that of uncle and step-father), and yet prompted by less than natural good feeling.
66 the clouds, Hamlet's mourning.
67 too much i' the sun, a quibble on the word 'son' used by Claudius in line 64. Hamlet hears too much of his 'sonship' to the king.
68 nighted] Q; nightly F.
99 vulgar, common, obvious.
127 rouse, draught of liquor. The modern slang word 'row' is a corrupted form. **bruit**, report.
128 S. D. as in Q.
137 merely, fully, exclusively.
140 Hyperion, the sun-god.
141 beteem, allow. Spelled 'beteene' in F.
150 discourse of reason, an instance of pleonasm. 'Discourse' means itself the logical or reasoning faculty. See IV. iv. 36.
159 S. D. Bernardo] Q; Barnard F. See note on I. i. S. D.
164 what make you] what are you doing.
180 funeral bak'd meats, meats baked for consumption at the funeral gatherings. Some interpret 'bak'd-meats' in the sense of pastry, meat-pies.
181 coldly, when cold.
198 waste] F; vast Q.
200 at point exactly, in complete readiness.
cap-a-pe, head to foot.
204 truncheon's, staff's.
216 it head, its head. The most usual possessive of 'it' in Shakespeare is 'his'; but 'it' is occasionally used, and less frequently the modern 'its.'
243 warrant] Q; warrant you F. Pronounce 'war'nt,' in one syllable.

iii. 7 primy, vernal, spring-like.
8 Forward] Q; Froward F.
9 perfume and] *om.* F.
11 nature crescent, growing nature.
12 his] F; this Q. 'His' refers to 'nature.' See note on I. ii. 216.
15 cautel, deceit.
16 will] Q; fear F.
21 sanctity . . . the] F; safety . . . this Q. 'Sanctity' is used in the sense of the Latin 'sanctitas,' honor, dignity.
26 peculiar sect and force] F; particular act and place Q. Both readings offer difficulties; 'peculiar sect' refers to Hamlet's special status in society.
39 canker, the 'canker-worm' disease of plants.
40 buttons, buds. For 'their' F reads 'the.'
51 rede, counsel.
65 new-hatch'd] Q; unhatch'd F.
74 Are of a most select and generous chief in that. This line is an unexplained mystery, the main difficulties centering about the meaning of 'chief' (cheff in F) and the excessive number of syllables. White's emendation, 'Are most select and generous in that,' makes good sense and metre, but does not explain how the reading in the text arose.
115 springes . . . woodcocks. See note on V. i. 317.
117 Lends] Q; Gives F.
122 your entreatments, probably 'your yieldings to entreaty'; but also defined as 'conversation.'
128 that dye] Q; the eye F.
130 bawds] Theobald; bonds Q F.

iv. 9 wassail, carouse.
up-spring reels, wild dances; 'up-spring' seems to be an English version of an old German dance called 'Hüpfauf' (hop-up).
14 But] Q; And F.
19 clepe, call.
with swinish phrase, with the name of swine.
20 addition, title of honor; properly a designation added to a man's name as a mark of respect.

1 perform'd at height, performed in the noblest manner.
2 attribute, reputation.
0 plausive, deserving applause.
3 Their] Theobald; His Q.
6-38 the dram of eale . . . scandal. It is unfortunate that the omission of these lines in F leaves us with only one (Q) version of this famous crux.' It is not unlikely that Q has misprinted the text. There is practical agreement among commentators that 'eale' is an Elizabethan spelling of 'evil' (e'il). Perhaps the least unsatisfactory of the multitudinous attempts to explain the words as they stand is that of Corson, who takes 'noble' as an adjective used substantively, like 'eale,' and understands 'substance of' as a verb meaning 'imbue with a certain essence': 'The dram of ill transubstantiates the noble, essences it to its own scandal.' All interpretations of the passage, however, are quite conjectural.
2 intents] Q; events F. The F reading, meaning the issues or results of the Ghost's visitation, may be correct.
0 his, its.
1 waves] Q; wafts F.
0 summit] Rowe; somnet Q; Sonnet F.
3 nerve, muscle. The Nemean lion was slain by Hercules.
5 lets, hinders.

19 an end, on end; 'an' and 'a' are colloquial forms of 'on.'
0 porpentine, porcupine; both forms of the word were common in Shakespeare's time.
1 blazon, revelation.
2 List, list] Q; list, Hamlet F.
4 O God] Q; Oh Heaven F. The later version is due to the 1605 statute forbidding the use of holy names on the stage. See note on *Merchant of Venice* I. ii. 121.
3 rots] F; roots Q.
Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. wharf, bank.
3 wit] Pope; wits Q F. with] Q; hath F.
2 cursed hebenon, probably the juice of the yew-tree.
7 gates, streets.
8 posset, curdle.
9 eager, acid; French, 'aigre.' The spelling of F is 'Aygre.'
1 instant, instantaneous. tetter, eruption.
2 lazar-like, like a leper.
7 Unhousel'd, without having partaken of the 'housel' or eucharist.
disappointed, unappointed, unprepared.
unanel'd, unanointed, without having received the rite of 'extreme unction.'
8 luxury, lust.
7 In this distracted globe; in Hamlet's head.
8 table, writing-tablet. So in line 107.
0 pressures, impressions.
1 So be it! These words are assigned to Marcellus in F.
6 come, bird, come. Horatio's call suggests to Hamlet that by which falconers brought back their birds.
S. D. Horatio and Marcellus enter after line 113 in F.
136 Horatio] Q; my lord F. Hamlet may be mimicking Horatio, as Portia mimics the servant in *Merchant of Venice* II. ix. 85.
150 truepenny, honest fellow.
151 on—you hear] one you here F.
163 pioner, miner.
167 our] F; your Q. 'Our' philosophy is that which Hamlet and Horatio have studied at Wittenberg.
174 or thus, head shake] F; or this head shake Q. The reading of F makes 'head' the object of the verb 'shake,' that of Q makes 'head-shake' a compound noun and leaves the clause without a verb.

ACT II

i. 1 this] Q; his F. If Reynaldo is taking Laertes his regular allowance, the reading of F is preferable.
14 As] Q; And F.
20 forgeries, forged tales, falsehoods.
38 fetch of warrant, warranted stratagem. Q substitutes 'wit' for 'warrant.'
43 prenominate, aforesaid.
44 breathe of, speak of.
47 addition, title. See note on I. iv. 20.
50 By the mass] *om.* F (because irreverent).
65 windlasses, roundabout ways.
assays of bias, indirect efforts; a bowling term.
69 God be wi' you] Capell. F prints 'God buy you' (Q, 'God buy ye'), which probably represents the pronunciation of the phrase.
77 chamber] F; closet Q.
78 unbrac'd, unfastened.
80 down-gyved to his ankle, hanging down about his ankle like fetters.
91 As, as if.
95 bulk, the upper part of the body, the breast.
101 Come] *om.* F.
103 property, characteristic. fordoes, undoes, destroys.
112 quoted, observed.
114 By heaven] Q; It seems F (to avoid irreverence).

ii. 10 deem, judge. Q substitutes 'dream.'
29 But] *om.* F.
39 Ay] *om.* F.
45 and] Q; one F. The precise meaning of this line is not clear.
48 it] Q; I F.
54 sweet queen, that] F; dear Gertrude Q.
67 borne in hand, deceived; a slang phrase.
98 'tis 'tis] it is F.
105 Perpend, consider; an affected word.
150 wherein] Q; whereon F.
167 But] Q; And F.
182 a god kissing carrion] Warburton; a good kissing carrion Q F. The god in question is the sun. See *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 133.

197 **that you read**] Q; you mean F.
198 **slave**] F; rogue Q.
205, 206 **if like a crab you could go backward, if** you could progress from age to youth.
221 **except my life.** Q gives the phrase thrice, as in the text; F reads simply **except my life, my life.**
244-277 **Let me question . . . dreadfully attended**] *om.* Q.
282 **too dear a halfpenny,** too dear at the price of a halfpenny; not worth a halfpenny. Hamlet, recognizing the insincerity of his visitors, offers them only formal and valueless thanks.
288, 289 **kind of confession**] Q; kind confession F.
295 **consonancy,** harmony.
305 **prevent . . . discovery,** precede . . . revelation. These are the usual Elizabethan meanings of the two words.
308 **custom of exercise,** customary exercise. In V. ii. 220-222 we learn, however, that Hamlet has not given up the practice of fencing.
309 **heavily**] Q; heavenly F.
313 **firmament**] *om.* F (perhaps correctly).
330 **coted,** passed, outstripped; a hunting term.
332-338 **the king . . . the adventurous knight . . . the lover . . . the humorous man . . . the clown . . . the lady.** The usual traveling company of actors in Shakespeare's time consisted of five or six players with rôles assigned somewhat as Hamlet suggests. The ladies' parts would be taken by a boy.
336-338 **the clown . . . sere**] *om.* Q, thus reducing the number of actors from six to five.
337 **tickle**] Staunton; tickled F. 'Tickle o' the sere' means 'easily set off or exploded'; it is a metaphor from guns with hair-triggers, which a light touch will set off. 'Sere' is the device which held the hammer of a gun when ready to be discharged; 'tickle' means properly 'insecure.'
343, 344 **their residence,** their continuance in the metropolis. Much interest is added to this part of the play by the circumstance that Shakespeare's own company is known to have been obliged to leave the city of London and to travel in the English provinces in 1601. The first edition of *Hamlet* (1603) states that the play had been performed at Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere.
347 **the late innovation,** probably the new popularity of the amateur companies of child-actors, one band of which, the Children of the Queen's Chapel, was specially patronized by the Court.
352-379 **How comes it . . . Hercules and his load too**] *om.* Q, probably because it would not have been discreet in 1604 to print these pointed local allusions.
354, 355 **an aery of children, little eyases.** This is a definite allusion to the Children of the Queen's Chapel, who acted at the Blackfriars private theatre under the special favor of Queen Elizabeth between 1597 and 1603. Their greatest success was in comedies filled with local and personal satire, of which several (*Every Man out of his Humor, Cynthia's Revels, Poetaster*) were written for them by Ben Jonson. When *Hamlet* was produced they were the most formidable rivals of Shakespeare's company.
aery, hawk's nest. **eyases,** fledgling hawks.
358 **common stages,** the public theatres, such as the Globe, which were less aristocratic than the private theatres occupied by the children under court patronage.
362 **escoted,** supported.
365, 366 **most like**] Pope; like most F.
370 **tarre,** incite.
372, 373 **unless the poet and player went to cuffs in the question,** an allusion to the 'War of the Theatres,' which was most bitter in 1601, when *Hamlet* was doubtless written. Sarcastic references to the poets and players of rival theatres characterize many of the plays of this time.
378, 379 **Hercules and his load too.** The sign before the Globe Theatre is said to have been a picture of Hercules bearing the world on his shoulders. Shakespeare complains jestingly that the present taste for the antics and jests of the children bears away the profits of the professional actors.
390 **this**] Q; the F.
397 **handsaw.** There is difference of opinion whether this word is a corruption of 'heronshaw,' a bird of the heron kind, or whether **hawk** means 'hack,' a kind of hoe. Probably the expression was proverbial and made no special sense in Shakespeare's time. Modern actors often have recours to a corruption of the words, 'I know a hawk from a hen: pshaw!'
406 **for**] *om.* Q (perhaps correctly).
422 **Jephthah, judge of Israel.** A ballad on this subject, perhaps the one from which Hamlet quotes, was licensed for publication in 1567–8. A version is printed in Percy's *Reliques.*
438 **row,** probably stanza. **pious**] Q; Pons F.
443 **valanced,** provided with a valance, or curtain of beard.
445 **my young lady and mistress,** addressed to the boy who played women's parts.
448 **chopine,** an Italian shoe with thick cork sole.
449, 450 **cracked within the ring.** Coins chipped or cracked within the ring on the circumference could not be passed. When the boy actor's voice cracked he was no longer desirable for women's parts.
457 **caviare,** pickled sturgeon roe; a delicacy relished only by epicures. **the general,** the public.
459, 460 **cried in the top of mine,** possessed higher authority than mine.
463 **sallets,** salads; hence piquant situations.
472 **th' Hyrcanian beast,** the tiger.
479 **total gules**] Q; to take Geulles F. 'Gules' in heraldic language means red.
trick'd, sketched, illustrated; used in heraldry of a drawing made to illustrate a coat of arms.
484 **o'er-sized,** covered as with 'size' or glue.
493 **Repugnant to,** resisting. **match'd**] Q; match F.
506 **rack,** cloud moving before the wind.
511 **the Cyclops' hammers.** The Cyclopes were a race of one-eyed giants said to have invented the

art of black-smithing. They were employed under Vulcan in forging the weapons of the gods.
proof eterne, eternal impenetrability. Armor of proof is that which cannot be pierced.
fellies, parts of the rim of the wheel.
jig. It was customary for Elizabethan plays to close with a lively dance and song, called a jig.
mobled, muffled. F substitutes 'inobled,' probably a misprint.
bisson rheum, blinding tears.
made milch, caused to shed tears (literally give forth milk). The subject of 'milch' is 'eyes of heaven,' which follows.
God be wi' ye. See note on II. i. 69.
own] Q; whole F. conceit, imagination.
wann'd] Q; warm'd F.
peak, mope.
defeat, used in its literal sense of 'undoing.'
'Swounds] Q; Why F (to avoid irreverence).
kindless, unnatural.
tent, probe.
relative, relevant.

ACT III

o'er-raught, overtook.
closely, secretly.
Affront, meet face to face.
espials, spies.
sugar] Q; surge F.
too] *om.* F.
to, in comparison with.
respect, consideration, reflection.
proud] Q; poor F (perhaps correct).
despis'd] Q; dispriz'd F.
awry] Q; away F.
No, not I] Q; No, no F.
earth and heaven] Q; heaven and earth F.
no where] Q; no way F.
paintings] Q; prattlings F.
And I] Q; Have I F.
blown, full-blown.
ecstasy, frenzy.
the hatch and the disclose. These words continue the metaphor of a fowl brooding. 'Disclose' was the technical word for the first appearance of the young chicken within the shell.
to] F; for to Q. 'For to' with the infinitive was going out of fashion and is generally used only in the earlier versions of Shakespeare's work. In reading the line, a pause should be made after 'danger.'
his] Q; this F.

spoke] Q; had spoke F.
see] F; hear Q.
Termagant, an imaginary Mohammedan deity, represented in old religious plays as the embodiment of violence. Herod, the most violent and declamatory figure in the mystery plays.
his, its.
pressure, impression, character. See I. v. 100.
come tardy off, inadequately performed.
nor man] Q; or Norman F. The corresponding passage in Q 1603 reads 'Nor Turke.'
presently, immediately.
cop'd, met.
candied, sugary, flattering.
my heart of heart, my innermost heart.
comment, observation.
stithy, anvil.
censure, judgment.
of the chameleon's dish. The chameleon was supposed to live on air.
I did enact Julius Cæsar. For the university plays on the death of Cæsar known in Shakespeare's time see Introduction to *Julius Cæsar*.
within's, within this; 'two hours' is thought of as a measure of time in the singular.
twice two months. This, if taken strictly, would suggest that two months had elapsed since Hamlet's speech, I. ii. 138.
sables, the rich fur of the sable martin, which is not black. Hamlet plays, however, on the other meaning of 'sable.'
the hobby-horse, a popular figure in the morris-dances which the Puritans were abolishing. The hobby-horse was a dancer dressed like a horse.
miching mallecho, sneaking mischief. 'Miching' is supposed to be connected with 'micher,' a truant, and 'mallecho' with the Spanish 'malhecho,' misdeed.
this fellow] Q; these fellows F.
he] they F.
the posy of a ring, a short motto engraved on a ring.
leave, cease; functions is the object of do.
respects. See note on III. i. 68.
enactures, performances.
favourite] Q; favourites F.
anchor's cheer, a hermit's fare; 'anchor' for 'anchorite.'
Tropically, figuratively.
a good chorus] F; as good as a chorus Q. In Latin tragedy and in the English plays based upon it the chorus interpreted the action to the audience. Shakespeare made use of the device in *Henry V*, *The Winter's Tale*, and other plays.
must take your] Pope, following Q 1603; mistake your Q; mistake F. The allusion seems to be to the Church service where husband and wife take each other 'for better, for worse.'
The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge, a travesty of two pompous lines in a pre-Shakespearean play, *The True Tragedy of Richard III* (which preceded Shakespeare's play on the same subject):

'The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.'

Confederate season, occasion conspiring with the murderer.
turn Turk, become renegade, desert me.
Provincial roses, one of the best known roses of Shakespeare's time, *rosa provincialis*. Rose-shaped bows of ribbon ornamented the razed or fancifully slashed shoes worn by actors.
Half a share. Actors in Elizabethan companies

received, in lieu of fixed salaries, a certain proportion of the net earnings at each performance. It was so that Shakespeare's fortune seems to have been made.

294 **Jove himself**, that is, Hamlet's father, who has previously been likened to Hyperion. See I. ii. 140 and III. iv. 55-63.

295 **pajock**, peacock.

303 **recorders**, instruments similar to flutes.

305 **perdy**, a mild oath; from French 'par dieu.'

339 **admiration**, wonder.

342 **Impart**] *om.* F.

351 **freely**, voluntarily. Q substitutes 'surely.'

358 **'While the grass grows.'** 'While grass doth grow, the silly horse he starves' is one form of the proverb.

386 **'Sblood**] Q; Why F (to avoid profanity).

iii. 14 **weal**] Q; spirit F (probably a misprint).

15 **cease**, a euphemism for 'death.'

18 **summit**] Rowe; somnet Q F. See note on I. iv. 70.

27 **closet**, private apartment.

33 **of vantage**, in addition. 'From a vantage point' is a less likely interpretation.

77 **sole**] Q; foul F.

81 **flush**, vigorous, full of life; this is the reading of Q, for which F substitutes 'fresh.'

83 **in our circumstance and course of thought**, in the roundabout course of our thought; a case of *hendiadys*. 'Circumstance' is often used as here for roundabout talk or thought.

iv. 4 **silence me**, silently hide myself. For 'silence' Q reads 'sconce.'

12 **an idle**] F; a wicked Q. The repetition of the queen's words seems intentional.

14 **by the rood**, by the cross.

33 **busy**, meddling; in Shakespeare the word has generally an uncomplimentary sense, which it retains in the modern 'busybody.'

44 **sets**] Q; makes F.

46 **contraction**, the marriage contract

50 **tristful**, sad.

52 **in the index**, in the mere opening outline.

65 **brother**] Q; breath F.

66 **leave**, cease.

67 **batten**, fatten.

77 **cozen'd**, cheated.
hoodman-blind, the game of blind-man's-buff.

81 **mope**, to be bewildered.

88 **And**] Q; As F.

90 **grained spots**, spots dyed 'in grain' and hence irremovable. See note on *Twelfth Night* I. v. 255.

92 **enseamed**, greasy; 'seam' is a rustic word for the fat of hogs and geese.

98 **precedent**, previous.
vice, buffoon. Shakespeare alludes repeatedly to this favorite figure in the earlier English drama.

99 **cutpurse**, pickpocket.

102 **S. D. Enter Ghost** precedes line 102 in Q F. Q 1603 reads 'Enter the ghost in his night gown (i. e., dressing-gown),' which explains the stage practice of Shakespeare's time. The ghost, now on a peaceful mission, no longer appears in armor.

114 **Conceit**, imagination.

117 **do**] *om.* F.

121 **excrements**, outgrowths; used of the hair and nails.

122 **an end**, on end. See note on I. v. 19.

127 **capable**, possessed of feeling.

138 **ecstasy**. See note on III. i. 168.

145 **that**] Q; a F.

151 **compost**, manure.

155 **courb**, bow; from French 'courber.'

169 **And either . . . the devil.** Evidently a word has been lost in Q, which alone prints this line. The dots are not in the early editions. Of the many verbs suggested to fill out the sense and metre, 'master,' which first appeared in Q_4 (1611), has been most extensively adopted; but there is no great probability that it is Shakespeare's word.

182 **bloat**] Warburton; blowt Q; blunt F.

184 **reechy**, literally, smoky; hence, dirty.

190 **paddock**, toad. **gib**, a male cat; 'Gib' being a contraction of Gilbert.

191 **dear concernings**, matters which dearly concern him.

194 **like the famous ape.** The story of this beast has to be gathered from the context, for nothing else is now known of him.

206 **enginer**, a deviser of 'engines' or military machines.

207 **petar**, a kind of mortar, used for blowing up gates.

211 **packing**, plotting.

ACT IV

i. 5 **The Queen's speech** is given as in F. In Q there is an additional line, 'Bestow this place on us a little while,' addressed to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whom Q represents as present at the opening of the scene. There is little doubt that F is here right and that the King and Queen are alone from the start.

10 **Whips . . . cries**] Q; He whips his rapier out and cries F.

22 **divulging**, becoming known.

26 **mineral**, mine.

39 **And let**] Q; To let F.

41 **Whose whisper.** The antecedent of 'Whose' has been lost. Capell, followed by most modern editors, filled out line 40 by adding 'So, haply, slander,' which probably represents the meaning, though not the wording of Shakespeare.

42 **blank**, target; so called from being white (*blanc*).

ii. 12 **to be demanded**, the so-called absolute infinitive, equivalent to 'on being demanded or questioned.'

19 **like an ape**] F; like an apple Q; like an ape doth nuts Q 1603.

32, 33 **Hide fox, and all after**, probably an allusion to a children's game.

iii. 7 **never**] Q; nearer F.

21 **convocation of politic worms.** Singer suggests that an allusion to the Diet of Worms (1521) is involved in these words. F omits 'politic.'

24, 25 variable service, variety of food.
38 within] *om.* F.
42 this deed] Q; this deed of thine F.
47 is bent] Q; at bent F.
50 them] Q; him F.
68 hectic, continuous or consumptive fever.

v. 8 softly] Q; safely F.
15 the main, the chief part.
22 a ranker rate, a richer income.
sold in fee, sold outright.
27 imposthume, abscess.
36 discourse, power of reason.
39 fust, grow moldy.
40 oblivion, forgetfulness.

. S. D. Enter Queen and Horatio] F. Q adds another character, 'a Gentleman' to whom are assigned the first two speeches of Horatio.
9 collection, inference or conjecture.
12 might] Q; would F.
14 Queen] F; Hor. Q (which begins the Queen's speech at line 17). Many modern editors give lines 14 and 15 to Horatio, lines 16-20 to the Queen.
18 amiss, calamity; a noun.
25 cockle hat, a pilgrim's hat adorned with a cockle-shell, worn in evidence of a visit to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain.
35 S. D. follows line 32 in F.
41 God 'ild, God reward.
53 dupp'd, opened; 'dup' is a blend of the two words 'do up.'
55 Before this line Q inserts the explanation: He answers.
56 And, if.
64 in hugger-mugger, secretly, carelessly.
69 Feeds on his] Johnson; Keeps on his F; Feeds on this Q.
99 list, edge.
110 counter, a hunting expression, applied to dogs which follow the trail backwards, *i. e.*, in a direction opposite to that the game has taken.
134 both the worlds, this world and the next.
136 throughly, thoroughly.
137 My will, as regards my will.
146 pelican] Q; Politician F.
150 sensible, sensitive. Q reads 'sensibly.'
176 pansies. The word is connected with the French *pensées*, thoughts.
217 call't] Q; call F.

i. 24 thine] Q; your F.

41. 10 unsinew'd, feeble.
14 conjunctive, closely joined.
18 the general gender, the common people.
30 the spring that turneth wood to stone. Such petrifying springs exist in Warwickshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire.
31 gyves, fetters.
32 Too slightly timber'd, having shafts too light.
37 Whose worth] Q; Who was F.
51 and] Q; or F.
61 So. Before this word Q inserts the words, 'Ay, my lord,' but the speech is stronger without them.
68 uncharge the practice, believe in the innocence of the trick.
77 siege, rank, position.
82 Two months since] Q; Some two months hence F.
85 can] Q; ran F.
89 topp'd] Q; past F.
90 forgery, imagination.
95 the] Q; our F.
101 scrimers, fencers; French *escrimeurs*.
107 What] Q; Why F.
118 plurisy, excess.
139 unbated, not blunted, lacking the button.
a pass of practice, a tricky thrust.
142 a mountebank. Mountebanks were Italian vendors of drugs and quack medicines, who attracted purchasers by improvised dramatic performances on the streets. The best account of their procedure is given in Ben Jonson's play, *Volpone* or *The Fox*, Act II. sc. i.
143 that, but dip] Q; I but dipt F.
144 cataplasm, plaster.
146 Under the moon. It was an old belief that medicinal herbs, to have their full effect, should be gathered by the light of the moon. See *Merchant of Venice* V. i. 12-14.
156 cunnings] Q; comings F.
159 that end] Q; the end F.
162 stuck, thrust.
163 there. After this word Q adds 'But stay, what noise?' omitting the 'How now, sweet queen' of F.
165 they] Q; they'll F.
175 her] Q; the F.
179 incapable, insensible.
182 their] Q; her F.
192 douts, extinguishes, from 'do out.' So F_1; Q and the later folios read 'drowns.'

ACT V

1. 4 crowner, coroner.
32 even Christian, fellow-Christian.
55 argal, the clown's perversion of *ergo*, therefore.
68 Yaughan, probably an attempt to represent the German Johann or Dutch Jan, the name of an imaginary innkeeper.
69 In youth when I did love, etc. The three stanzas sung by the clown are an inaccurate version of a lyric ascribed to Lord Vaux and first printed in Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557).
87 o'er-offices, exercises the prerogatives of his office over. Q reads 'o'er-reaches.'
97 mazzard, head; a slang word.
100 loggats, a game played with sticks of wood (loggats), which were tossed somewhat like quoits.
148, 149 speak by the card, speak with the greatest precision; a metaphor from the mariner's 'card' or compass with its thirty-two points.
151 picked, fastidious.
153 the courtier] Q; our courtier F.
kibe, chilblain, appearing on the heel.
169 there; there] Q; there F.

188 your water. 'Your' has no particular force here except to suggest the hearer's interest.
189 whoreson, an unrefined adjective generally used with a slightly affectionate sense.
203 Yorick, probably intended to represent the Danish form of the name George. It has been suggested that the reference to Yorick may be a compliment to the memory of the great English comedian, Tarleton, who died in 1588.
206 in my imagination it is] Q; my imagination is F.
211 Not one] Q; No one F.
212 grinning] Q; jeering F.
236 Imperial] F; Imperious Q.
239 flaw, gust of wind.
244 it, its. See note on I. ii. 216. **of]** *om.* **F.**
245 couch, lie hidden.
255 crants, the same word as the German *Kranz,* wreath. F substitutes 'rites,' probably because the rare 'crants' of Q was not understood.
260 a requiem] Q; sage Requiem F.
271 ingenious sense, delicate feeling.
284 For] Q; Sir F.
spleenative, full of spleen, given to passion.
285 Away] F; Hold off Q.
288 Hor. F assigns this speech to *Gen*(tleman).
297 'Swounds] Q; Come F (to avoid profanity).
298 woo't fast] *om.* F.
299 eisel, vinegar.
310 golden couplets, the dove's two young ones, covered with yellow down. For the meaning of 'disclosed' see note on III. i. 174.

ii. 1 let me] F; shall you Q. Both readings give good sense.
6 mutines, mutineers.
bilboes, fetters used to fasten the legs of prisoners.
7 prais'd] Q; praise F (i.e., 'praise be to rashness').
9 deep] Q; dear F.
20 Larded, mingled.
22 bugs, bogeys, imaginary terrors.
23 bated, deducted.
33 statists, statesmen.
42 stand a comma 'tween their amities. Prof. Dowden's explanation of this passage seems the best: 'The obscurity has arisen through forgetting an earlier meaning of *comma,* a phrase or group of words forming a short member of a sentence or period. . . . Here amity begins and amity ends the period, and peace stands between like a dependent clause.
44 knowing] Q; know F.
53 changeling, properly a child substituted by fairies for another; here used figuratively for the substituted letter.
57 Why . . . employment] *om.* Q.
65 my hopes, my hopes of being king of Denmark.
66 angle, fishing-hook. **my proper life,** my very life.
68-80 To quit . . . comes here] *om.* **Q.**
68 quit, requite.
69 canker, disease.
78 court] Rowe; count F.
89 chough, jack-daw, chatterer.
91 lordship] Q; friendship F.
120 yaw, move unsteadily. Hamlet is purposely speaking pompous nonsense to confuse Osric.
122 article, importance.
125 umbrage, shadow.
149 meed, worth.
162, 163 edified by the margent, alluding to the practice of printing explanatory notes in the margins of Elizabethan books. Hamlet must as it were seek the marginal explanations before he can comprehend Osric's elaborate language.
192 turn] Q; tongue F (misprint?).
196 has] Q; had F.
197 drossy, trivial.
199 yesty collection, frothy inference, superficial knowledge. See IV. v. 9 and note.
200 fond and winnowed] F; prophane and trennowed Q. Probably both readings are corrupt. 'Profound and winnowed,' i.e., deep and well-sifted, has been suggested.
226 gain-giving, misgiving.
251 Sir, in this audience] *om.* **Q.**
255 brother] Q; Mother F.
268 Stick . . . off, stand out.
283 an union, a fine pearl. In addition to the passages already quoted by commentators to illustrate the meaning of the word, I have found the following in Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus Polyhistor* (1587), Ch. lxv, F f 11: 'While the pearl is in the water it is soft, and as soon as it is taken out of the shell it becometh hard. There are never found above one in a shell, and therefore the Latins call them *Unions.* They say they be never found above half an inch big.'
286 kettle, kettle-drum.
291 Come, my lord] Q; Come on, sir F.
295 set it] Q; set F.
310 a wanton, a spoiled child.
317 springe, bird-snare. Woodcocks are said to have been used as decoys to attract other birds to the snare. They were proverbial for their stupidity and were often caught themselves.
346 sergeant, a sheriff's officer, whose business was to make arrests.
350 cause aright] Q; causes right F.
359 S. D. shot within. F gives 'shout' for 'shot,' but the reference to the 'warlike volley' in 363 establishes the text.
364 o'ercrows, a metaphor from cock-fighting.
369 solicited, prompted. The object is not quite certain. Perhaps the sentence is left unfinished.
375 This] Q; His F.
quarry, properly the pile of slain deer after a hunt. **havoc,** indiscriminate slaughter.
386 jump, precisely. See I. i. 65.

OTHELLO

CINTHIO'S HECATOMMITHI AND OTHER POSSIBLE SOURCES—It has been pointed out that in 1508 a distinguished warrior of Venice, Christopher Moro, Lord Lieutenant of Cyprus, was detained in the island by a false scare of Turkish invasion, and that when he returned to undertake the government of Candia, he came mourning "for the death of his wife on her way from Cyprus." Moro was not a Moor, the name being that of a great Venetian family, nor was his marriage tragedy of his own making; but it has been conjectured that the story of the Moor of Venice may have originated in a misunderstanding of his name, and that the strawberries embroidered on Desdemona's handkerchief may represent the mulberry ("moro" in Italian), which canting heraldry assigned the Moro family as a badge. Another critic has called attention to the fact that in 1562, a few months before Shakespeare's birth, a famous Italian soldier of fortune, Sambiero, strangled with her handkerchief his beautiful and innocent wife in a scene of magnificent but deluded jealousy, prompted by the artful defamations of the lady which his political enemies had circulated.

From either of these sources Shakespeare may possibly have derived a hint or two for his play. Otherwise the plot of *Othello* seems indebted only to the poet's imagination and to the twenty-seventh story in Geraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (*The Hundred Tales*), 1566, with which Shakespeare must apparently have become familiar either in Italian or in French, no English version of the time being known. Cinthio's ill-constructed narrative is called "The Moor of Venice" and is thus (inaccurately) summarized in the prefatory argument: "A Moorish captain takes to wife a Venetian dame, and his ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband; it is planned that the ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer; the captain kills the woman, is accused by the ancient; the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death." It is characteristic of the vagueness of Cinthio's work that only the heroine is given a specific name: Disdemona. The other figures are distinguished merely by their titles, sometimes quite confusedly applied: the Moor or the Captain (Othello), the Captain (Cassio), the Ancient (Iago), the Ancient's wife (Emilia). The Shakespearean names are taken partly from the characters in earlier plays of the poet (e. g., Montano, Gratiano, Bianca), partly as the poet chanced to meet them in his general reading.

In Bianca Shakespeare combines two of Cinthio's minor figures, a casually mentioned courtesan and the Captain's (Cassio's) wife. Of Montano, Roderigo, Gratiano, and Lodovico no trace exists in Cinthio, and Brabantio is suggested only in the bare statement that Disdemona's parents had disapproved her marriage with the Moor.

Shakespeare's transfiguration of an unusually clumsy tale into a supreme tragedy is achieved by alterations of three kinds:—

(a) By endowing the various characters with human interest. In this respect it can hardly be said that Cinthio offered any hint whatever.

(b) By giving coherence to the story. The dismissal of Cassio and Desdemona's intercession for him; the stealing of Desdemona's handkerchief, which Iago drops in Cassio's room; the scene in which Othello witnesses and misinterprets the conversation between Iago and Cassio (IV. i. 75, *etc.*); and Iago's wounding of Cassio in the leg are all found with differences of detail in Cinthio; but they are there haphazard occurrences bound together by no logical purpose. Cassio, for example, is dismissed, quite without the responsibility of Iago, because he chances to wound a private soldier, and Iago has nothing whatever to do with the fact that Desdemona undertakes to secure his reinstatement.

(c) By giving finality and tragic force to the close. Even the development of the transcendent characters of Othello and Iago out of their insipid prototypes does not testify to a higher degree of imaginative power than does the creation of the terror and beauty of the last act of *Othello* out of the base material provided by the Italian story. This is the way in which the death of Desdemona is managed in Cinthio;

"Then they consulted of one means and another—poison and daggers—to kill poor Disdemona, but could resolve on nothing. At length the Ancient said, 'A plan comes to my mind, which will give you satisfaction and raise cause for no suspicion. It is this: the house in which you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber has many cracks; I propose we take a stocking filled with sand, and beat Disdemona with it till she dies; thus will her body bear no signs of violence. When she is dead we can pull down a portion of the ceiling, and thus make it seem as if a rafter falling on her head had killed the lady. Suspicion cannot rest on you, since all men will impute her death to accident.' This cruel counsel pleased the Moor, and he only waited for a fitting time to execute the plot. One night, when he and Disdemona had retired to bed, the Ancient, whom the Moor had concealed in a closet which opened into the chamber, raised a noise in the closet, according to a concerted plan; whereat the Moor said to his wife, 'Did you not hear that noise?'

"'Indeed I heard it,' she replied.

"'Rise,' said the Moor, 'and see what 'tis.'

"The unhappy Disdemona rose from bed, and the instant she approached the closet, out rushed the Ancient, and being strong and of stout nerve, he beat her cruelly with the bag of sand across her back; upon which Disdemona fell to the ground, scarce able to draw her breath; but with the little voice she had left, she called upon the Moor for aid. But the Moor, leaping from bed, exclaimed, 'Thou wickedest of women, thus has thy falseness found its just reward.' . . . The wretched lady, hearing these words, and feeling that she was near her end (for the Ancient had given her another blow), appealed to the justice of Heaven, since justice here had failed her, in proof of her fidelity and truth; and as she was thus calling Heaven to witness, the wicked Ensign inflicted a third blow, under which she sank lifeless on the floor. Then the Ancient and the Moor, laying Disdemona on the bed and wounding her head, pulled down part of the ceiling of the chamber as they had arranged; whereupon the Moor began to call aloud for help, exclaiming that the house was falling. Hearing this uproar, the neighbors all came running up, and there found Disdemona lying dead beneath a rafter,—a sight which, from the good life of that poor lady, did fill all hearts with sorrow."

The two murderers escape detection and live unmolested till the dastardly Moor, coming to loathe his confederate and yet fearing to attempt violence against him, deprives him of his post. The Ancient in revenge then discloses the circumstances of the murder to the Captain (Cassio), who, eager to secure vengeance for his lost leg, accuses the Moor before the Venetian Signory. The Moor refuses to confess, and after several days' confinement is let off with a decree of banishment. The only suggestion of justice or reason is contained in the bare statement that the Moor was "eventually slain by the kinsfolk of Disdemona, as he merited," and that later the Ancient died an unpleasant death in consequence of torture inflicted while he was being tried for a subsequent crime. Such is the almost incredibly futile conclusion which seems to have supplied Shakespeare with his only external suggestion for the most heart-rending of all his catastrophes.

A POSSIBLE DRAMATIC INFLUENCE—*Othello* is one of the very few among Shakespeare's more conspicuous plays of which there is no reason to believe that the theme had been employed in any earlier English drama. But though no previous treatment of "the gentle lady married to the Moor" had presumably appeared on the stage, a circumstance of London theatrical history may possibly explain what turned Shakespeare's thoughts to the Mediterranean setting of this play. On May 19, 1601, Shakespeare's most energetic competitor in theatrical management, Philip Henslowe, was expending money on a revival of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, one of the greatest stage successes of the era. There existed at this time a marked tendency for the rival companies of Shakespeare and Henslowe to attempt to cap each other's offerings to the public. A half-dozen years earlier, Shakespeare pretty certainly wrote his *Merchant of Venice* as a match for the story of the Christian-hating Jew and his daughter in this same play of Marlowe; and now it may have been the desire to find a subject parallel with Marlowe's secondary theme of the sixteenth-century war of Christians and Turks over the Mediterranean isles that first led the poet to delve in Cinthio. Only in the first act do we find any approximation to Marlowe's subject. After Iago's plot is launched the internal psychological tension becomes so all-absorbing as to exclude other interest and require the unceremonious "banging" of the Turkish fleet at the beginning of Act II.

DATE—The suggested connection between *Othello* and the revival of *The Jew of Malta* in 1601 would indicate the middle of that year as the time when the first notion of the play was conceived. The same earlier limit of composition is established by the fact that Othello's fine lines on the Pontic Sea (II

ii. 453, *etc.*) follow a passage in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny, first printed in 1601. On the evidence of a dubious record published by J. P. Collier in 1836 *Othello* is said to have been presented Aug. 6, 1602, before Queen Elizabeth. In any case, the position of the play, after *Hamlet* and before *Lear*, is sufficiently proved by another document now accepted as trustworthy, which records the performance of "The Moor of Venice" at the palace of Whitehall, Nov. 1, 1604.

TEXT—The first edition of *Othello* was published in 1622 in separate quarto form by Thomas Walkley. The next year the play appeared again in the 1623 Shakespeare Folio. By some stratagem Walkley seems to have anticipated the publishers of the Folio, and the copyright of the play remained in his possession till 1628 when he transferred it to Richard Hawkins, who in 1630 published a second quarto. A third followed in 1655, and between 1681 and 1695 three others, so-called "players' quartos," were evoked by the current theatrical performances of the play. The second quarto is occasionally interesting for the reason that it represents a kind of blend between the texts of the first quarto and the Folio, but it has very little independent authority. The text of the first quarto is certainly based on an older and less perfect manuscript than the Folio. It lacks considerably more than a hundred and fifty lines found in the latter, while containing less than a dozen peculiar to itself. The presence in the quarto alone of a number of light oaths indicates that the manuscript it represents was prepared before the act against profanity on the stage (1606), and thus substantiates the accepted date of the play. There is no question that the Folio version is the better, and that edition is made the basis of the present text, all significant deviations from it being recorded in the notes. Consultation of these notes will show that, in addition to the few new lines contributed by the quarto and the comparatively trivial matter of the oaths, Walkley's version makes it possible in about ten or a dozen places to correct an important error in the Folio.

STAGE HISTORY—All that is known of the first performance of *Othello* has been indicated in the discussion of the play's date. The part of the Moor was created by the finest tragic actor of Shakespeare's company, Richard Burbage, whose interpretation of the character was so notable as to be particularly commemorated in some verses written after the player's death in 1619:

> "But let me not forget one chiefest part
> Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,
> The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
> Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
> Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
> All these and many more with him are dead."

Othello was one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays during the Restoration age, and its revival in 1660, very soon after the return of Charles II, signalized an enormous advance in theatrical art, for on this occasion Desdemona was played by the first woman who is known to have acted on the English public stage. An introductory prologue justifies the innovation and illustrates some of the inconveniences of having female parts performed by men:

> "For to speak truth, men act, that are between
> Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
> With bone so large and nerve so incompliant,
> When you call Desdemona, enter Giant."

Samuel Pepys witnessed the production on Oct. 11, 1660, and approved. "To the cockpit," he writes, "to see 'The Moor of Venice,' which was well done. Burt acted the Moor; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me called out to see Desdemona smothered." Burt's Othello was supported by the Iago of Clun and the Cassio of Shakespeare's great-nephew Hart. James Quin, the great Falstaff of the next century, added a somewhat comic touch to his Othello by setting off the traditional jet-blackness of the Moor's skin by "a large powdered major wig" and white gloves. The public seems to have had more fondness for Quin's Othello, bizarre as it sounds, than for that of his contemporary, Garrick, whose comparative failure in the play may have been due in part to his diminutive stature. In 1785 Mrs. Siddons acted Desdemona at Drury-Lane to the Othello of her brother John Kemble, the latter appearing "in a British general officer's uniform."

The Othello of Edmund Kean has been called that great actor's unapproachable masterpiece, and was perhaps the finest interpretation of the rôle, of which there is definite record. It was while giving a farewell performance of Othello to the Iago of his son Charles, March 25, 1833, that Kean was smitten with death, falling unconscious just after he had finished the great speech of the third act, "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone!" As a young man, the American, Edwin Forrest, played Iago to Kean's Othello at Albany, N. Y. (1826), winning the warm praise of the veteran by a new interpretation. In 1836 and again in 1845 Forrest's Othello was tri-

umphantly produced in various English cities, the *London Sun* going even so far as to declare that "Mr. Forrest's Othello, if here and there inferior in elocution to Kean's, was in conception far superior." From April 12 till May 29, 1869, Edwin Booth played *Othello,* that being the second play and *Romeo and Juliet* the first performed at the new Booth's Theatre, New York. In 1881, Booth and Sir Henry Irving played together at the Lyceum Theatre, London, the two great actors alternating the parts of Othello and Iago. Ellen Terry was the Desdemona of this revival, which proved a magnificent success. Three interesting performances were given at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1886, Booth playing Iago to the famous Othello of Signor Salvini, who spoke an Italian translation of his lines. A revival of the play at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in 1912, with Sir Herbert Tree as Othello and Laurence Irving as Iago, was remarkable for its magnificent setting and for certain rather daring novelties of interpretation. William Faversham's American production in 1913 was less successful than it deserved to be. The three most interesting recent revivals have been: that at the New Theatre, London (1920), with Arthur Bourchier as Iago and Matheson Lang as Othello; that at the "Old Vic," London, under the direction of Miss Lillian Baylis (March, 1922); and the excellent, though somewhat idealized, interpretation of Walter Hampden in New York (1922, 1925).

CRITICAL OPINION—Of all Shakespeare's tragedies, *Othello* is the one most closely agreeing with the rigid rules of French and Latin drama. "Had the scene opened in Cyprus," Samuel Johnson remarks, "and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity." *"Lear* is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet," said Coleridge; *"Hamlet* as a philosopher or meditator; and *Othello* is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium."

A translation of *Othello* by Alfred de Vigny, acted at the Théâtre Français, Oct. 25, 1829, was the means of awaking the French literary public to the beauties of romantic drama, as opposed to the native "classic" convention. Writing of the startling success of that performance the Duc de Broglie says: "In the encounter with Brabantio (I. ii.), Othello pronounces less than fifteen lines, before the Senate Desdemona utters less than twenty; and yet already the whole Othello exists, the whole Desdemona; they are both there, living, before our eyes, functioning without constraint in all the grace and distinction of their character, in all their naïve and imperishable individuality. Suppress the rest of the play, and you will efface from our memory neither Desdemona nor Othello." No dramatic characters probably impose so tremendous a strain, in their different ways, upon the human sympathies as Desdemona, Othello, and Iago; and it is this almost superhuman tax that makes the play, by virtue of its transcendent power, fairly unendurable to sensitive souls like the old Scotch gentleman, whose remark Stevenson quotes (*Talk and Talkers,* second paper): "That noble gentleman and that noble lady —h'm—too painful for me." Sir Walter Raleigh's discussion of this aspect of the play is full of insight: "From the first [Shakespeare] makes Othello a man after his own heart, tender, generous, brave, and utterly magnanimous. . . . Everything that follows, up to the crisis of the play, helps to raise Othello to the top of admiration, and to fix him in the affection of the reader. Scene follows scene, and in every one of them, it might be said, Shakespeare is making his task more hopeless. How is he to fill out the story, and yet save our sympathies for Othello? The effort must be heroic: and it is. He invents Iago. The greatness of Iago may be measured by this, that Othello never loses our sympathy. By slow and legitimate means, never extravagant, circumstance is added to circumstance, until a net is woven to take Othello in its toils. But circumstance is not his undoing. Left to himself, even when the toils were closing in upon him, Othello would have rent them asunder, and shaken them off. When he grows impatient, and seems likely to break free, Iago is at hand, to keep him still, and compel him to think. On matters like these, Othello cannot think; he is accustomed to impulse, instinct, and action; these tedious processes of arguing on dishonor are torture to him; and when he tries to think, he thinks wrong. . . . There is not another of Shakespeare's plays which is so white-hot with imagination, so free from doubtful or extraneous matter, and so perfectly welded as *Othello."* The most useful detailed criticism of the play is contained in the fifth and sixth chapters of Professor A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy,* with which every student should be familiar. B.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

[Scene of Action: In Act I, Venice; in Acts II-V, a sea-port in Cyprus, probably Famagusta.]

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Othello, the Moor.

Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.

Cassio, an honourable Lieutenant.

Iago, a villain [Othello's ancient].

Roderigo, a gulled gentleman.

Duke of Venice.

Senators.

Montano, Governor of Cyprus [before Othello].

Gentlemen of Cyprus.

Lodovico and Gratiano, } Two noble Venetians [kinsman and brother respectively to Brabantio]

Sailors.

Clown.

Desdemona, wife to Othello [and daughter to Brabantio].

Emilia, wife to Iago.

Bianca, a courtesan [in love with Cassio].

[Messenger, Herald, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Venice. A street.*]

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you'll not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them and when they have lin'd their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

[*Brabantio appears above, at a window.*]

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! light! *Exit.*
Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get moe tapers;
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,

Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*Street before the Sagittary.*]

Enter Othello, Iago, [*and*] *Attendants with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law, with all his might t' enforce it on,
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.
Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*]
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

[*Re-enter Othello.*]

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*]
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weakens motion: I'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?
First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*A council-chamber.*]

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this news
That gives them credit.
1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred forty.
2. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor within. What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1. Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1. Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
1. Sen. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste despatch.
1. Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me.
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very sorry for't.
Duke. [*To Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place. [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my traveller's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was my process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her hence:
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak.
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education.
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.
Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.
Bra. I will not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,

A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instrument,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.
Sen. You must away to-night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.
Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. [*To Bra.*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
Exit [*with Duke and Senators*].
Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
Exit [*with Desdemona*].
Rod. Iago,—
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!
Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.
Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.
Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.
Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.
Rod. It cannot be.
Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long con-

tinue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration:—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rodorigo?

Rod. I'll sell all my land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ears
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*A Sea-port in Cyprus.*]

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1. Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a [third] Gentleman.

3. Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,

That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
Mon. How! is this true?
Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe: for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Cry*] *within* 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'
Cas. What noise?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard.*]
Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
Gent. I shall. *Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Enter Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?
2. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.
Within. 'A sail, a sail!' [*Guns heard.*]
Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*]
Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her.*]
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'ld have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?
Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.
Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Jas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let's meet him and receive him.
Jas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*]
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus.
Exeunt Othello and Desdemona [*with Attendants*].

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant tonight watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.
Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.
Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasion, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.
Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.
Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?
Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.
Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul

thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he 's rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
Exit.

Scene II.—[*The same.*]

Enter Othello's Herald with a proclamation [People following].

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addition leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!
Exit

[Scene III.—*The castle.*]

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with you earliest

Let me have speech with you. [*To Desdemona*] Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.
Exit [*with Desdemona and Attendants*].

Enter Iago.

as. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
ago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.
as. She 's a most exquisite lady.
ago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
as. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.
ago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.
as. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
ago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
as. She is indeed perfection.
ago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.
as. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
ago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.
as. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
ago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.
as. Where are they?
ago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
as. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. *Exit.*
ago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he 's to watch:
Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.—

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen [*Servants following with wine*].

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.
Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.
Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] 'And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
Oh, man's life 's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.'

Some wine, boys!
Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.
Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.
Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.
Cas. To the health of our general!
Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.
Iago. O sweet England!

'King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

'He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.'

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs.—God forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. *Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He 's a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within:* 'Help! help!']

Enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

Cas. 'Zounds, you rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking Roderigo.*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
[*Staying him.*]

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir Montano;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*]
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo ho!
The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant, hold
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to th death. *He faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,— gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!
h. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
go. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
h. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
s. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
h. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
on. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
th. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!
I'll make thee an example.
Des. What 's the matter?
Oth. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
Lead him off. [*To Montano, who is led off.*]
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
Exit [*with Desdemona and attendants*].
Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!
Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.
Iago. Is 't possible?
Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothin distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefor O God, that men should put an enemy in thei mouths to steal away their brains! that w should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and ap plause, transform ourselves into beasts!
Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: ho came you thus recovered?
Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness t give place to the devil wrath: one unperfec ness shows me another, to make me frankl despise myself.
Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: a the time, the place, and the condition of thi country stands, I could heartily wish this ha not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend for your own good.
Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he sha tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as man mouths as Hydra, such an answer would sto them all. To be now a sensible man, by an by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the in gredient is a devil.
Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familia creature, if it be well used: exclaim no mor against it. And, good lieutenant, I think yo think I love you.
Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!
Iago. You or any man living may be drunk a a time, man. I tell you what you shall d Our general's wife is now the general: I ma say so in this respect, for that he hath de voted and given up himself to the contempla tion, mark, and denotement of her parts an graces: confess yourself freely to her; im portune her help to put you in your plac again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, s blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice i her goodness not to do more than she is re quested: this broken joint between you an her husband entreat her to splinter; and, n fortunes against any lay worth naming, th crack of your love shall grow stronger tha it was before.
Cas. You advise me well.
Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and ho est kindness.
Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the mor ing I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona undertake for me: I am desperate of my fo tunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. *Exit Cassio.*

Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Roderigo.*
Two things are to be done:
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that 's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Before the castle.*]

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and [*later*] *Clown.*

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*Music.*]

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! *Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?
Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.
Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?
Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.
Cas. Do, good my friend. *Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.
Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.
Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*]
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—[*A room in the castle.*]

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*The garden of the castle.*]

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That, I being absent and my place supplied
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago [at a distance].

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner, then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
Exit [with Emilia].
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord!
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They 're close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'ld make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealious
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!
Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealious nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vild success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. *Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—
She's gone. I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe 't.
Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.*]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you
Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief
Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what is that to you
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

ago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. *Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealious confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look, where he comes!

Enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.
th. Ha! ha! false to me?
ago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
th. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.
ago. How now, my lord!
th. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.
go. I am sorry to hear this.
th. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is't possible, my lord?
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not;
I think that thou art just and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would! nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—

Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, yet be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted thron
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with th
fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps ma
change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pac
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humbl
love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marbl
heaven,
[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred vo
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.
[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever-burning ligh
above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com
mand,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*
Oth. I greet thy love
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptan
bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee sa
That Cassio's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your r
quest:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn he
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of dea

For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*Before the castle.*]

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.
Des. Go to: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealious creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealious?
Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?
Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what and if it were?
Oth. How!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.
Des. Why, so I can, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! *Exit Othello.*
Emil. Is not this man jealious?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the new with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech yo
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasur
For my free speech! you must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother:—and can he be angry
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Exit
Des. I prithee, do so. Something, sure, of state
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis eve so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to the sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not god

Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealious toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealious souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealious for the cause,
But jealious for they are jealious: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.
Exit [with Emilia].
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vild guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealious now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I would have it copied;
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Before the castle.*]

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoris'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infectious house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! 'Zounds, that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil! *Falls in a trance.*
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio!
Cas. **What's the matter?**
Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[*Exit Cassio.*]
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you not, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses upon your ecstasy,
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
th. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
igo. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*]
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:
He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must cónstrue
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?
as. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.
igo. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!
as. Alas, poor caitiff!
th. Look, how he laughs already!
igo. I never knew woman love man so.
as. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.
th. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
igo. Do you hear, Cassio?
th. Now he impórtunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.
igo. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
as. Ha, ha, ha!
th. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
as. I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.
Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.
Cas. Prithee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well.
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—
Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.
Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one. [*To Bianca*] What do you mean by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.
Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!
Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!
Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *Exit.*
Iago. After her, after her.
Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?
Cas. Yes, I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.
Cas. Prithee, come; will you?
Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]
Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murther him, Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?
Oth. O Iago!
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.
Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—
Iago. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.
Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!
Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker you shall hear more by midnight.
Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*]
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello,—
Oth. [*Striking her*] Devil!
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
th. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!
es. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]
od. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
th. Mistress!
es. My lord?
th. What would you with her, sir?
od. Who, I, my lord?
th. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*]
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! *Exit.*
od. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?
igo. He is much chang'd.
od. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
igo. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
What he might be: if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven he were!
od. What, strike his wife!
igo. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
od. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A room in the castle.*]

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither: go.
Exit Emilia.
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither

Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, despatch.
Exit Emilia.
Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd:
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona! away! away! away!
Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Oth. Is't possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]
You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. *Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answers have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here's a change indeed! *Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to th' west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore:'
It doth abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant.
[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stays the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much, and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauretania and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt*

SCENE III.—[*Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O,—Desdemona,—
Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.
Des. I will, my lord.
[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]
Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.
Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.
Emil. Dismiss me!
Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.
Emil. I would you had never seen him!
Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.
Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbarie. Prithee, despatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. He speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing*] 'The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;'—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] 'Sing willow, willow, willow;'

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] 'Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,'—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?
Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] 'I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.'—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great price
For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.
Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!
Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*A street near Bianca's lodging.*]

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*]
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.
Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest! [*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Wounds Roderigo.*]
Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*]
Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murther! murther!

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.
Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. *Exit Othello.*

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther! murther!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Enter Iago [*with a light*].

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murther?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give some help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [*Stabs Roderigo.*]
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murther! murther!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is't, brother!
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
Iago. Who is't that cried?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo! no:—yes, sure:—O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said; the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air.
[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

[*Enter Emilia.*]

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.
Emil. Oh, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel.
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.
Will you go on afore? [*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A bedchamber in the castle.*]

Enter Othello [*with a light*], *and Desdemona in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alablaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither: I'll smell thee on the tree. [*Kissing her.*]
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heavens forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late.
Smothers her.
Emil. at the door. My lord, my lord; what, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
So, so.
Emil. within. What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no. What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. I do beseech you

That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]
What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murthers done!
Oth. What, now?
Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murther'd!
Emil. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*]
Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'ld not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murther! murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murther on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!
I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villainy!—
I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! Oh! Oh! [*He falls on the bed.*]
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul!
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand.
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit.*]
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
Exit [*with Gratiano.*]
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [*Singing*] 'Willow, willow, willow.'—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*]
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain.
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio [*carried in a chair*], *Montano, and Iago* [*prisoner*], *with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds Iago.*]
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'ld have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murtherer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that belike Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealious, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*]
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this;
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
[*Falls on the bed, and*] *dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

NOTES

F indicates the text of the play in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623; Q, the first Quarto of *Othello*, 1622. The second quarto when especially alluded to is called 'Q 1630.' Acts and scenes are carefully indicated in F; acts only (omitting Act III) in Q.

Names of the Actors] so F, which gives the list at the close of the play. Bracketed words added by the present editor.

ACT I

I. 1 Never] F; Tush, never Q.

4 'Sblood] *om.* F. The word is an oath, contracted from 'God's blood.' The use of such profanity on the stage was illegal after 1605 (see note on *Merchant of Venice* I. ii. 121), and objectionable words are nearly always omitted by F; but Q, based on a less carefully revised manuscript, retains them. In the present text they are kept, usually without further comment. It is, however, an open question whether all these oaths belong to the original manuscript of Shakespeare or whether many of them were gratuitously inserted by the actors with the idea of making the lines 'stronger.'

10 Off-capp'd, doffed their caps in token of subservience.

13 bombast circumstance, pompous rigmarole. 'Bombast' was a cheap cotton wool much used for padding Elizabethan garments.

16 Nonsuits, puts out of court, repulses.

21 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife, a famous 'crux,' still unexplained. Perhaps 'wife' may be taken in the general sense of 'woman' and the line interpreted: Cassio is a fellow so unsoldierly that his qualities would be almost condemnable in a fair lady.

24 bookish theoric, book-knowledge of war.

25 toged] Q; tongued F. 'Toged consuls' means counselors wearing the toga or dress of peace. The reading of F is quite defensible.

30 Christian] Q; Christen'd F.

be-lee'd and calm'd, held back; a nautical metaphor.

31 debitor and creditor, one skilled in keeping accounts of debit and credit, a book-keeper.

counter-caster. Counters were used to assist the memory in problems of mental arithmetic.

32 in good time, a scornful exclamation similar to French 'à la bonne heure!'

33 ancient, the same word as ensign; here used of the third in command. The actual rank of Iago (ancient) and Cassio (lieutenant) is, of course, higher than that indicated by the titles to-day, for they are immediately subordinate to the commanding general or 'captain' (Othello). Compare the Biblical use of captain as commander-in-chief.

39 affin'd, bound by a tie, obliged.

50 visages, external appearances.

63 compliment extern, outward ceremony.

66 owe, possess.

72 chances] F; changes Q.

81 S. D.] Brabantio at a window Q; Bra. Above F (before next line).

86 'Zounds, (God)'s wounds. See note on line 4.

90 snorting, snoring.

100 bravery, bravado. F reads 'knavery,' which is nearly as good.

103 spirit . . . them] Q; spirits . . . their F.

106 grange, secluded farm-house.

114 gennets, small Spanish or Moorish horses; usually spelled 'jennets.'

germans, cousins-german, near relatives.

122-138 If't be . . . satisfy yourself] *om.* Q.

128 your allowance, be what you allow or approve.

137 extravagant and wheeling, vagrant and wandering.

141 tinder, tinder-box.

147 produc'd, brought forward as a witness. F reads 'producted.'

148-150 the state . . . Cannot with safety cast him. One of the rules of the Venetian state was that their armies should not be commanded by a native of Venice, lest he use his military power to advance his personal ambition. Hence foreign generals were in demand.

cast, dismiss.

151 the Cyprus wars. Cyprus was under the protection of Venice for just a century, 1471-1571. In the latter year the Venetian forces were dislodged by the Turks. The date of the play is doubtless to be thought of as just previous to this period.

159 the Sagittary, probably an inn.

183 officers of night] Q; officers of might F.

ii. 2 stuff o' the conscience, conscience itself; the actual material as opposed to subsidiary trimmings and ornaments.

12 magnifico, the contemporary name of the grandees of Venice. Brabantio is meant.

13, 14 a voice potential As double as the duke's, a voice or influence which in power carries a double weight like that of the duke.

22 siege, rank, station.

28 S. D. Torches, torch-bearers.

33 By Janus. See note on *Merchant of Venice* I. i. 50. The oath by the double-faced Roman god has, of course, a special appropriateness in Iago's mouth.

40 heat, hot haste.

41 sequent, successive.

50 carack, a large merchant vessel.

65] *om.* Q.

70 guardage, guarded security.

72-77 Judge me . . . attach thee] *om.* Q.

72 gross in sense, obvious in reason.

75 weakens, the common plural in -s, originally a feature of the northern English dialect, but frequent in standard Elizabethan English.

78 **For**] F; Such Q. See note on lines *72-77*.
84 **Where**] Q; Whether F. 'Whether' is a common spelling of 'whither,' and 'where' is here probably only the contract form of this word, 'whe'r.'

ii. 4 **a hundred forty, a hundred and forty.** Q gives the latter reading.
5 **jump**, agree.
just, equal.
14 **makes for Rhodes.** The island of Rhodes had really been captured by the Turks in 1522. From there was made the attack on Cyprus.
18 **assay**, test.
23 **more facile question**, easier struggle or trial.
35 **after**, in the rear.
56 **flood-gate**, torrent; here used as an adjective.
61 **mountebanks.** See note on *Hamlet* IV. vii. 142.
64 **Sans**, without. Shakespeare is fond of this French preposition.
80 **head and front**, the most glaring part; a metaphor from two antagonists facing each other, forehead (front) to forehead.
84 **some nine moons wasted, some nine months past.**
94 **I won.** The construction of these words is not logical. The meaning is: I won his daughter with, or, I employed to win his daughter.
106 **Duke**] Q. F omits the speaker's name and thus continues the speech to Brabantio.
130 **battles . . . fortunes**] Q; battle . . . fortune F.
139 **portance**, deportment.
my traveller's history, my nomad story. Most editors substitute 'my travels' history' from Q, which gives a flatter meaning.
140 **antres**, caves.
145 **Do grow . . . This**] Q; Grew . . . These things F.
155 **intentively**] Q; instinctively F. 'Intentively' and 'attentively' were synonyms in Shakespeare's time.
159 **sighs**] Q; kisses F. This is one of the dozen cases in which the Q text corrects a great error in F.
191 **get**, beget.
197 **escape**, escapade.
200 **grise.** Properly a plural form, meaning a flight of steps; connected with Latin *gradus*.
227 **slubber**, sully.
232 **agnize**, confess.
238 **exhibition**, income or allowance. The word is still used at Oxford of the allowance granted by the colleges to certain scholars.
239 **besort**, company.
240 **levels with**, is equal with, suits.
240, 241 **If you please, Be't**] Q; Why F (perhaps better).
242 **Nor I; I would not**] Q; Nor would I F.
249 **did love**] Q; love F.
257 **a moth of peace, one who *frets* in the midst of peace.**
258 **for which**] Q; for why F (perhaps better).
264 **young affects**, inclinations of youth.
265 **proper**, personal.
267 **defend**, forbid.
270 **seel**, close; a hawking term used of a falcon's eyes, which were fastened shut in order to tame it.
271 **My speculative and offic'd instrument**, my watchful and responsible brain.
325, 326 **set hyssop and weed up thyme.** The two herbs were commonly grown together; therefore to plant the one and destroy the other is an example of captious wilfulness on the gardener's part.
343, 344 **perdurable**, very durable.
346 **defeat thy favour**, disguise your face.
347 **usurped**, false.
352 **sequestration**, separation.
356, 357 **coloquintida**, colocynth, a bitter **drug**.
379 **Traverse**, march.
398 **a proper man**, a good-looking man.
399 **plume up**, deck with plumes, glorify.

ACT II

i. 16 **molestation**, disturbance.
18 **embay'd**, sheltered in a bay.
26 **A Veronesa.** The meaning of these words is uncertain. Most modern editors take them as referring to the ship, perhaps one fitted out by the citizens of Verona, an inland town subject to Venice. The early editions place a colon before the words and a comma after, thus throwing them with 'Michael Cassio'; but Cassio is elsewhere said to be a Florentine.
40 **regard**, view. The meaning of the passage is, strain the eyes for a glimpse of Othello's vessel till the gazers can no longer distinguish between sea (main) and sky.
42 **arrivance**, arrival; spelled 'Arrivancie' in F.
43 **this**] Q; the F.
51 **stand in bold cure**, feel confident of realization.
63 **quirks**, subtleties. **blazoning**, descriptive.
64 **th' essential vesture of creation**, the essence with which creation has invested her, her actual self.
65 **ingener**, contriver, the inventor of artificial praises; spelled 'Ingeniuer' in F.
82 **And bring all Cyprus comfort**] *om.* F.
113 **housewifery . . . housewives**] Huswiferie . . . Huswiues F. Pronounce 'hussifry . . . hussives.' The modern 'hussy' is the same word as 'housewife,' and it illustrates both the pronunciation and the derogatory suggestion which Iago intends.
124 **The thing I am**; *i. e.*, my sadness.
127 **frize**, a coarse woolen cloth.
139 **fond**, foolish.
141 **foul**, ugly.
148 **vouch**, favorable testimony.
161 **chronicle small beer**, keep a domestic 'chronicle' or account-book, in which the petty household expenditures are recorded.
193 **absolute**, complete.
203 **set down the pegs**, loosen the keys; hence, destroy the harmony.
226 **and will she**] Q; To F.
232 **favour**, face.
237 **heave the gorge**, vomit.
243 **conscionable**, conscientious.
245 **compassing**] Q; compass F. The latter may be correct. See IV. ii. 224.
247 **slipper**, slippery.

266, 267 mutualities] Q; mutabilities F.
282, 283 qualification, appeasing.
296 apt and of great credit, natural and very credible.
312 whom I trash. 'Trash' was a hunting term, signifying the checking of a dog by tying a weight to him. The word is due to Steevens; F gives 'trace' and Q 'crush.'
315 right] F; rank Q.

ii. 3 mere perdition, total loss.
6 addition, rank, position in life. Q reads 'mind.' Most modern editors follow the later (1630) quarto, which has 'addiction.'

iii. No new scene is indicated in F, and none would be required on the Elizabethan stage.
2 stop, check.
30 a stoup, a two-quart measure.
41 qualified, diluted.
49 dislikes, displeases.
56 Potations pottle-deep, draughts to the bottom of the pottle or two-quart measure.
57 Three else, three others. Q reads 'Three lads.'
59 The very elements, the essential embodiments.
66 rouse, bumper.
92 and-a, a meaningless ballad mannerism. See *Twelfth Night* V. i. 398. Lines 92-99 are from an old English ballad printed in Percy's *Reliques* under the title, 'Take thy old Cloak about thee' (stanza 7).
120 speak] Q; I speak F.
129 just, precise.
135 watch the horologe a double set, remain awake through two revolutions of the clock, twenty-four hours.
152 a twiggen bottle, apparently a bottle covered with wicker-work. Booth suggested that 'beat . . . bottle' means 'slash him till he resembles a "Chianti" bottle covered with straw network,' a doubtful interpretation.
156 mazzard, head.
163 Fie, fie] F; God's will Q. See note on I. i. 4.
176 propriety, natural or proper state.
180 In quarter, on friendly terms.
206 collied, darkened; literally made black as with coal.
211 approv'd, proved guilty.
218 partially affin'd, bound by partiality. See I. i. 39.
224 Thus] Q; This F.
252 now] *om.* F.
301 moraler, moralist.
317 approved, made proof of. See line 211.
323 denotement] Theobald; devotement Q F. 'Denotement' is taken to mean 'indication.'
329 any lay, any wager.
344 Probal, probable, plausible.
358 suggest, tempt.
392 jump, precisely.

ACT III

i. 4 speak i' the nose. The Neapolitan dialect of Italian was noted for its nasal pronunciation.
25 quillets, verbal subtleties.
27 general's wife] Q; general F.
32 Do, good my friend] *om.* F.
38 presently, immediately.
49 affinity, family influence.
52 To take . . . front] *om.* F. This line is a paraphrase of the proverb, 'To take time by the forelock.' For 'front' in the sense of brow, forehead, see I. iii. 80 and note.

iii. 23 watch him tame, a figure from the taming of hawks, which were subdued by being kept from sleep.
66 their] Rowe; her Q F.
70 mammering, hesitating.
82 poise, weight; French *poids* is related to this word.
90 wretch, a term of endearment.
94 you] Q; he F.
106, 107 By heaven, he echoes me . . . his thought] Q; Alas, thou echoest me . . . thy thought F. It is not easy to decide which of these readings is preferable. The 1630 quarto reads, 'Why dost thou echo me . . . thy thought?'
123 close delations, secret accusations.
135 free to] Q; free F (with a colon after 'that').
136 vild, vile; the regular form of the word in F.
138, 139 a breast so pure, But] Q; that breast so pure, Wherein F.
140 leets and law-days. The two words are synonyms.
145 vicious, erroneous.
166, 167 doth mock The meat it feeds on, plays with, tantalizes, its victim.
173 fineless, endless, infinite.
182 exsufflicate, puffed up.
183 jealious, the regular spelling in F. Q prefers the modern form.
198 eye] Q; eyes F.
200 self-bounty, inward goodness.
201 country, native. So in line 237.
210 seel. See note on I. iii. 270.
225 honest, virtuous.
238 happily, haply, perhaps.
253 busy, meddlesome.
259 qualities] Q; quantities F.
260 haggard, a wild female hawk, difficult to tame.
261 jesses, the straps about the legs by which the hawk was fastened.
265 chamberers, gallants.
278 O, then heaven mocks] Q; heaven mock'd F.
280 generous, noble, well-born; used in the sense of Latin *generosus*.
296 have the work ta'en out, have the embroidery copied.
302 A thing] Q; You have a thing F.
319 Be not acknown on't, do not confess it.
330 mandragora, the mandrake root, which has narcotic qualities.
333 owedst. See note on I. i. 66.
338 sense, perception.
of her] Q; in her F.
346 Pioners, miners.
350 makes. See note on I. ii. 75.
355 mortal engines, death-dealing machines, cannon.

376 liv'st] Q; lov'st F.
379 profit, profitable experience.
383-390 Oth. By the world . . . satisfied] *om.* Q.
386 Her name] Q 1630; My name F (perhaps better).
395 supervisor] Q; supervision F (*i. e.*, 'would you have the supervision?' which may be the correct reading).
408 may] Q; might F.
428 a foregone conclusion, a previous act; not as commonly understood.
440 any that] Malone; any, it Q F (perhaps 'yt' in the poet's manuscript).
447 thy hollow cell] Q; the hollow hell F.
449 fraught, freight, contents.
450 aspics' tongues, fangs of asps (serpents).
452 perhaps] *om.* F.
453-460. Iago. Like to . . . yond marble heaven] *om.* Q.
455 Ne'er feels retiring ebb. Shakespeare probably learned of the absence of tides in the Pontic or Black Sea from a passage in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny (1601).
459 capable, comprehensive.
464 clip, embrace, enclose.

v. 26 crusadoes, Portuguese gold coins, so called from bearing the image of a cross (*cruz*). Their value was about that of the English 'noble,' between six and seven shillings.
40 sequester, separation.
46 the hearts of old gave hands, formerly hands were given in marriage by true impulse of the heart.
47 hands, not hearts, formal marriages in which hands are joined without any movement of the hearts.
51 sorry rheum, distressing discharge (of eyes or nose).
offends, which offends or irritates. The omission of the relative is common.
56 Did an Egyptian . . . give. See V. ii. 217 and note.
64 wiv'd] F; wive Q.
119 But to know, merely to know.
125 favour. See notes on I. iii. 346 and II. i. 232.
128 blank, bull's eye of a target; so called from being white (*blanc*).
137 can he be] Q; is F.
163 that] Q; the F (perhaps correct).
173 keep a week away. This is perhaps the most striking illustration of the so-called phenomenon of 'double time' in *Othello*. Prof. John Wilson (Christopher North) first pointed out that this play contains two quite separate and irreconcilable sets of time allusions, the one having the purpose of suggesting tremendous rapidity of movement, while the other gives the impression of gradual and leisurely development. References in the text make it quite clear, on the one hand, that the entire course of the play from the opening of Act II occupied only a little over twenty-four hours; that the principal characters all landed in Cyprus on a Saturday afternoon and that the tragedy was completed the next night (Sunday). Yet in the present passage Bianca reproaches Cassio, who arrived only the day before, for keeping a week away from her house in Cyprus. Again in III. iii. 292, Emilia says that she has been wooed to steal the handkerchief 'a hundred times' by Iago, whose plan of action was still 'confused' and vague on the previous afternoon (II. i. 320). So too, Iago tells Othello (III. iii. 113) that he 'lay with Cassio lately,' though the two have come to Cyprus on different ships and Cassio has not been to bed since their arrival (III. i. 33-35). It is interesting to note the many other conflicting indications of lapse of time. The confusion, which appears also, in rather less striking degree, in *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice*, and other plays, seems to be an intentional dramatic device of Shakespeare. By means of it he is enabled to give the impression of rapid movement required for stage effect without sacrificing the naturalness of regular and gradual development.
174 Eight score eight, eight score and eight, one hundred and sixty-eight; the number of hours in a week.
178 continuate, uninterrupted.
180 take me this work out. See note on III. iii. 296.

ACT IV

i. 21 infectious, disease-laden. Q reads 'infected,' but in *Winter's Tale* III. ii. 99, Shakespeare uses 'infectious' again in the same sense.
28 convinced, overcome; referring to the objects of 'importunate suit' (line 26).
supplied, satisfied; referring to those who show 'voluntary dotage.'
38-44 To confess, and be hanged . . . O devil] *om.* Q.
42 shakes. See note on I. ii. 75.
53 No, forbear] Q; *om.* F.
65 civil, citizen; an adjective.
69 unproper, not private.
70 peculiar, owned by one exclusively.
76 in a patient list, within the limits of patience; 'list' is properly the border or selvage of cloth.
78 unsuiting] Q; resulting F.
80 ecstasy, bewilderment.
95 housewife. See note on II. i. 113.
102 construe] Rowe; conserue F (misprint); conster Q.
105 addition, title. See II. ii. 6.
122 her] Q; *om.* F.
150 fitchew, pole-cat.
224 his undertaker, the one who undertakes his case. The present technical use of the word was not known in Shakespeare's time.
227, 228 Printed as in Q; F gives the lines as prose, with slight differences of wording.
244 T' atone, to make at one, reconcile.
257 falls, lets fall; a transitive verb.
285 use, custom.
287 this fault] Q; his fault F.

ii. 3 she. The loose use of nominative instead of objective pronouns was sanctioned by habit in Shakespeare's time.

27 function, profession. Othello ironically pretends to take Emilia for a professional bawd.
30 mystery, trade; an old word derived from Latin *ministerium,* office. Not connected with the familiar modern word.
47 Why] Q; *om.* F.
48 they, referring to 'heaven', which is thought of as a collective noun, the celestial powers.
54, 55 A difficult passage, here given as in F. Q reads '*A* fixed figure' and 'slow *unmoving fingers.*' The idea seems to be that Othello is a stationary, conspicuous figure at which the scornful gossip of his age will point like the slowly moving hand of a clock. 'Slow and moving,' *hendiadys* for 'slowly moving,' is more poetic and more sensible than 'slow unmoving,' which most editors have adopted.
62 gender, engender, multiply.
63 cherubin, really a plural form, **cherubs,** but not so intended by the poet.
64 there] Capell; here Q F.
91 Saint Peter, who kept the gate of heaven.
92 keep] Rowe; keeps Q F.
104 go by water, express themselves in tears.
117 As . . . bear] Q; That . . . bear it F.
119 says] Q; said F.
121 callet, a coarse woman; literally, a little quail.
132 cogging, deceiving; **cozening** has the same meaning.
144 within door, so as not to be heard out of doors, quietly.
148 O good] Q; Alas F.
154 that, used in sense of 'if.'
156 Or that I do not yet, etc., 'If I do not yet love him dearly, and ever did, and ever will . . . may I never enjoy comfort.'
163 addition. See note on II. ii. 6.
167 And he does chide with you] *om.* F.
170 stays the meat, stay for supper. **For 'stays'** as a plural form see note on **I. ii. 75.**
222 engines, plots.

iii. 12 incontinent, immediately.
13 He] Q; And F.
21 in them] *om.* F.
23 Good faith] Q; good Father F.
28 a song of 'willow,' an old song of which one version, containing lines closely parallel to those Desdemona sings, is given in Percy's *Reliques.*
31-53 I have much to do . . . that's not next] *om.* Q.
31, 32 I have much to do, But to go hang, it is as much as I can do to refrain from hanging.
41 sighing] Q 1630; singing F.
55-57 I call'd . . . moe men] *om.* Q.
57 moe, more, other.
63 kind, manner.
73 joint-ring, ring made in separate halves, which would join together.
75 exhibition. See note on I. iii. 238.
92 having, allowance.
in despite, maliciously.

ACT V

i. 1 bulk] Q; Barke F. 'Bulk' is defined as the projecting part of a shop. It has been plausibly conjectured that the true reading is 'balk,' a post.
11 quat, pimple; a contemptuous word for the irritating Roderigo.
to the sense, to the quick.
16 bobb'd, filched.
31-36 Ingleby denies that these lines are by Shakespeare, and thinks that Othello was not meant to appear in this scene. The speech is hardly worthy of Othello.
42 it is a] Q; 'Tis F.
69 I cry you mercy, I beg your pardon.
78 notable, notorious.
90 O heaven] Q; Yes, 'tis F. See note on **I. i. 4.**
98 well said, well 'sayed, well done.
106 gastness, terror.
129 fordoes, undoes.

ii. S. D. A typical old stage direction. The bracketed words are from Q. The drawing of the curtain in front of the rear stage reveals Desdemona in bed asleep.
15 thee, Desdemona's breath or life. Q reads 'it' and in line 13 *'the* rose.'
52 presently, at once. F omits 'Yes.'
63 stone, petrify.
75 stomach, appetite.
127 heard] Q; hear F.
144 such another world, another world like this.
145 chrysolite, a precious stone of a green color.
147 told me] Q; told me on her F.
177 apt. See note on II. i. 296.
183 charm your tongue, silence it immediately, as if by magic. A favorite trick of magicians was to charm speakers dumb.
192 I thought so then. See IV. ii. 130-133.
209 reprobance, reprobation of God.
212 a thousand times committed. See note on III. iv. 173.
214 recognizance, token; a legal word.
217 My father gave my mother. Compare III. iv. 55, 56, where an Egyptian 'charmer' is said to have given the handkerchief. In the earlier passage Othello is probably exaggerating the mystic value of the handkerchief in order to intensify the importance of its loss.
220 as liberal as the north, as freely as the north wind.
234 stones in heaven. Thunder was supposed to be associated with the falling of stones from the sky. See *Julius Cæsar* I. iii. 49 and note.
251 I die, I die] Q; alas, I die F.
286 I look down toward his feet, to see the cloven hoof that marks the devil.
292 practice, fraud.
327 cast, dismissed. See I. i. 150.
347 Indian] Q; Judean F. There has been much discussion of the respective claims of the two words. No particular Indian seems to be meant.
351 medicinable. Pronounce 'med'cinable.'

KING LEAR

Of all the themes selected by Shakespeare for treatment in tragedy, that of King Lear was most familiar to the reading public of his day. Originally, doubtless, an old wives' tale, it became a part of the popular history of early Britain by Geoffrey of Monmouth (1135), and was accepted as truth until the time of John Milton. All the important chronicles gave full space to it, notably that of Raphael Holinshed (1577, second edition, 1587). Its popularity is proved by versions of the tale in the *Gesta Romanorum,* the chief story-book of the later Middle Ages. In Elizabethan poetry it had already found a secure place, in *The Mirror for Magistrates* (1574), *Albion's England,* by William Warner (1586), and notably in *The Faerie Queene,* by Edmund Spenser (1590). Of these later versions of the story only the poem last named seems to have been used by Shakespeare; from it he adopted the name Cordelia for his heroine. In Holinshed it was Cordilla.

King Lear is also unique among the tragedies of Shakespeare in being based, for the greater part of its story, upon an earlier play which has survived, "*The True Chronicle History of King Leir,* printed in 1605, but written earlier. In this play, however, we have, as the title suggests, a mere dramatization —with some ability, it is true—of the pseudo-historical narrative. A brief summary of the plot will indicate Shakespeare's indebtedness to the earlier play.

King Leir announces to his court that his daughters are to be married and to inherit his kingdom. One of his counselors, Skalliger, proposes the question of love as a scale in which to weigh their dowries. The two older sisters then plot to flatter the father, and Cordella replies in words which recall Shakespeare's:

"I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But look what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I bear, my gracious lord."

Leir in anger, then divides his kingdom between Gonorill and Ragan. Perillus, in whom we recognize Shakespeare's conception of Kent, protests against this injustice, but is silenced. Cordella, disinherited and driven from court, is met by the king of Gallia in disguise, and is wooed and won by him. On the day of her wedding her sisters are married to the Dukes of Cornwall and Cambria.

Counseled by Skalliger, Gonorill decides to limit her father's allowances, and the distressed Leir secretly departs to dwell with Ragan. Ragan, set on by Gonorill, then plots the assassination of her father; but the assassin is frightened away by the divine interposition of a terrifying thunder storm. Leir and his faithful Perillus escape to Brittany and meet Cordella, who is in disguise and is not recognized by the old king. The dialogue which follows contains a hint of the pathos which distinguishes the like scene in Shakespeare's play.

Cor. But look, dear father, look, behold, and see
Thy loving daughter speaketh unto thee.
She kneels.
Leir. O, stand thou up, it is my part to kneel,
And ask forgiveness for my former faults.
He kneels.
Cor. O, if you wish I should enjoy my breath,
Dear father rise, or I receive my death.
He riseth.
Leir. Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneel again, till pardon be resigned.
He kneels.
Cor. I pardon you, the word beseems not me:
But I do say so, for to ease your knee:
You gave me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had never been.

Shortly after, the Gallian king sails to Britain, and after an interchange of abuse by the three sisters, puts the Dukes of Cornwall and Cambria to flight and reinstates Leir in his kingdom.

Such, briefly, is the main outline of the historical comedy upon which the mightiest of tragedies was founded.

It is a curious fact that the chief claim of this play as literature lies in the portrait of Cordelia, the one character to which Shakespeare gave the briefest possible space. Of one or two details in language

we catch possible reminiscences in Shakespeare's lines, chiefly in two or three figures of speech, such as the reference to the pelican (III. iv. 71). Of the various plays utilized by Shakespeare, one feels that *King Leir* approaches closest to genuine interest as comedy; and it is a proof of the complete dramatization which has taken place in Shakespeare's work, that hardly an echo of this romantic comedy remains. The setting, from beginning to end, is relentlessly tragic.

The underplot of *Lear,* the story of Gloucester and his two sons, used by Shakespeare as commentary upon the main theme, was taken from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (1590); there the story is told of the blind prince of the country of Paphlagonia, who is abused by his unkind, illegitimate son to the very verge of self-destruction, and rescued by his kind and true son as the father is about to leap over the precipice. In Sidney's tale the story occupies but a few pages, as a mere episode in a pastoral romance, and the characters are wholly undeveloped. Shakespeare's devoted labors in interweaving this story with the tale of Lear and Cordelia show, perhaps more clearly than any other single contrivance of his, his genuine interest in problems of dramatic construction.

All else in this tragedy may safely be concluded to have been original with Shakespeare. The madness of Lear; the disguise of Tom of Bedlam; the villainy of Edmund; and the supremely tragic scenes with the Fool are all additions to the story for which no source has been found. The great dramatist's most original contribution is, however, the atmosphere of poetic tragedy with which the whole story is invested.

THE DATE—The play may be dated with fair certainty between the years 1603 and 1606. *The Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures* by Dr. Harsnett, was published in 1603. From this book Shakespeare apparently derived the names of the devils and some other ravings of Edgar's Tom of Bedlam. This, therefore, probably gives the earliest possible date. An entry in the Stationers' Registers, November 26, 1607, states that *King Lear* had been acted by the King's players before James I on December 26 of the previous year. This gives the latest possible date. Some, however, have suggested still closer limits. *King Leir,* the old play, was published in 1605; its appearance has been thought to be due to the popularity of Shakespeare's tragedy. In the same year, October, 1605, occurred eclipses of the sun and moon, to which it is believed that Edmund makes reference in Act I, Scene ii. It is likely also, that a play selected for Christmas performance before the king must be of recent appearance. Metrical tests confirm this evidence, and place the play between *Othello* and *Macbeth.*

TEXT—King Lear was printed in 1608 in a quarto which, for the sake of distinction, has been called "The Pied Bull" edition from the sign of the shop at which it was first sold. This edition was reprinted in 1619 by Thomas Pavier and his associates, who, however, to give their reprint the appearance of authority, repeated the date of 1608 falsely upon their title-page. The quarto thus printed formed one of nine Shakespearean quartos which were bound as a single volume in 1619. The only other edition of the play is that of the folio of 1623, which has been taken as the basis of the present edition. The first quarto contains at least 300 lines which do not appear in the folio; the folio, on the other hand, contains at least 100 lines that are not in the quartos. It is difficult to say whether either version represents the form of the play which was really acted, but it is not improbable that the play was performed with some cuts, such as these omissions indicate. Some scholars have thought that the omissions in the folio are the work of the poet himself, and it is certain that these omissions involve little which is indispensable to the play as a whole. The passages found only in the quarto have been marked with a dagger wherever they occur, an asterisk indicating the place where the folio text resumes.

CRITICAL COMMENT—Most readers of the play have confirmed Dr. Johnson's comment: "The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is, perhaps, no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity." Hazlitt called it "the best of Shakespeare's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest. He was here fairly caught in the web of his own imagination." From the time of the earliest critics, however, *King Lear* has been praised as poetry rather than as drama. Addison was alone in his day in preferring Shakespeare's ending to Tate's; Dr. Johnson sided with the public in desiring Cordelia to retire "with victory and felicity." Lamb considered Lear "impossible to be represented on a stage." The highest praise of the play has come from poets. Keats loved "the bitter-sweet of this Shakespearean fruit." Shelley, with but a single qualification, considered it "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." The

judgments of the present support him. Maeterlinck says: "It surpasses all (*Prometheus, Œdipus Tyrannus, Orestes*) in the mass, the rarity, the density, the strange mobility, the prodigious bulk of the tragic beauties which it contains." John Masefield writes: "No image in the world is so fierce with imaginative energy." And he vehemently defends the tragic catastrophe of Shakespeare: "He gave to every soul in this play an excessive and terrible vitality. On the excessive terrible soul of Lear he poured such misery that the cracking of the great heart is a thing of joy, a relief so fierce that the audience should go out in exultation singing—

> 'O, our lives' sweetness!
> That we the pain of death would hourly die
> Rather than die at once!'"

Of the cooler, more searching criticism by unimpassioned students, *King Lear* has been less productive than some of the other tragedies. Most critics have agreed with Hazlitt: "All that we can say must fall far short of the subject." So far as analytic criticism has been attempted, the chief points of nineteenth century discussion have been the unnaturalness of the daughters and the villainy of Edmund; the nature and extent of Lear's insanity, and its reflection in the Fool. It is only of late years that the interest has been transferred to the general theme. Professor Bradley sees in the play the redemption of Lear, the rescue of an aged man through suffering from the effects of a selfish life. Professor Brooke, more recently, has emphasized the aspect of the play as a "domestic tragedy," in which through the first half of the action the force of intense poetry alone maintains sympathy with the utterly wrong-headed father, while reason sides rather with the elder daughters. "Not only has he chosen to present under the tattered veil of mythical royalty a bourgeois family group; he has even dethroned all the conventional tragic passions, and . . petty domestic discord is raised to the white heat of tragedy."

STAGE HISTORY—The first recorded performance is that mentioned on the title-page of the first quarto, St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, Dec. 26, 1606. Richard Burbage, the great tragedian of Shakespeare's company, must then have assumed the rôle. Shakespeare's play held the stage for a time after the Restoration, and Thomas Betterton is supposed to have appeared as Lear. But in an age incapable of tragedy the return of the comedy form was inevitable. Nahum Tate, in 1681, provided the version which was to hold the stage for a hundred and sixty years. His alterations were in strict accord with the best opinion of his time. A happy device, as he thought, was the invention of love between Edgar and Cordelia; scarcely less satisfying was the heightening of intrigue between Edmund and the other sisters. Edgar's love and virtue demanded a happy ending, and Lear was restored to his kingdom, excepting Albany's share. Stage decorum, finally, required the expulsion of the Fool. The play was now "correct." Ludicrous to us, but highly pleasing in its day, was the prison-scene of Tate's version, where the sleeping Lear, with his head pillowed in Cordelia's lap, fights in his dreams old wars again.

Betterton made Tate's Lear one of his most admired parts, and the play was constantly on the stage throughout the eighteenth century. David Garrick's Lear shared the honors with his Richard III in his first London season in 1741-2. Dr. Johnson resolved not to see it a second time, lest the terrific effect of the impersonation might be impaired. In 1755-6, Spranger Barry at Covent Garden rivaled Garrick's performances at Drury Lane. After this time the play languished for want of a great actor. Colman's version (1768) did not succeed in supplanting Tate's, and John Kemble's cold impersonation aroused no favor. In 1820 Junius Brutus Booth, with Macready as Edmund, gave a notable performance. Three years later Edmund Kean, at Drury Lane, restored Shakespeare's catastrophe, but not the Fool's part. Macready acted this version in 1833-4; but in 1838, under his own management, he gave the complete Shakespearean form, which has since held the stage. Of the tragedians of the mid-century, Phelps and McCullough were the most noted. Two Americans, Edwin Forrest (1827) and Edwin Booth (1875), were famous in the title-rôle. Forrest's vehement declamation won high praise from Longfellow and Leigh Hunt; Booth's rendering was finely restrained but no less powerful. Most noted of later English Lears was Sir Henry Irving (1892). He was much praised by some critics, but was censured by many for the overemphasis of age, infirmity, and inarticulateness. His conception of the part, however, was continued by Robert Mantell. In 1909 a more original impersonation was given by Norman McKinnel at the Haymarket, in which pathos and restraint were the ruling tones.

At least three famous Italian tragedians, Signor Rossi, T. Salvini, and E. Novelli, have played Lear in Italian with English support, in England and

America. The play is a favorite in Germany, but has seldom been praised in France. Maeterlinck in 1905 defended Antoine's production of Loti's translation, but the violence of the action offended most Parisian critics. Upon the whole, although great actors have delighted in the fine opportunities afforded by the majesty, infirmity, and passion of King Lear, the tragedy is conceived on too tremendous a scale to win popularity on the stage without the coöperation of a great actor. With a tragedian of ordinary ability the disproportion between the conception and its interpreter is too manifest. Meritorious performances were given at the "Old Vic," London, in 1922, and at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, in 1923, but they were confessedly inadequate. An interesting experiment was that made in 1922 by the Pasadena Community Players, who presented the tragedy as it was given in 1606, without intermissions between scenes or acts, five different levels being used. The scenery was expressionistic, being chiefly suggested by ingenious combinations of lighting.

M.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

[Scene: Britain.]

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Lear, king of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloucester.
Edgar, son to Gloucester.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.
Curan, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.
Gentleman attendant on Lear.
Fool.
Oswald, steward to Goneril.
A Captain employed by Edmund.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, } daughters to Lear.
Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*King Lear's palace.*]

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety. 7

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge; I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't. 11

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault? 18

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came something saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 25

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent; remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter †*one bearing a coronet,* King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my lord.

Exeunt [*Gloucester and Edmund*].

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady; to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last and least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing! Speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
†To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom,
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France; who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft!
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness; answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies; ne'er fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]
Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }
Kent. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
That thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentences and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world:
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear.
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd;
Nor will you tender less?
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up in such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.
France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.
Bur. Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
Lear. Nothing! I have sworn. I am firm.
Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! Since that respect and fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou losest here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.
Flourish. Exeunt [*all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia*].
France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father;
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.
Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.
Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
Exeunt [*France and Cordelia*].
Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.
Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.
Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age to receive, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.
Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.
Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.
Reg. We shall further think of it.
Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Edmund, [*with a letter*].

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,

My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land;
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.' Hum—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him, —you should enjoy half his revenue,'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came you to this? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour and to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your sa-

isfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

lou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

lou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! * Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

dm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

lou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father; the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing. Do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange. *Exit.*

dm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

pat; he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; † as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; * when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak; pray ye, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

Exit Edgar.

A credulous father! and a brother noble,

Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.
Exit.

SCENE III.—[*The Duke of Albany's palace.*]

Enter Goneril, and [*Oswald, her*] *steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.
Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
† Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
* Remember what I have said.
Osw. Well, madam.
Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
† I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak; * I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*A hall in the same.*]

Enter Kent, [*disguised*].

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?
Kent. A man, sir.
Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?
Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.
Lear. What art thou?
Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.
Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?
Kent. Service.
Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?
Kent. You.
Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?
Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
Lear. What's that?
Kent. Authority.
Lear. What services canst thou do?
Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.
Lear. How old art thou?
Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any

thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.
Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*] 47

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?
Osw. So please you,— *Exit.*
Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Gentleman.*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. 52

[*Enter Gentleman.*]

How now! where's that mongrel?
Gent. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.
Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?
Gent. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.
Lear. He would not! 60
Gent. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter. 67
Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?
Gent. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged. 71
Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days. 78
Gent. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.
Lear. No more of that. I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*] 84

Enter Oswald.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?
Osw. My lady's father.
Lear. 'My lady's father'! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!
Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 91
Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]
Osw. I'll not be strucken, my lord.
Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]
Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee. 97
Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry. But away! go to; have you wisdom? so.
[*Pushes Oswald out.*]
Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. 103
[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]
Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?
Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.
Kent. Why, fool? 110
Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour; nay, and thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters! 118
Lear. Why, my boy?
Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters. 122
Lear. Take heed, sirrah, the whip.
Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink. 126
Lear. A pestilent gall to me!
Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.
Lear. Do.
Fool. Mark it, nuncle: 130
'Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.'

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to. He will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. † 'That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.'

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't. And ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.* Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that firsts finds it so.

[*Singing*] 'Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear
Their manners are so apish.'

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

[*Singing*] 'Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.'

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? You are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,
'He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.'
[*Pointing to Lear.*] That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,
'The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.'
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? 'Whoop, Jug! I love thee.'

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

† *Lear.* I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

* *Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee!
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*] † O, sir, are you come?
* Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people!

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away!
Exit.

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. [*To Gon.*] Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. † Yea, is it come to this?
* Let it be so; I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; † thou shalt, I warrant thee.
Exeunt [*Lear, Kent, and Attendants*].

* *Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool.*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. *Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel; a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights! yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness.—

Re-enter Oswald.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*]
No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well, the event. *Exeunt*

SCENE V.—[*Court before the same.*]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no mo than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper, I would not be mad!

[*Enter Gentleman.*]

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Edmund and Curan severally.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word! descend! brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.
Yield! come before my father. Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell. *Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*]
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means, what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship,
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far.
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch! The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what I should deny,—
As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? † I never got him.
Tucket within.
* Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glou. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected.
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revénues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glou. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glou. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glou. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night;
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.
Glou. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome.
Exeunt. Flourish.

[SCENE II.—*Before Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend; art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!
Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to

deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks! draw, you rascal! come your ways!

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave; strike! [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part:

Kent. With you, goodman boy, and you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives!
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee! a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the walls of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No cóntraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking óbservants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguiled you in a plain

accent was a plain knave; which for my part
I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Osw. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks! *Stocks brought out.*
Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
† His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with.* The king must take it ill,
That he so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
† For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]
* Come, my good lord, away.
Exeunt [*all but Gloucester and Kent*].
Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow!
Glou. The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; [*reading*] 'and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.' All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night! smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*Sleeps.*]

[SCENE III.—*The same.*]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet; Edgar I nothing am.
Exit.

SCENE IV.—[*The same.*]

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messengers.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
† *Lear.* No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
* *Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on those contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.
'Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.'
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?
Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. *Exit.*
Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?
Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?
Fool. And thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.
Kent. Why, fool?
Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
'That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.'
Kent. Where learned you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, and Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?
Glou. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet; may be he is not well;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore [*Looking on Kent.*]
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently. Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.
Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! but, down!
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
Kent here set at liberty.
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress. [*To Kent*] O, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
[*Points to his heart.*]
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[*Kneeling.*]
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'
Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
Tucket within.
Corn. What trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?

Enter Goneril.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here? O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
[*To Gon.*] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.
[*Pointing at Oswald.*]
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so.
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir! what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Storm and tempest.
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

Exeunt [*Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool*].

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?
Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.
Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*A heath.*]

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; † tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. * But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
† But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.
* *Gent.* I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. *Exeunt* [*severally*].

SCENE II.—[*Another part of the heath.*] *Storm still.*

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That makes ingrateful man!
Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.
Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
Fool. He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.
'The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.'
For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.
Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.
Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Has practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.
Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.
Fool. [*Singing*] 'He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.'
Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. *Exeunt* [*Lear and Kent*].
Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Gloucester and Edmund, † *with lights.*

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.
Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there's part of a power already footed. We must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. *Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—[*The heath. Before a hovel.*]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *Storm still.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home!
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. [*Fool goes in.*]
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]
Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!
Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?
Fool. A spirit! a spirit! he says his name's poor Tom.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

[*Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.*]

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
'Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.'
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of

heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there!

Storm still.

Lear. What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. 'Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill;
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!'

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy words justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. One that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman outparamoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

'Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:'
Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.

Storm still.

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.
'St. Withold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprison'd; who hath three suits to his back, six shirts to his body.
'Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.'
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?
Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.
Glou. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile
That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.
Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glou. Canst thou blame him?
Storm still.
His daughters seek his death; ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late. I lov'd him, friend;
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words: hush.
Edg. 'Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.'
Exeunt.

SCENE V.—[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!
Corn. Go with me to the duchess.
Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.
Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.
Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.
Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—[*A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.*]

Enter Kent and Gloucester.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with

what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience; the gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

† *Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!
Want'st thou eyes at trial, madam?
'Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—'

Fool. 'Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.'

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.
[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side: [*To Kent*] you are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
'Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.'
Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

* *Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them
Avaunt, you curs!
'Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.'
Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian, but let them be changed.

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.
Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains; so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.
Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.
Glou. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?
Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him;
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.
Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps;
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.
Glou. Come, come, away.
Exeunt [*all but Edgar*].
Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

* Scene VII.—[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter; the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester.
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]
Reg. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Pluck out his eyes.
Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where's the king?
Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your mistress.
Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. [*Exit.*]
Corn. Edmund, farewell.
[*Exeunt Edmund and Oswald.*]
Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.
[*Exeunt other Servants.*]
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? the traitor?

Enter Gloucester and Servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.
Glou. What means your graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]
Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!
Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]
Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glou. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host;
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands you have sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glou. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his annointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key';
All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
Glou. He that will think to live till he be old.
Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*They*] *draw and fight.*
First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
She takes a sword, and runs at him behind.
First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*]
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. *Exit* [*one*] *with Gloucester.* How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]
Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.
Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
Third Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! *Exeunt* [*severally*].

* ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*The heath.*]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst;
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glou. Away, get thee away. Good friend, be gone.
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now! Who's there?
Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself, and others.—Bless thee, master!
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.
Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. *Exit.*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither, fellow.
Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! † Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!
* *Glou.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier; heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me. From that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*]

Enter Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.

Gon. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it. I told him you were coming;
His answer was 'The worse;' of Gloucester's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake. He'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.
I must change names at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this, spare speech.
Decline your head; this kiss, if it durst speak
Would stretch thy spirits up in to the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my body.
Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. *Exit.*

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. † I fear your disposition
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither

And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
(Most barbarous, most degenerate!) have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Gon. * Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; † that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief, where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest
'Alack, why does he so?'
Alb. * See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool!
* *Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
Gon. Marry, your manhood—Mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?
* *Mess.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.
Alb. Gloucester's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?
Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.
Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

† SCENE III.—[*The French camp near Dover.*]

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you no reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like, a better way; those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd her; then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and make could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. *Exeunt.*

* SCENE [IV.—*The same. A tent.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Gentleman, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he! why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him

Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and importun'd tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt.*

SCENE [V.—*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado.
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him;
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things I know not what. I'll love thee much,—
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that; and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; y' are, I know't.
Therefore I do advise you, take this note.
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more;
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

SCENE [VI.—*Fields near Dover.*]

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar [*dressed like a peasant*].

Glou. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd: and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments
Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place; stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty gods! *He kneels.*
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
He falls [*forward*].
Edg. Gone, sir! farewell!
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft; had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed! yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glou. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.
Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm.
Up! so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea.

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glou. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend! the fiend!' He led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, [*fantastically dressed with wild flowers*].

But who comes here?
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said!—'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king!
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, sweeten my imagination. There's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with

thine ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear. Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back; Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener. Through tatter'd clothes great vices do appear; Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em. Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now! Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd! Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air, We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee; mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools; this a good block. It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof; And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! should , bless

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendan

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon hi*ward*]. Your most dear daughter— ewell!

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? ob even The natural fool of fortune. Use me we he You shall have ransom. Let me have geons; or I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thi*k*!

Lear. No seconds? all myself? Why, this would make a man a man of sal*t*, To use his eyes for garden water-pots, † Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

* *Lear.* I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What! I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Exit [*running; Attendants follow*].

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here, Her army is mov'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thank you, sir.

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

It was not my worser spirit tempt me again
to die before you please!
Edg. Think Well pray you, father.
Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sor-
rows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your
hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glou. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd
flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy
traitor,
Briefly thyself remember; the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.
[*Edgar interposes.*]
Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor?
Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther
'casion.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass. And chud ha' bin zwaggered out
of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis
by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old
man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether
your costard or my ballow be the harder; chill
be plain with you.
Osw. Out, dunghill!
Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no mat-
ter vor your foins.
[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]
Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me; villain, take my
purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about
me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him
out
Upon the British party. O, untimely death!
Death! *He dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.
Glou. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he
speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only
sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see.
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us
not;
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their
hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.
Reads the letter.
'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off:
if your will want not, time and place will be
fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if
he return the conqueror; then am I the pris-
oner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed
warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the
place for your labour.
'Your—wife, so I would say—
'Affectionate servant,
'GONERIL.'
O indistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the
sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.
Glou. The king is mad; how stiff is my vile
sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs, *Drum afar off.*
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.
Edg. Give me your hand;
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—[*A tent in the French camp.*]

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prithee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the Gentleman.*] How does the king?
Gent. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Gent. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by servants.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Kent. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
† *Cor.* Very well.
Gent. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!
* *Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
† To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? * Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
Gent. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; where did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Gent. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands; let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; † and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
* Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.
Exeunt [*all but*] † *Kent and Gentleman.*
Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.
Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]
Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
Exit.

* ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*The British camp, near Dover.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure. [*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you;
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?
† *Edm.* That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
* *Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not;
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

† *Gon.* [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
* *Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. † Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

* *Reg.* Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
† *Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.
* *Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside.*] O ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

[*As they are going out,*] *enter Edgar* [*disguised*].

Edg. [*To Albany.*] If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.
[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*]
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. *Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive; to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.
Exit.

SCENE II.—[*A field between the two camps.*]

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glou. Grace go with you, sir
Exit [*Edgar*].

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glou. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all. Come on!
Glou. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*The British camp near Dover.*]

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund: Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starv'd first.
Come.
[*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.
Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.
† *Capt.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do 't. *Exit.*

* *Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, [another Captain,] and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well; you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention † and appointed guard;
* Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. † At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.
* *Alb.* Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,

And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [*To Edmund.*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art armed, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]; what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!

† *Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!
* *Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Capt. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*
Her. [*Reads.*] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'
Edm. Sound! *First trumpet.*
Her. Again! *Second trumpet.*
Her. Again! *Third trumpet.*
Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?
Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

Alarums. They fight. [*Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! oh!
Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us;
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd.
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage; but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
† *Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack; twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

* *Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help, help, O, help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!
Alb. Who dead? speak, man.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead,
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]
[*To Kent*] O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?

The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run!
Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Edg. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Gent.*]
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; [Gentleman following].

Lear. Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt.
Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master!
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip; I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says: and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootless.
Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power; [*To Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips!
Look there, look there. *He dies.*
Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord!
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt, with a dead march.

FINIS.

NOTES

The division into acts and scenes is that of the Folio (F); the quartos (Q) have no such division. The Names of the Characters and directions of place were arranged by Rowe, in his edition (1709). The latter have been slightly altered by later editors.

ACT I

i. 1 affected, loved. Albany, a traditional name for N. Scotland.
5 qualities, positions of rank. Q reads: equalities.
7 moiety, share. No amount of pains can determine the better choice.
11 brazed, hardened.
12 conceive, understand.
18 proper, good-looking.
20 some year, about a year.
26 S. D. Edm.] Bast. Q F (and so throughout).
33 out, abroad.
34 S. D. sennet, trumpet-notes for a march. † signifies that the words following are found only in Q; * marks the resumption of the folio text.
36 lord] F; liege Q.
37 darker, less known; referring to the terms of the test.
44 constant will, fixed resolution.
54 nature doth with merit challenge, nature's claim is added to true merit.
56 wield, express.
62 so much, fig. any degree assignable.
65 champains, valleys.
69 speak] *om.* F.
70 self, same.
76 square of sense, estimate of sense. The carpenter's square is used here figuratively, as a rule or standard.
possesses] Q; professes F.
77 felicitate, happy.
83 validity, value.
87 interess'd, admitted as shareholders, from interesse.
95 bond, duty.
103 plight, pledge.
112 Hecate, queen of witches; here, goddess of the moon.
mysteries] F_2; miseries F_1.
113 operation, planetary influence.
119 generation, children.
125 set my rest, stake my all; lit. rest content with the cards in hand.
126 nursery, nursing.
128 who stirs? is every one struck motionless?
130 digest, make a meal of.
133 large effects, outward shows.
138 addition, title.
141 this coronet, either Lear's crown, or a smaller coronet intended for Cordelia. Fut] Q; *om.* F.
146 fork, barbed head (of an arrow).
151 reserve thy state, retain thy kingship. Q reads: Reverse thy doom.
156 reverb, reverberate.
157 a pawn] Q; pawn F; a stake.
158 wage, wager.
161 blank, the white, or heart, of the target.
171 that, seeing that.
175 our potency made good, if our authority is to stand. This is Lear's first act of presumption, since he has surrendered his power.
183 sith, since.
187 approve, prove true.
201 little-seeming, the meaning is doubtful. It may be (a) small in appearance; or (b) giving little evidence of its reality.
202 piec'd, patched out.
205 owes, possesses, owns.
209 makes not up, comes to no decision.
218 argument, subject.
223 that monsters it, that it is made monstrous.
224 taint, poisoned corruption.
233 for which, for the want of which.
234 still, constantly.
251 respect and fortunes] F; respects of fortune Q. The meaning is the same.
261 wat'rish, well-watered; hence, given to wanting riches.
277 prefer, recommend.
282 well deserve to lose the affection you yourself failed to show.
283 plighted, plaited, folded, concealed.
292 not] Q; *om.* F.
298 time, life.
307 let's hit] Q; let us sit F.
308 hit together, agree.

ii. 3 plague of custom, oppression of convention.
4 curiosity, scrupulousness (as to primogeniture and legitimacy).
5 moonshines, months (Cf. i. 20).
6 lag of, late after.
7 compact, compacted, put together.
14 fops, dupes.
21 top the] Edwards; to' th' F.
24 subscrib'd] Q; prescrib'd F. subscrib'd, yielded.
25 exhibition, allowed terms, allowances.
26 upon the gad, while the iron is hot. Gad, iron bar.
32 terrible, terrified.
48 policy and reverence, policy of reverencing.
62 you to this] F; this to you Q.
66 character, handwriting.
82 detested, destestable.
95 pretence, pretext, or perhaps, purpose.
105 wind me into him, get acquainted with his designs for my sake.
107 unstate, give up rank.
108 resolution, clear understanding.
109 presently, at once.
112 late eclipses. In 1605, in October, occurred eclipses of sun and moon. See the Introduction, section on Date, for the reference.
113 wisdom of nature, natural philosophy.
120 bias, course; lit. in bowls, the tendency given by the oversize of one side of the ball.
128 foppery, duping.

34 **treachers**, traitors.
34 **spherical predominance**, planetary influence.
37 **divine**, celestial, planetary.
46 **pat**, just in time; an exclamation here.
57 **succeed**, result.
61 **diffidences**, breaches of trust.
82 **cohorts**, armies.
84 **sectary**, student.

i. S. D. **Oswald**] Collier; Gentleman Q; Steward F (and so throughout the play).
20 **abus'd**, deceived.
26 **very**] Q; *om.* F.

r. 2 **defuse**, disguise.
7 S. D. **Knights**] Q; *om.* F.
18 **eat no fish**, not to be a Catholic.
35 **curious**, intricate.
51 **clotpoll**, thick-head.
61 S. D. **Gentleman**, most editors here insert 'Knight.' The speeches below given to this man are marked 'servant' in Q, 'knight' in F. Dr. Wilfred Perrett, in *Palæstra*, xxxv, 1904, gives good reasons for considering this character, and the 'Gentleman' of I. v.; II. iv.; III. i.; IV. iv.; IV. vi.; IV. vii., to be the same person. On IV. iv. and vi., see the notes below.
75 **jealous curiosity**, jealousy over trifles.
93 **earnest**, handsel, money given to seal a bargain.
95 **coxcomb**, fool's cap, in which cock's feathers were stuck.
.0 **Kent. Why fool?**] Q; *Lear.* Why, my boy? F.
.7 **nuncle**, familiar abbreviation of 'mine uncle.'
25 **brach**, bitch of some hunting dog.
36 **set**, stake.
37 **monopoly out**, patent out of court to be sole fool.
42 **foppish**, easily duped.
58 **frontlet**, band over the forehead, worn to smooth out frowns.
.9 **sheal'd**, shelled.
67 **put it on**, promote it.
68 **allowance**, approval.
80 **tender**, care.
86 **it**, old genitive, its.
87 **darkling** (adv.), in the dark.
89 **Come, sir**] Q; *om.* F.
98 **admiration**, astonishment.
'1 **depend**, be retained.
'2 **besort**, be proper for.
00 **engine**, the rack.
02 **derogate**, dishonored.
03 **teem**, bear children.
12 **untented**, unprobed to the bottom.
17 **at point**, under full arms.
26 **at task**, taxed.

2 **letters**, a letter, Lat. *literae.*
9 **kibes**, chilblains.
8 **crab**, the crab-apple.
35-56 These lines are perhaps spurious interpolations of the fool's impersonator (Steevens, White).

ACT II

51 **loathly opposite**, opposed with loathing.
64 **latch'd**, caught. Q; **lancht**, lanced.
57 **gasted**, frightened.
61 **arch**, chief.
67 **pight**, fixed. **curst**, angry.
68 **discover**, inform against.
69 **unpossessing**, incapable of inheriting.
73 **ay**] Q; *om.* F.
78 **pregnant**, ready. **spurs**] Q; spirits F.
80 S. D. **tucket**, preliminary note on the trumpet. **I never got him**] Q; said he F.
87 **capable**, able to inherit.
89 **strange news**] Q; strangeness F.
99 **consort**, company, of minstrels or other low persons.
100 **ill-affected**, disaffected.
114 **how . . . please**, to the furthest of my authority.
122 **poise**, weight. F reads: prize.

ii. 9 **Lipsbury pinfold**, the pound at Lipsbury; Capell thought this a name for the boxing ring. Lipsbury is not identified; perhaps Kent means, if I had thee in some place where lips are sealed and arms at liberty, etc.
16 **three-suited**, allowed three suits a year.
17 **worsted-stocking**, gentlemen wore silk stockings.
18 **action-taking**, enduring all actions.
19 **superserviceable**, conceited, above one's work.
20 **one-trunk-inheriting**, possessing one trunk only.
35 **sop o' the moonshine**, as we say, wipe up the floor with you. **draw**] Q; *om.* F.
36 **cullionly barber-monger**, gullible frequenter of barber-shops.
41 **carbonado**, cut cross-wise for broiling.
45 **neat**, pure, unqualified.
49 **flesh**, give the first taste of battle.
69 **zed**, Z, still so called in England.
71 **unbolted**, unsifted; lime was either sifted or trodden into powder.
72 **jakes**, privy.
81 **intrinse**, intricate.
84 **renege**, revoke (still used in cards).
halcyon, the king-fisher, supposed to take advantage of every wind, like a vane.
87 **epileptic**, distorted.
89-90 **goose . . . Camelot**, knights of the Round Table sent those whom they conquered to swear allegiance to King Arthur at Camelot. Salisbury (Sarum) Plain, in which Camelot is traditionally set, was famous also for its geese.
104 **his**, its; the man wears frankness to be the opposite of frank.
109 **observants**, obsequious menials.
110 **nicely**, with exactness.
125 **conjunct**] Q; compact F.
129 For attacking (Oswald) whose fall subdued him.
130 **fleshment**, first exploit.
132 **Ajax**, one of the Greeks before Troy, famous for bragging.
158 **good**] Q; *om.* F.
161 **rubb'd**, in bowls, be hindered by obstacles, in the way of the ball.
168-169 **out . . . sun**, goes from good to ill.
176 **enormous**, abnormal, irregular.

iii. S. D. Edgar's entrance during Kent's sleep, like the modern lowering and raising of a curtain

serves to convey the impression of lapse of time from morning to evening between Scenes ii and iv.
10 elf, mat, tangle, supposedly the work of elves.
14 Bedlam beggars, beggars who claim to have been in Bedlam (Bethlehem hospital, the madhouse).
15 mortified, hardened by exposure. bare] Q; *om.* F.
18 pelting, paltry.
19 bans, mad curses, to terrify country people.
20 Turlygod, name for a beggar.
21 nothing, not at all, no longer.

iv. 7 cruel, with a punning allusion to crewel, worsted.
24 upon respect, deliberately.
25 resolve, make clear. modest, becoming.
31 panting] Q; painting F.
33 intermission, the proper interval of time.
35 meiny, household.
54 dolours, griefs; with a quibble on dollars.
56 mother, old name for a disease like vertigo; hysteria.
63 chance, for 'chances it.'
86 perdy, par Dieu.
90 fetches, pretexts.
91 images, indications. flying off, deserting.
107 still, always.
115 remotion, retirement.
123 cockney, cook, used contemptuously.
136 naught, wicked.
142 Than . . . duty, than she (is likely) to fail in dutiful regard. The ellipsis is femininely natural, but not clear, evidently, to Lear (or to many editors).
150 her] Q; his F.
154 sir] Q; *om.* F.
155 house, royalty.
166 taking, malignant, catching (of disease).
170 blast her pride] Q; blister F.
174 tender-hefted, tender-hearted. The meaning of 'hefted' is obscure.
178 sizes, allowances.
194 allow, approves of.
217 knee, kneel before.
219 sumpter, drudge; the sumpter-horse was the packhorse.
227 an] Q; or F.
227 embossed, knotty, lumpy.
248 slack, neglect.
259 well-favour'd, comely.
268 superfluous, unnecessarily provided.
288 flaws, pieces; lit. cracks.
304 ruffle, show violence; rustle Q.

ACT III

1. 6 main, coast.
10 little world, microcosm; man's nature was believed to reproduce in miniature the macrocosm, or universe.
12 couch, lie low, cub-drawn, drawn dry by cubs, and therefore hungry.
24 speculations, spies; the abstract is here used for the concrete.
25 intelligent, giving intelligence.
26 snuffs and packings, quarrels and plots.
29 furnishings, external evidences.
39 plain, complain.
43 A reply evincing distrust.
45 outwall, appearance.
53 pain, trouble (of searching for Lear). Note the extraordinary compression of thought here, and in many other speeches of this play.

ii. 2 hurricanoes, water-spouts.
3 cocks, weather-vanes.
4 thought-executing, executing (Nature's) intention.
5 vaunt-couriers, advance-scouts.
8 germens, seeds. spill, destroy.
18 subscription, obedience.
23 battles, troops in battle array.
27 cod-piece, part of the breeches.
44 gallow, terrify.
50 pudder, turmoil; variant of pother.
54 simular, impostor, impersonator.
58 continents, bonds.
70 art, practical application; properties when applied.
74 and, with mere expletive force, to fill up the line. This song concludes *Twelfth Night*.
80-96 F; *om.* Q. The lines may be spurious farcing by the clown who played the Fool. (Cf. II. v. 55-56 and note thereon.) Satirical prophecies of this kind were ascribed to Merlin, Arthur's magician, and afterwards to Chaucer.

iii. 14 footed, set foot (on earth).
22 forbid, forbidden.
iv. 31 loop'd, full of holes.
35 superflux, superfluous amount.
37 fathom and half, a cry used in soundings at sea.
61 star-blasting and taking, unpropitious stars and catching disease.
65 what] Q; *om.* F.
69 pendulous, overhanging.
77 pelican, in the natural history of the time, the pelican is the type of ungrateful progeny, because fostered on the parents' blood.
94 light of ear, easily credulous.
100 plackets, skirts.
104 Sessa, an exclamation, evidently intended to spur on a horse.
111 sophisticated, adulterated.
112 unaccommodated, unfurnished with necessities of life.
116 naughty, bad (in strong sense).
120 Flibbertigibbet] F; fliberdegibek Q. This is one of the fiends mentioned by Harsnet (See Introduction, on Date).
121 walks, departs. Q reads: walks till the first cock.
122 web and pin, cataract, a disease of the eyes.
125 St. Withold] Theobald; Swithold F. 'old, wold, downs.
129 aroint, avoid.
135 wall-newt, lizard.
140 tithing, parish-district. stock-] Q; stocked F.
144 deer, animals.
146, 149 Smulkin, Modo, Mahu, names of fiends in

Harsnet. Cf. also III. vi. 7, 32; IV. i. 57-61.
34 prevent, anticipate.
37 Child Rowland, Sir Rowland, the name of some old ballad.

. 5 fears, frightens.
11 letter] Q; letter which F.

..13 gentleman to his son, Shakespeare, in 1599, obtained for his yeoman father the right to a coat of arms; this passage, and that in *The Winter's Tale*, V. ii. 150, suggest an indulgent reminder of this ludicrous episode.
23 justicer] Theobald; justice Q.
26 want'st, desirest, or perhaps lackest.
27 bourn] Capell; broom Q. bourn, brook.
30 bench, sit as magistrate.
35 minikin, handsome. Onions' Shakespeare Glossary gives 'shrill.'
44 A proverbial expression. joint-stool, folding-stool.
52 lym, hunting-dog.
53 tike, sheep-dog. trundle-tail, cur.
56 hatch, lower half of 'Dutch door.'
59 horn, carried about for drinking. This expression is perhaps an aside.
60 anatomize, analyze.
63 entertain, employ.
65 Persian, a synonym for gorgeous raiment, from Horace down.
92 and . . . noon, this speech is taken as the Fool's farewell word.
95 sinews, nerves.
..7 He . . . father'd, he suffering from children as I from a father.
.8-120 Note the noise of war, and disclose thyself when false opinion is disclosed and thou restored.

i. 10 festinate, hurried.
11 bound, ready.
17 questrists, inquirers.
26 do a courtesy, yield.
29 corky, dry, withered.
39 quicken, come to life.
40 hospitable favours, features of a host's face.
54 course, attack, in bear-baiting.
31 stelled, starry.
32 holp, old past tense of help.
35 All cruels else subscribe, other cruelties give over.
38 villain, serf.
39 overture, discovery.
91 old, natural.

ACT IV

4 esperance, hope.
6 Things can change from worst only to better.
9 S. D. led by] Q; and an F.
19 Alack, sir] Q; *om.* F.
22 our means secure us, our safeguards make us reckless.
23 commodities, advantages.
43 Then . . . gone] Q; Get thee away F.
54 daub, disguise.
64 mopping and mowing, ducking and grimacing.
71 slaves, treats as a slave.

ii. 28 S. D. Exit] Q; *om.* F.
29 In times past I was more highly regarded. 'It's a poor dog that isn't worth the whistle.'
33 bordered, contained.
39 savour, relish.
42 head-lugg'd, led by the nose.
54 He is a fool who has mercy on a criminal before his commission of crime.
57 to threat] Jennens; thereat Q_1; threats Q_2 (other copies) Q_3.
60 proper, becoming to nature.
62 self-cover'd, covered with another self.
73 remorse, pity.
79 nether, here below, mundane.
85-86 May . . . life, she may pull down all my dreams upon me fatally.
87 S. D. Exit] Q; *om.* F.

iii. This scene is omitted entire from the Folio. It is evidently a merely transitional narrative, scarcely necessary to the action.
10 marshal, trisyllabic.
12 ay sir] Johnson; I say Q.
14 trill'd, trickled.
21 like, a better way, like, but more beautiful.
22 seem'd] Pope; seem Q.
33 clamour moisten'd her] Q, Johnson; clamour-moisten'd White.
36 make] Q; mate Pope. The meaning is the same.

iv. S. D. Gentleman] F; Doctor Q, and elsewhere in scene. See note, I, iv. 51.
3 fumiter, fumitory, a bitter-tasting weed.
4 hardocks, some kind of dockweed.
14 simples operative, herbs effective.
17 aidant, helpful.
26 importun'd] F; importunate Capell. The meaning is the same, produced in importuning.

v. 25 œillades, glances.
29 this note, note of this.
39 him] Q; *om.* F.

vi. 15 samphire, used as a sauce.
19 cock, cockboat.
34 S. D. He kneels] Q; *om.* F.
39 snuff, the useless part of the burnt wick.
41 S. D. He falls forward] *He falls* Q; *om.* F.
42 conceit, imagination.
53 at each, on end.
58 shrill-gorg'd, shrill-throated.
71 enridged] Q; enraged F. whelk'd, twisted.
80 free, happy.
81 safer sense, that is, the sight.
accommodate, provide for.
83 coining] Q; crying F.
87 press-money, money paid as earnest of enlistment.
88 crow-keeper, one who scares off crows.
89 clothier's yard, a full yard.
92 brown bills, halberds.
93 clout, center of the butts.
119 luxury, lechery.

121 **presages snow**, is a mark of chastity.
124 **fitchew**, pole-cat. **soiled horse**, horse turned out at grass.
137 **piece**, masterpiece.
140 **squiny**, squint.
147 **case**, socket.
157 **handy-dandy**, game of guessing something concealed in one hand.
167 **cozener**, impostor.
168 **tatter'd clothes**] F; totter'd rags Q. **Great**] F; small Q.
great, i. e., vices appear great.
172 **able**, qualify, uphold.
178 **impertinency**, irrelevancy.
187 **this**, this is. **block**, shape of hat. Edwin Booth's prompt-book gives S. D. 'Lear takes Curan's hat.'
209 **one**] Q; a F.
214 **vulgar**, commonly known.
217 **main descry**, main body, hourly expected.
229 **boot**, addition.
234 Gloucester here addresses Oswald.
239 Edgar here speaks the Somersetshire dialect. **chill Ich ill**, I will. **vor**, warn.
247 **ballow**, beam. **costard**, head.
251 **foins**, thrusts.
256 **S. D. He dies**] Q; *om.* F.
263 **death'sman**, executioner.
276 **servant**, in love.
278 **will**] F; wit Q.
281 **rake up**, cover.
284 **death-practis'd**, whose death is plotted.
287 **ingenious**, conscious, acute.

vii, scene iii is lacking in F; iv, v, and vi are marked iii, iv, v; but this scene vii returns to the right number.

vii. **S. D. Gentleman**] F; Doctor Q; and elsewhere in scene (but cf. 23). See note, I. iv. 51. Capell gives here S. D. 'Lear on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman and others attending.'
6 **clipp'd**, less. **suited**, dressed.
9 **made intent**, formed plan.
23 **S. D. Kent**] Q_2; Doct. Q_1; *om.* F.
24 **not**] Q; *om.* F. **temperance**, self-control.
32 **warring**] Q; jarring F.
35 **lightning**, probably trisyllabic. **perdu**, forlorn hope.
59 **No, sir**] Q; *om.* F.
65 **mainly**, entirely.
80 **even o'er**, make plain.
97 **period**, goal.

ACT V

i. 6 **doubted**, feared.
26 **bolds**, as it emboldens; **i. e.**, the king's cause does not touch us.
32 **ancient**, veteran part of army.
53 **discovery**, reconnoitering.

ii. 11 **Ripeness is all**, being ready is the main thing.

iii. 3 **censure**, pass judgment on.
18 **packs and sects**, cabals, cliques.
23 **fire**, drive out by smoke from fire.
24 **fell**, skin. **good-years**, a disease.
42 **opposites**, opponents.
47 **retention**, confinement.
65 **immediacy**, immediate relation, closeness.
74 **stomach**, wrath.
76 **walls**, of my person and state.
84 **sister**] Q; sisters F.
85 **bar**] Rowe; bate Q F.
89 **interlude**, farce.
109, 115 Q; F *om.* all except S. D.
117 S. D. Q; *Enter Edgar armed* F.
131 **maugre**, in spite of.
132 **fire-new**, brand-new.
136 **upward**, top.
143 **say, assay**, proof.
151 **mere**] Q; *om.* F.
155 **paper**, Goneril's letter.
160 **S. D. Edm.**] F; *Gon.* Q (*Exit* after this speech)
194 **success**, result.
196 **flaw'd**, cracked.
213 **me**, ethical dative. Theobald emends to 'him.'
230 After this line F has the stage-direction 'Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.' The stage-direction after line 238 is from Q.
255 **fordid**, destroyed.
262 **stone**, glass.
263 **promis'd end**, day of judgment (Capell).
305 **my poor fool**, my poor darling.

MACBETH

THE HISTORICAL MACBETH—Macbeth is a markable example of the triumph of tradition and agination over historical fact. He gained the rone, it is true, by the slaughter of his predecessor, uncan, but his reign (1040-57) was, according to e best authorities, one of unusual order and pros-rity, and he distinguished himself by making many od and useful laws. He apparently represented e Highland and northern interests of the country ainst the southern and Anglicising influences, hich placed Malcolm on the throne by the aid of nglish troops after campaigns extending over three ars.

HOLINSHED—The Macbeth legend was already lly developed when Shakespeare found it in the cond edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1586-7) hich he had used in the English history plays put the stage some years before. Holinshed recounts length the victorious campaigns against the west-n rebels and the Danes, led by Macbeth and Ban-o; their meeting with the three weird sisters; uncan's nomination of his son Malcolm as Prince Cumberland and heir to the throne; the ambition Lady Macbeth, "burning in unquenchable desire bear the name of a Queen"; the slaughter of Dun-n at Inverness, the flight of his sons Malcolm and onalbain, and Macbeth's succession to the Crown; e murder of Banquo and the escape of Fleance; e warning of the three weird sisters to "take heed Macduff" and the assurance given to Macbeth by certain witch "that he should never be slain with an borne of any woman, nor vanquished till the od of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane"; e flight of Macduff and the slaughter of his wife d children; Malcolm's testing of Macduff and their int expedition with Siward into Scotland; the tak-g of boughs from Birnam wood, and Macbeth's ath at the hands of Macduff, who cut off his head d set it upon a pole; Malcolm's crowning at Scone d the elevation of many thanes as earls, the first ard of in Scotla[illegible] Some details of Duncan's mur-r and the portents accompanying it were suggested by Holinshed's account of the assassination of an earlier Scottish king, Duff, and the death of Young Siward is described in Holinshed's history of England. The "touching" for the king's evil is also related by Holinshed in his history of the reign of Edward the Confessor, and Shakespeare probably introduced it out of compliment to King James, who revived the practice immediately after his accession. It was also in compliment to the king that Banquo's complicity in the assassination of Duncan, recorded by Holinshed, was suppressed by the dramatist, and the "show" of eight kings of the house of Stewart introduced, the last being James himself. The king's belief in witchcraft, testified in his *Demonology,* published in 1599, was more subtly flattered by the witch machinery, though the direct suggestion came from the following passage in Holinshed:—

"It fortuned (happened) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed toward Forres, where the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company, save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the midst of a laund (grassy plain) there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said: 'All hail, Macbeth, Thane of Glamis!', for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinel. The second of them said: 'Hail, Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor!' But the third said: 'All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be King of Scotland!'

"Then Banquo: 'What manner of women,' saith he, 'are you, that seem so little favorable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?' 'Yes,' saith the first of them, 'we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall

govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent.' Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, insomuch that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest, King of Scotland; and Macbeth again would call him, in sport likewise, the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is, as ye would say, the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

"For shortly after, the Thane of Cawdor being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Macbeth. The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him and said: 'Now Macbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former (first) sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase (get) that which the third said should come to pass.' Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto, by the divine providence, as it had come to pass in his former preferment."

Shakespeare elaborated the element of supernatural suggestion and made Banquo's loyalty an effective contrast to Macbeth's murderous treachery; but his original contribution to the drama was immensely more than this. He created the characters, the atmosphere of supernatural horror, the poetry and the psychology which have made *Macbeth* one of the world's greatest tragedies.

STAGE HISTORY.—Dr. Simon Forman, the celebrated physician and astrologer, saw *Macbeth* at the Globe on April 20th, 1610, and left a full outline of the plot in his Diary. Pepys saw it repeatedly—once in 1664, again in 1666, and twice in 1667—and commended it as "a most excellent play for variety"—"a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement." It was doubtless the songs and dances of the witches that so diverted Pepys, and there is reason to believe that the interpolation of songs by Middleton, introduced into the play before the publication of the First Folio in 1623 (see notes on III. v and IV. i. 43 *stage direction*) had been enlarged soon after the Restoration by Sir William D'Avenant, though his version was not published till 1673. Garrick in 1744 announced "*Macbeth* as written by Shakespeare," but he retained some of the traditional "embellishments," and introduced a long "dying speech" of his own composition. In the murder scene Garrick's face "grew whiter and whiter," and "every sentiment rose in his mind and showed itself in his countenance before he uttered a word." Mrs. Pritchard, described by Dr. Johnson as "a vulgar idiot," was the Lady Macbeth; it is said that she never read Act V, because she did not appear in it, but her performance was highly prized. It was, however, overshadowed in the annals of the stage by that of Mrs. Siddons, who assumed the part at the age of twenty and made it one of her greatest achievements. Up to 1772 the part of Macbeth was acted in the London theatres in the conventional military uniform and wig of the day, Macklin being the first to introduce the Highland costume which had already been seen on the Scottish stage. John Philip Kemble in 1794 was the first to omit the visible representation of the ghost of Banquo, and his gaze at the empty chair is reported to have been thrilling in its effect of terror. Edmund Kean took part in the witch scenes as a small boy acting the first in a row of goblins (which he contrived to upset) and when he put on the play himself twenty years later he said, "I'll have the witches played properly. The rubbish shall be cleared away; I'll have none of it." Hazlitt said that Kean's acting in the murder scene "beggared description." The next great Macbeth was Macready, possibly the best of all—for he combined high intelligence with great histrionic powers; his Lady Macbeth was Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Theodore Martin) whose sleep-walking scene was greatly admired; but she dreaded and disliked the part, avoiding it whenever she could. Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells in 1847 cleared the text for the first time of traditional accretions, but Charles Kean in a spectacular production in 1852 returned to the older practice. Henry Irving as recently as 1875 was able to make a point of the fact that there was not a line in his version that was not taken from the First Folio. His interpretation of the character was regarded as very revolutionary and was much discussed. On its revival with Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth in 1888, the discussion was renewed, and Irving defended his view in many speeches and articles. The theatrical tradition that Macbeth was a man of honor led astray by his wife was due, in Irving's opinion, to the influence of Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Siddons, who represented her as a masterful, dominant personality. Irving's view was that Macbeth was a cold-blooded, selfish, remorseless villain with a poetic imagination, and t

te of Ellen Terry's Lady Macbeth accordingly be-
me one of "sweet, winning womanliness," which
reased the horror of her part by contrast. The
ting was, in accordance with the Lyceum practice,
great magnificence, and special music was written
the leading English composer of the day, Sir
thur Sullivan. Ellen Terry's portrait as Lady
acbeth was painted by Sargent, and attracted a
eat deal of attention. More recent revivals by
thur Bourchier, Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Patrick
mpbell, and Violet Vanbrugh did not efface the
rlier impression in the minds of London theatre-
ers of the last generation.

The first recorded performance of *Macbeth* in
nerica was at the John Street Theatre, New York,
out 1765. Macready, by his two visits to the
ited States, greatly influenced the American stage
adition; Davenport and Wallack both imitated him,
d Edwin Booth, though he had not seen Macready,
ok the same view of the character. Charlotte Cush-
an's view (regarded at the time as heresy) was
at "Macbeth is the greatgrandfather of all the
owery ruffians," but in acting with Booth she ad-
red to "the big, heavy style" and won great ap-
ause. Her private conception of Lady Macbeth
a "coaxing, purring, velvetfooted, supple hypo-
te" was afterwards presented to the public by
ara Morris, who was physically better suited for
Irving and Terry brought *Macbeth* across the
lantic in 1896, and their presentation was long fa-
liar to the American stage. Another well-known
acbeth—that of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe
was first given at New Haven, after two years of
eparation, in 1910.

In more recent years the American actor most
imately associated with the leading part was James
Hackett. His first attempt (1916) in New
ork (Viola Allen as Lady Macbeth) was some-
at coldly received, but in 1920 after further study
returned to the attack, and the following year
nsferred the production to London (Mrs. Patrick
mpbell as Lady Macbeth) and to Paris, where the
nglish tragic actress, Sybil Thorndike, took Mrs
trick Campbell's place. In the same season New
ork saw three Macbeths—Fritz Leiber, Walter
ampden, and Lionel Barrymore. Hackett revived
e play with Clare Eames in New York in 1924.

No Shakespeare play is so often acted as *Macbeth*,
ser in English or in other tongues. There were
W versions of the play on the Parisian stage dur-
A the season of 1910-11, one of them by Maeter-
k, who had previously "realized" the tragedy be-
fore fifty spectators in the natural setting of his Abbey of St. Wandrille, with Georgette Leblanc as Lady Macbeth. The part is also connected with the names of Bernhardt, Janauschek, Modjeska, Ristori, Krelinger, and many other foreign actresses of distinction. Salvini and Novelli acted Macbeth, but the verdict of English and American critics was in each case unfavorable.

CRITICAL COMMENT—Dr. Johnson must have been nodding when he wrote that this play "has no nice discriminations of character." With the possible exceptions of Hamlet and Shylock, no two Shakespearean characters have been so keenly analyzed by later critics as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and the different views taken have been reflected in the different stage presentations already outlined. No play has been so much discussed by actors; Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Macready, Lady Martin, and Irving have all left on record illuminating accounts of their conceptions of the principal characters. As to the supreme excellence of the tragedy there has been little difference of opinion. Drake, and after him Hallam, adjudged it the greatest of Shakespearean and indeed of all dramas. Among German critics Schlegel and Kreyssig expressed, with more reserve, a similar opinion. More recent criticism has been devoted to a careful analysis of the nature of the Witches as Shakespeare conceived them and the relative importance of "supernatural suggestion" in inciting Macbeth to the murder of Duncan; the degree of Lady Macbeth's influence over her husband and the motives of her encouragement; and the genuineness of certain passages in the play of which the Shakespearean authorship has been questioned. De Quincey's justification of the Porter scene (II. iii) is a classic of Shakespearean criticism, and has been upheld by the weight of subsequent authority.

DATE—The compliments to King James make it clear that the tragedy was composed after his accession (1603) and an upward limit is given by the entry in Forman's diary, April 20, 1610. The Porter's reference to "equivocation" points to a date soon after the trial of Garnet, Superior of the Order of Jesuits, in March, 1606, and this agrees with results of the verse tests, which put *Macbeth* at the end of the great series of tragedies—after *Hamlet, Othello,* and *Lear.*

TEXT—The sole authority is that of the First Folio; the attempts of later editors to remove its corruptions have been indicated in the notes where their importance or interest seemed to demand it.

C.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

[Scene: Scotland, except in IV. iii, where it is the English Court.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scottish Doctor.
A Captain.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
A Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Servants, Attendants, and Messengers.]

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—[*A wild, open place.*]

Thunder and lightning. Enter the Three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
[*Sec. Witch.*] Paddock calls.
[*Third Witch.*] Anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A Camp near Forres.*]

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can re
port,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers, that do cling togethe
And choke their art. The merciless Macdo
wald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him!—from the Western Isl
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smilin
Showed like a rebel's whore: but all's t
weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves
name!—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd s
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders [break],
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;—
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Cap. Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Captain, attended.*]

Enter Ross and Angus.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross
Dun. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*A heath near Forres.*]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
Drum within.

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
[*Dance.*]
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you spea
not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and whic
will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greate

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though tho
be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell m
more.
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdo
lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say fro
whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak,
charge you. *Witches vanish*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has
And these are of them. Whither are the
vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corpora
melted
As breath into the wind. Would they ha
stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do spea
about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it n
so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who
here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbet
The news of thy success; and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
ng. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
oss. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
an. What, can the devil speak true?
acb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
ng. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
acb. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus.*] Thanks for your pains.
To Ban.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?
an. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. [*To Ross and Angus.*] I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*Forres. The palace.*]

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joy
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, kno
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name her
after
The Prince of Cumberland; which honou
must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shi
On all deservers. From hence to Invernes
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd f
you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joy
ful
The hearing of my wife with your approac
So humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdo
Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland
That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erlea
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fire
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to se
Exi
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full s
valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us we
come:
It is a peerless kinsman.
Flourish. Exeun

SCENE V.—[*Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of succes
and I have learned by the perfectest repor
they have more in them than mortal know
edge. When I burned in desire to questio
them further, they made themselves air, int
which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt i
the wonder of it, came missives from the kin
who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" b
which title, before, these weird sisters salute
me, and referred me to the coming on of tim
with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This hav

I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
partner of greatness, that thou mightst not
lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant
of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou
wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ldst
have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou
have it,'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?
ess. The king comes here to-night.
dy M. Thou'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
ess. So please you, it is true. Our thane is
coming;
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
more
Than would make up his message.
dy M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-
full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the accèss and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-
tween
The effect and it! Come to my woman's
breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the
time,
Look like the time. Bear welcome in your
eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the inno-
cent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's com-
ing
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to
come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—[*Before Macbeth's castle.*]

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor. But he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—[*Macbeth's castle.*]

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, [and pass] over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?
dy M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?
acb. Hath he ask'd for me?
dy M. Know you not he has?
acb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
dy M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
acb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
dy M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*Court of Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.
Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the oth senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of bloo
Which was not so before. There's no suc thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one hal world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abu
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murde
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealth pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards h design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-s earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, f fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I thre he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold brea gives. *A bell ring*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ex*

SCENE II.—[*The same.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them dru hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fi Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellma
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited groo
Do mock their charge with snores: I ha drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about the
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there? what ho!

dy M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

cb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

dy M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

cb. When?

dy. M. Now.

cb. As I descended?

dy M. Ay.

cb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

dy M. Donalbain.

cb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

dy M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

cb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

dy M. There are two lodg'd together.

cb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

dy M. Consider it not so deeply.

cb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

dy M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

cb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there; go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knocking within.*)
I hear a knocking.
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. (*Knocking within.*)
Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. (*Knocking within.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*The same.*]

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. (*Knocking within.*) Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. (*Knocking within.*) Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.
[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?
Port. **Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and** urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.
Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.
Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, noble sir.
Macb. Good morrow, both.
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you.
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. *Exit*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

acd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
acb. } What's the matter?
n. }
acd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
acb. What is't you say? the life?
n. Mean you his majesty?
acd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

dy M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
cd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!
dy M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
n. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I have liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood.
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows.
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady.
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*Outside Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good fathe
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled wi man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 't day,
And yet dark night strangles the travellir lamp;
Is't night's predominance, or the day's sham That darkness does the face of earth entom When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesd last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd
Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing mo strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their rac Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flu out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they wou make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said they eat each othe
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mi eyes
That look'd upon't. Here comes the go Macduff.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you no
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloo deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the da
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two so Are stol'n away and fled, which puts up them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most l The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Sc To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

ss. Will you to Scone?
cd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
ss. Well, I will thither.
cd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
ss. Farewell, father.
l M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! *Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Forres. The palace.*]

Enter Banquo.

n. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

net sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth, as queen,] Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies,] and Attendants.

cb. Here's our chief guest.
ly M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
cb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
n. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
cb. Ride you this afternoon?
n. Ay, my good lord.
cb. We should have else desir'd your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome. We will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you!
Exeunt all but Macbeth, and a servant.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Serv. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. *Exit Servant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtl
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous natu
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does recei
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your boson
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my lieg
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the wor
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortur
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody d tance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I cou
With barefac'd power sweep him from sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mi
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his f
Who I myself struck down; and thence it
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lo
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Wit this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselv
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the ti
The moment on't; for't must be done to-nig
And something from the palace; alw thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
1 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*]
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
Exit.

SCENE II.—[*The palace.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. *Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still.
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*A park near the palace.*]

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. (*Within.*) Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*]
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was't not the way?
Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*The same. Hall in the palace.*]

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majest
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all o friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with the heart's thanks.
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the mids
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a mea ure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*
There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he withi
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did f him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; y he's good
That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again; I had else be perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bou in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banqu safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bid
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for th
There the grown serpent lies; the worm tha fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee go to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. *Exit Murder*
Lady M. My royal lo
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-maki
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

ter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

cb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
n. May't please your highness sit.
cb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
ss. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
cb. The table's full.
n. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
cb. Where?
n. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
cb. Which of you have done this?
rds. What, my good lord?
cb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
ss. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
dy M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] Are you a man?
cb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
dy M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]
Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mi
own good,
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no mor
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will
hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'

Lady M. You lack the season of all nature,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange a
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. *Exeun*

SCENE V.—[*A Heath.*]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you lo
angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
Music and a song.
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
Sing within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.
[*Exit.*]
1st Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—[*Forres. The palace.*]

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

L. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further. Only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead.
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, and't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward,
That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harpier cries. 'Tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate [to] the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Dance*] *Music and a song:* 'Black spirits,' &c.
[*Exit Hecate.*]
Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together.
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me.
Enough. *He descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. *Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? *Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, [the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following].

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Fife. Macduff's castle.*]

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself. But for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. [*To the Son.*] My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. *Exit.*
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*]
Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'
[*Exeunt Murderers, following her.*]

SCENE III.—[*England. Before the King's palace.*]

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress.
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! For even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. *Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which, often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted;
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.
Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*]

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take

forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed! *Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night;
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*The country near Dunsinane.*]

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—[*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*]

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*]
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, [senna], or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—[*Country near Birnam wood.*]

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, [*Lennox, Ross,*] *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.
Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—[*Dunsinane. Within the castle.*]

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come.' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
A cry within of women.
What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
[*Exit.*]
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[*Re-enter Seyton.*]

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! Come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—[*Dunsinane. Before the castle.*]

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Exeunt. Alarums continued.

SCENE VII.—[*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
They fight and young Siward is slain.
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.
Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
Exeunt. Alarums.

SCENE VIII.—[*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!
They fight. Alarum.
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit:
'Here may you see the tyrant.'
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcom's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!' *Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Enter, fighting, and Macbeth slain.

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, [the other] thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. Exeunt.

FINIS

NOTES

The text of the play in F (the First Folio) is divided into acts and scenes, but gives no place directions or list of characters.

ACT I

i. 8 *Sec. Witch.* **Paddock calls.** *Third Witch.* **Anon]** Hunter; *All.* Paddock calls anon F.

ii. The turgid rhetoric of this scene has led modern critics to question its Shakespearean authorship.
10 to that, to that end.
13 kerns and gallowglasses, Irish foot-soldiers, light and heavy-armed. This detail is taken from Holinshed.
14 his, Fortune's. **damned,** devoted to destruction. **quarry,** prey. Some editors change the last word to *quarrel,* in the hope of reducing to order a passage which seems hopelessly corrupt or confused.
21 Which. It seems best to take **Fortune** as the antecedent, but some editors prefer **Macbeth,** and others **slave,** varying the interpretation of **him** accordingly.
22 nave, navel.
24 cousin. The mothers of Duncan and Macbeth

were sisters, according to Holinshed, being both daughters of Duncan's predecessor, Malcolm.
25 **whence . . . reflection**, the east.
26 **break**] Rowe; *om.* F.
37 **cracks**, reports, and hence the charges that produce them.
40 **memorize**, make memorable.
Golgotha, 'the place of a skull.' See Matthew XXVII. 33; Mark XV. 22.
47 **seems to**, appears about to.
54 **Bellona's bridegroom**, Mars, according to some editors, though this would not be mythologically correct. It seems more probable that Macbeth is indicated, and that Ross is continuing the account of the same battle. It was from Macbeth, according to Holinshed, that the Danes obtained the privilege of burial at St. Colme's Inch; but the dramatist rolls into one three separate battles recorded in the Chronicles, and the exposition lacks Shakespeare's usual clearness. If Macbeth defeated Cawdor in this engagement, how is it that he speaks of him in the next scene (iii. 73) as 'a prosperous gentleman'?
lapp'd in proof, in full armor.
55 **with self-comparisons**, on equal terms.
57 **lavish**, reckless, insolent.
59 **composition**, terms of peace.
61 **Saint Colme's Inch**, Inchcolm or Inchcomb, a small island in the Frith of Edinburgh, where there are the remains of an abbey dedicated to St. Columb. Inch comes from the Gaelic *innis*, an island.
62 **dollars**, first coined in 1518 in St. Joachimsthal, Bohemia; hence *thaler*.
64 **bosom interest**, intimate affection.
present, immediate. Cf. 'presently.'

ii. 6 **Aroint thee**, the traditional phrase to exorcise a witch. Cf. *Lear* III. iv. 129.
rump-fed, pampered, or perhaps offal-fed.
ronyon, a scurvy, mangy creature.
7 **Tiger**, a common name for a ship. Cf. *Twelfth Night* V. i. 65.
10 **do**, i. e., mischief.
15 **blow**, from (understood).
17 **card**, chart.
20 **pent-house lid**, eyelid.
21 **forbid**, under a curse.
22 **se'nnights**, weeks. Cf. 'fortnight.'
23 **peak**, waste away. Cf. *Hamlet* II. ii. 594. The whole passage suggests the theme of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.
32 **weird**] weyward F. But see the passage from Holinshed quoted in the Introduction.
33 **Posters**, swift messengers.
38 **a day**, perhaps, of battle; or there may be a mystic reference to the last two lines of the first scene.
39 **Forres**] Soris F. Forres is about halfway between Elgin and Nairn, near the Moray Firth.
53 **fantastical**, imaginary.
rapt, carried out of himself, lost in meditation. Cf. line 142.
71 **Sinel**, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; his true name was Finleg.
73 **A prosperous gentleman**. See note on ii. 54.
76 **owe**, own, have.
80 **of**, among, belonging to, part of.
81 **corporal**, corporeal.
84 **on**, of. **insane root**, henbane, supposed to 'breed madness.'
97 **thick as tale**, close as could be counted.
106 **addition**, title, distinction. Cf. III. i. 100.
109 **borrowed**, not my own.
112 **line**, strengthen, support. It is difficult to reconcile this speech with the presence of Angus in scene ii, expressly mentioned in the stage direction before line 45.
114 **wreck**, harm, ruin.
120 **home**, to its full extent.
134 **suggestion**, temptation, as in *Tempest* II. i. 288. The Witches, it should be noted, gave no hint that Duncan would be removed by a violent death.
137 **use**, custom. **fears**, dangers, things feared.
139 **fantastical**, imaginary, as in line 53. The 'murder' is of Macbeth's own imagining. See note on line 134.
140 **single**, simple, as in vi. 16.
function, the power of action.
142 **what is not**, the creation of the imagination.
144 **stir**, action.
149 **favour**, indulgence. Macbeth's last speech suggests the craftiness and treachery of his disposition, as those immediately preceding have indicated his poetic imagination and impressibility.
154 **The interim**, in the interim; or, perhaps, 'the interim having given opportunity for reflection.'

iv. 2 **Those in commission**, apparently Ross and Angus; see ii. 63-66. But it seems impossible to reduce the opening scenes to consistency and clearness. Some critics suggest that the play, as Shakespeare wrote it, began at iii. 30; but some account of Macbeth's previous achievements seems called for.
9 **studied**, trained, prepared.
11 **careless**, unworthy of attention. This description of the death of Cawdor has been compared with Stowe's account of the execution of the rebellious Earl of Essex, which took place in 1601. Shakespeare refers to Essex in *Henry V* V. Ch. 29-34.
14 **An absolute trust**, such as he is about to put in Macbeth.
19 **proportion**, due proportion. Duncan's courtly compliment to Macbeth is noticeably less cordial in tone than his speech to Banquo; and the replies contrast Macbeth's labored insincerity with Banquo's straightforward simplicity of nature.
27 **Safe toward**, to secure, make safe.
34 **Wanton**, unrestrained, going beyond due limits.
35-39 Duncan's idea of guarding against the predominating influence of Macbeth by nominating Malcolm as his successor falls in well with the weakness of the king's character, as Shakespeare has conceived it; but the proclamation and Macbeth's dissatisfaction are both narrated by Holinshed.
42 **Inverness**, where, according to Holinshed, Duncan was slain.

44 Even repose, not spent in your service, is a toil to me.
45 harbinger, officer who goes before to prepare the royal lodging; hence, more generally, herald, as in V. vi. 10.
52 wink at, refuse to see. Shakespeare commonly uses 'wink' in the sense of shutting the eyes.
54-58 During Macbeth's 'aside,' Duncan and Banquo have been exchanging praises of him. It is one of many instances in this scene of 'dramatic irony' where the words have for the spectators a deeper significance than the speaker is aware of.

v. **7 missives**, messengers, as in *Antony and Cleopatra* II. ii. 74.
18 kindness, nature. The misinterpretation of this word in its modern sense probably gave rise to the misconception of Macbeth as a good man led astray by the Witches or by his wife's influence.
21 illness, lack of moral scruple.
24-25 These two lines have given rise to much discussion, and various interpretations have been suggested. The simplest way seems to be to take **That which** and it of line 24 as referring to the crown, and the following **that which** as referring to the murder. Macbeth desires the crown and therefore the means to obtain it; he fears the murder and yet desires its accomplishment.
29 round, circlet or crown, as in IV. i. 88.
30 metaphysical, supernatural.
seem. See note on I. ii. 47.
33-34 These lines are an afterthought, to give a different color to the impulsive exclamation continuing her previous train of thought, with which she greeted the news.
42 mortal, deadly, murderous.
45 remorse, pity, as in *As You Like It* I. iii. 72 and *Tempest* V. i. 76.
46 compunctious visitings of nature, natural feelings of compunction.
47 keep peace, interpose as a peacemaker.
49 for, in exchange for.
50 sightless, invisible.
52 pall, cloak, enshroud.
59 instant, present moment.
60-61 Lady Macbeth's question and Macbeth's reply both convey murderous suggestion, the former directly, the latter indirectly, in accordance with their respective characters.
73 favour, countenance.

vi. **4 martlet**] Rowe; Barlet F.
6 jutty, projection.
7 coign of vantage, corner convenient for building a nest.
13 'ild, yield, reward.
16 single, simple, as in iii. 140 above.
contend Against, counterbalance.
20 hermits, bound to pray for your welfare.
thane of Cawdor, a gracious reference to Macbeth's new title.
22 purveyor, forerunner, the officer sent before to provide.
23 holp, helped.
26 in compt, subject to account.
31 By your leave. The king takes Lady Macbeth's hand and escorts her within.

vii. **St. Dir. Sewer**, the officer who supervised the service at table.
6 shoal] Theobald; Schoole F.
7 jump, risk. Evidently Macbeth's scruples are not altogether, or even mainly spiritual; it is not conscience, but fear of immediate consequences that deters him.
8 still, constantly. **that**, so that, as in line 25.
17 faculties, powers, honors.
23 sightless, invisible, as in v. 50 above.
25-28 This mixed metaphor has been much discussed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Hanmer proposed to add 'side' at the end, but it is obviously understood, and the speech-ending is more effective as interrupted by Lady Macbeth's entrance.
36 dress'd yourself, made yourself ready (for the murder).
45 adage, the proverb 'The cat would eat fish, but she will not wet her feet.'
48 break, suggest, confide. Obviously the enterprise was originally Macbeth's.
52 adhere, agree in offering opportunity. Evidently Lady Macbeth refers to a time before Duncan's visit and therefore before the appearance of the Witches to Macbeth. At that time Macbeth was planning the assassination of Duncan and seeking the occasion for it.
60 sticking-place, a metaphor suggested by a stringed instrument or crossbow.
64 wassail, revelry. The Old English formula for drinking healths was 'waes hael.'
convince, vanquish, overcome.
66 receipt, receptacle, i. e., the brain.
67 limbeck, alembic.
71 spongy, sodden, intoxicated.
72 quell, slaughter.
77 other, otherwise.

ACT II

i. **4 husbandry**, thrift, in allusion to the lack of starlight.
5 that too, some other part of his armor.
14 offices, the part of the castle occupied by the servants.
16 shut up, concluded.
18 will is antecedent to **Which.**
21-29 In this conversation, both Banquo and Macbeth have in mind the possibility of the latter's gaining the crown by foul means.
25 cleave to my consent, fall in with my plans. Macbeth is intentionally vague.
36-37 sensible . . . sight, capable of being felt as well as seen.
46 dudgeon, haft. **gouts**, drops.
53 alarum'd, called to arms.
54 watch, signal that he is on watch or has finished; an allusion to the sentinel's cry.
55 Tarquin, the ravisher of Lucrece.

ii. 1 That which, strong drink.
6 possets, drinks usually taken before bedtime, composed of ale or sherry, hot milk, sugar, and other ingredients.
9 Who's there? what ho. The modern actor makes this a horrible cry, uttered involuntarily by Macbeth in committing the murder or immediately after. Instead of 'Within' the folio stage-direction has simply 'enter Macbeth,' and it may be that in Shakespeare's theatre Macbeth came out on the balcony above the stage to speak these words, as in line 17 of this scene he describes himself as having 'descended.' In any case this short speech is an evidence of extreme nervous agitation.
12 Confounds, overthrows, ruins.
21 sorry, wretched.
25 address'd, made ready. See I. vii. 36.
28 as, as if.
37 sleave, tangled skein of silk.
39 second course, of meat, in Shakespeare's time, pudding coming first.
60-63 The thought and even the wording of this passage have a remarkable likeness to Seneca *Hippolytus* 723-6 and *Hercules Furens* 1330-6. Shakespeare refers to Seneca's tragedies in *Hamlet* II. ii. 419, and probably read them in school or afterwards.
69 left you unattended, deserted you.
70 nightgown, dressing gown. Such luxuries were unknown in the time of the historical Macbeth, but Shakespeare follows the custom of his own age. Cf. *Julius Cæsar* II. ii. 'Enter Cæsar in his nightgown.'
71 watchers, awake.

i. 2 old, plenty of.
7 napkins, handkerchiefs used to wipe away sweat.
10 equivocator. Henry Garnet, Superior of the Order of Jesuits in England, was tried in March, 1606, for complicity in Gunpowder Plot, and the doctrine of 'equivocation' was much discussed.
13 equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocating, or, possibly, equivocate to God, 'Heaven' being the reading of the Folio; but the whole passage is plentifully besprinkled with capital letters in the original. In either case, the Porter is carrying on the idea of his keeping hell-gate.
17 the second cock, three o'clock. See *Romeo and Juliet* IV. iv. 3-4.
23 limited, appointed.
24 obscure, of darkness. See ii. 4 above.
27 Gorgon, Medusa, who turned to stone those who looked at her.
33 great doom, day of judgment.
38 mortality, human life. The 'dramatic irony' of this speech lies in that it is truer than Macbeth himself knows.
47 badg'd, marked.
124, 125, 131. The commentators are divided as to whether Lady Macbeth's fainting is real, or pretended in order to distract attention from her husband. Macbeth's slaughter of the grooms was not part of the plot, and the sudden announcement of it may have startled her; but it seems more probable that she desires to protect Macbeth, who has directed the eyes of all present upon himself. In any case the attention of Macduff and Banquo is called aside for a moment, and Macbeth's labored explanation passes without comment.
132 naked frailties. They are not yet dressed.
137 pretence, intention, on the supposition that the murder of Duncan is part of a treasonable plot.
139 manly readiness, armor. See above, line 132.
146 near in blood, Macbeth, who is next of kin.
148 lighted, reached its aim. Malcolm regards himself and Donalbain, the next heirs, as standing between Macbeth and the throne.

iv. 4 trifled former knowings, made what I have known before appear trifling.
7 travelling lamp, the sun.
15 minions, darlings, favorites. French *mignon*. See I. ii. 19.
28 ravin up, destroy, devour.
31 Scone (pr. *Scoon*), an abbey near Perth, where the ancient Scottish kings were crowned. The sacred stone, said to be that on which the patriarch Jacob dreamed, was in 1296 removed to Westminster.
33 Colmekill, the western island of Iona, where some fifty kings are said to lie buried.
40 benison, blessing.

ACT III

i. 10 S. D. Sennet, a trumpet call announcing the approach of royalty.
13 all-thing, altogether.
14 solemn, ceremonious, official.
44 while, till—a common Shakespearean usage.
57 Cæsar, Octavius. The reference is to a passage in North's Plutarch (*Life of Antony*), which Shakespeare made use of again in *Antony and Cleopatra* II. iii. 17-23 q. v.
68 eternal jewel, immortal soul.
69 common enemy, Satan.
72 champion . . . utterance, fight against me to the last.
80 pass'd in probation, proved in detail, point by point.
81 borne in hand, deluded by false hopes.
cross'd, thwarted.
83 notion, mind.
88 gospell'd, imbued with the spirit of the Gospel.
94 Shoughs, dogs with shaggy hair.
water-rugs, rough water dogs. clept, called.
95 valued file, list distinguishing different values
100 addition, distinction, as in I. iii. 106.
120 avouch, avow, acknowledge.
123 who, frequently used by Shakespeare as an objective.
130 the perfect spy, accurate information.
133 a clearness, to be kept clear myself.
134 rubs, rough places, impediments, as in *Henry V* II. ii. 188; *Richard II* III. iv. 4.

ii. 14 scotch'd] Theobald; scorch'd F. In either case the word means 'cut, hacked.'
32 Unsafe the while, that, we are insecure so long as.

42 shard-borne, with scaly wings.
43 yawning, drowsy.
45 chuck, a term of endearment found also in *Henry V* III. ii. 26 and *Othello* III. iv. 49.
46 seeling, closing up the eyes.
51 rooky, gloomy.

iii. An ingenious, but unsupported theory suggests that the third murderer was Macbeth himself.
6 lated, belated.
10 note of expectation, list of expected guests.

iv. 5 state, chair of state.
14 thee without, outside you. he within, in his veins, or perhaps, Banquo's presence at the feast.
19 nonpareil, without equal.
23 casing, encasing, enveloping.
29 worm, serpent, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* III. ii. 71.
57 extend, increase.
63 flaws, outbursts of passion.
64 to, compared with.
72 monuments, tombs.
73 maws, stomachs.
76 purg'd the gentle weal, purified the commonwealth and made it gentle.
85 muse, wonder.
95 speculation, power to see.
101 arm'd, with a skin like armor.
Hyrcan, Hyrcanian.
105 inhabit, take refuge in a habitation.
113 owe, own, possess.
119 Do not stay to go out in order of precedence.
124 Augures, auguries.
125 magot-pies, magpies.
140 scann'd, examined closely.
141 season, that which seasons or preserves from decay.
142 self-abuse, self-deception.
143 initiate, of the beginner. use, practice.

v. This scene has been suspected to be Middleton's, in whose play *The Witch* the song 'Come away, come away' is given in full. Middleton was writing for Shakespeare's Company from 1615 to 1624. Hecate's speech is not similar in tone or meter to the previous witch scenes, and the conception of the Witches and their relation to Macbeth is different.
2 beldams, hags.
7 close, secret.
15 Acheron, a river of hell in Greek mythology.
24 profound, magical.
32 security, careless presumption.

vi. This scene also creates difficulties. From iv. 132 and v. 16 the time appears to be the same day; yet Lennox already knows about Fleance, and the Lord knows more about Macduff than Macbeth himself (Cf. v. 130-2).
8 cannot. The negative appears to be superfluous; 'can now' has been proposed.
21 broad, outspoken.
38 exasperate, Latin past particle.
their king, the English king. Perhaps it is better to read 'the' and change the reference to Macbeth; but no warlike preparations on Macbeth's part have yet been hinted at.
40 'Sir, not I,' Macduff's answer.
41 cloudy, ominous, foreboding.
me, dative of indirect interest. who, one who.
46 unfold, in the sky.
48 suffering is to be connected with the following line.

ACT IV

i. 1 brinded, brindled.
2 hedge-pig, hedgehog.
3 Harpier, an attendant familiar, whose cry gives the signal that all is ready for the incantation.
8 Swelter'd, sweated, exuded. The toad is said to secrete venom in its skin. See *As You Like It* II. i. 13.
12-17 The owl, snakes, hedgehogs, newts and blindworms are warned away from the Fairy Queen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. ii. 6-11. The newt, a small water lizard, and the blindworm or slowworm are as harmless as the hedgehog.
23 maw, gulf, stomach.
24 ravin'd, ravenous, or, perhaps, glutted with prey.
32 slab, thick, slimy.
33 chaudron, entrails.
St. D. Enter Hecate to] Cambridge; enter Hecate and F.
Three Witches being already present, three more would make six, and the correction is no doubt justified; but the stage direction in V. ii. of *The Witch*, just before the song 'Black spirits and white,' reads 'Enter Stadlin, Hoppo, and other Witches,' and it is possible that the dance in this scene of *Macbeth* was from an early date taken part in by more witches than the three original Shakespearean ones. The full text of the song, as given in Middleton, and incorporated by D'Avenant in his version of *Macbeth* printed in 1673, reads thus:—

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Titty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about!
All ill come running in, all good keep out!

53 yesty, foaming.
55 lodg'd, laid on the ground.
59 germens, germs, seeds.
88 round, crown. See I. v. 29.
93 Dunsinane, here rightly pronounced with the accent on the second syllable; elsewhere Shakespeare throws it on the third.
S. D. the last . . . following] Hanmer; *and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand* F. The change is necessitated by the line below in Macbeth's speech (119). The eight kings are two Roberts and six Jameses, the last being James I of England then reigning. His mother, Mary Stuart, who was exe

cuted by Elizabeth, is omitted. According to the tradition, Fleance escaped to Wales, married a princess there, and had a son who returned to Scotland and became the founder of the House of Stuart, the name being taken from his title of Lord High Steward.

121 **two-fold balls**, a direct compliment to James VI of Scotland and I of England, who united the two kingdoms.

treble sceptres. James proclaimed himself 'King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.'

123 **blood-bolter'd**, covered with clotted blood.

130 **antic**, quaint.

144 **anticipatest**, preventest.

145 **flighty**, swift in flight.

155 **sights**, visions such as those of Banquo's posterity.

i. 4 **make**, make us out.

7 **titles**, possessions to which he is entitled.

17 **fits**, necessities, what is befitting.

19 **hold**, believe, accept.

20 **from**, because of.

30 **sirrah**, a form of address used to women, children, and servants.

36 **they**, i. e., traps. The emphasis is on 'Poor.'

37 **for**, in spite of.

43 **shag-hair'd**] Steevens; shagge-ear'd F.

ii. 4 **Bestride**, defend. See *1 Henry IV* V. i. 122.

birthdom, birthright, or perhaps, land of our birth.

8 **Like**, similar.

10 **to friend**, favorable, as in *Cymbeline* I. iv. 116.

15 **discern**, see something to be gained from him by betraying me. Perhaps we should read 'deserve.'

19 **recoil**, yield, give way.

20 **imperial charge**, a task imposed by a sovereign.

22 **the brightest**, 'Lucifer, son of the morning.' See Isaiah XIV. 12.

24 **affeer'd**, confirmed.

28 **Luxurious**, lascivious—the usual meaning in Shakespeare.

29 **Sudden**, violent.

34 **continent**, containing, restraining.

41 **convey**, enjoy by stealth.

42 **hoodwink**, blind, deceive.

44 **That**, such a.

45 **summer-seeming**, passing away, not deeply rooted.

53 **foisons**, plenteousness.

59 **portable**, bearable.

60 **weigh'd**, counterbalanced.

65 **relish**, discerning, appreciative taste.

69 **Uproar**, confound.

77 **accurs'd**] accust F. Perhaps we should read 'accused.'

83 **blaspheme**, slander.

83 **trains**, plots, devices.

86 **For**, as.

86 **at a point**, fully prepared.

88 **chance of goodness**, fortunate issue.

92 **malady**, scrofula. **convinces**, overcomes.

93 **assay of art**, endeavor of medical science.

good king, Edward the Confessor, whose miraculous powers of healing were recognized by the Pope. Elizabeth referred the cure 'to God and to the physician,' but James was much addicted to the exercise of the gift. The last English sovereign to practise touching for the evil was Anne, to whom Dr. Johnson was brought to be cured of scrofula as a child in 1712. The golden coin hung round his neck by the queen is now in the British Museum.

153 **golden stamp**, the coin called an angel, equivalent to about $25 of our money.

154 **holy prayers**. A special ritual was included in the Book of Common Prayer from 1684 to 1719.

159 **speak**, declare.

160 **countryman**, as seen at a distance by his dress.

170 **modern**, ordinary, commonplace, as in *As You Like It* II. vii. 156.

ecstasy, fit of passion.

174 **nice**, precise, subtle.

176 **teems**, produces.

183 **out**, under arms for a campaign.

184 **witnessed**, made evident, proved.

188 **doff**, do away with.

191 **none**, there is none.

195 **latch**, catch.

196 **fee-grief**, personal grief.

206 **quarry**, slaughtered prey.

209-210 Perhaps an echo of Seneca *Hippolytus* 615. 'Curae leues loquuntur, ingentes stupent.'

212 **must be**, was destined to be.

216 **He**, probably Macbeth, though it has also been taken as referring to Malcolm.

220 **dispute it, contend against it, face it.**

222 **were**, existed.

225 **Naught**, wicked.

229 **convert**, change.

232 **intermission**, delay. **front to front**, face to face.

235 **tune**] Rowe; time F.

236 **power**, forces, troops.

237 **our leave**, to take leave of the English king.

239 **Put on their instruments**, encourage their agents.

ACT V

i. 4 **into the field**, on campaign.

5 **nightgown**. See note on II. ii. 70.

12 **effects of watching**, actions of waking.

23 **guise**, manner.

24 **close**, secret, concealed.

29 **is**] D'Avenant; are F.

31 **rubs her hands**. Cf. II. ii. 46-47 and 64-68.

40 **One: two.** This is generally referred to the signal given by Lady Macbeth that all is ready for the murder of Duncan (II. i. 32-33 and 62-64), but it seems rather to recall the striking of the hour by a clock. Duncan's murder took place between midnight and three; see II. iii. 27 and note thereon.

73-74 **to bed . . . gate**. See II. ii. 65-66.

84 **annoyance**, harm to herself, a hint of the manner of Lady Macbeth's death. See V. viii. 69-71.

86 **mated**, confounded; literally, struck dead, from the chess term 'checkmate' (Arabic sháh mát, the king is dead).

ii. 1 **power**, forces, as in IV. iii. 236.
2 **uncle**, probably a slip on Shakespeare's part. According to Holinshed, Malcolm's mother was Siward's daughter.
5 **mortified**, at the point of death, as in *Julius Cæsar* II. i. 324.
8 **file**, list.
10 **unrough**, beardless, smoothfaced.
18 **minutely**, every minute.
23 **pester'd**, harassed. **to recoil**, for yielding.
27 **medicine**, cure, i. e., Malcolm.
weal, commonwealth, kingdom.
28 **purge**, purification.

iii. 3 **taint**, be infected, as in *Twelfth Night* III. iv. 145.
8 **epicures**, in comparison with the thrifty and hard-living Scotch.
9 **sway**, rule.
10 **sag**, give way, fall down.
11 **loon**, rogue.
15 **lily-liver'd**, cowardly. **patch**, fool.
17 **Are counsellors to**, counsel, produce.
19 **Seyton**. The Setons of Touch are still hereditary armorbearers to the kings of Scotland. See line 36 below.
20 **push**, attack, crisis.
23 **sear**, dry.
35 **moe**, more. **skirr**, scour, ride hastily.
40 **Canst . . . diseas'd**. Another Senecan reminiscence. *Hercules Furens* 1268-9: Nemo polluto queat animo mederi.
42 **Raze out**, erase. **written**, engraved on the mind.
43 **oblivious**, producing forgetfulness.
47 **physic**, medicine.
48 **staff**, of office as general in command.
50 **cast**, examine.
54 **Pull't off**. Perhaps addressed to Seyton, who is putting on the armor.
55 **rhubarb**, the purgative drug.
senna] F_4; Cyme F_1; Cœny F_2 F_3.
59 **bane**, destruction.

iv. 5 **shadow**, conceal.
10 **setting down before't**, laying siege to it.
11 **advantage**, favorable opportunity. Perhaps we should read 'gained' for 'given,' the compositor's eye having caught the given of the next line.
12 **more and less**, people of higher and lower rank.
14 **censures**, opinions, judgments.
15 **attend . . . event**, await the issue.

v. 5 **forc'd**, reinforced.
11 **fell of hair**. See I. iii. 135. The deadening of Macbeth's acute sensibilities is finely imagined.
12 **treatise**, story.
15 **start me**, make me start.
18 **word**, message, tidings.
37 **this three mile**, taken as equivalent to a league. Birnam is twelve miles from Dunsinane.
40 **sooth**, true.
47 **avouches**, avows, asserts.
51 **alarum bell**, the call to arms. See II. iii. 85.
52 **harness**, armor.

vi. 4 **battle**, division of battle.
6 **order**, plan.
10 **harbingers**, heralds. See note on I. iv. 45.

vii. 2 **course**, a bearbaiting phrase; like the 'round' of a prizefighter.
22 **bruited**, noised abroad.
24 **gently render'd**, quietly surrendered.
29 **beside us**, on our side.

viii. 1 **The Roman fool**. Cato of Utica, Brutus, and Cassius committed suicide in defeat.
2 **lives**, living enemies.
9 **intrenchant**, incapable of being cut into.
20 **palter**, shuffle, equivocate.
25-27 Cf. *Tempest* II. ii. 31-36.
S. D. This stage direction exhibits Macbeth as slain on the stage. If so, his body must be supposed to be carried off in the retreat. See line 55 and stage direction just before it.
46 **Had . . . before?** Holinshed tells that Siward asked this question, 'and when it was told him that he received it in the forepart, "I rejoice," saith he, "even with all my heart, for I would not wish either to my son nor to myself any other kind of death."'
52 **parted**, departed. **score**, as at an inn.
S. D. **Macbeth's head**. Some editors add from Holinshed the detail 'on a pole,' but this ghastly exhibition is omitted from modern performances.
56 **pearl**, the Scottish nobility.
63 **earls**. Holinshed mentions Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Lennox, Murray, Caithness, Ross, and Angus as raised to this dignity. The present Duke of Fife is a descendant of Macduff.
75 **Scone**. See note on II. iv. 31.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

PLUTARCH—A single great treasury of the ancient world gave Shakespeare all the materials for his Roman plays. *The Life of Marcus Antonius,* by Plutarch of Chæronea (*c.* 50 A. D.) differs little in purpose from that of Brutus or Coriolanus, or, indeed, any other of the forty-six "parallel biographies"; the tragic force of resistless destiny, and the fatal weakesses of human character, are their themes alike. Plutarch's Antony was a hero ready fitted to a dramatist's hand; his Cleopatra, less completely and certainly less sympathetically portrayed, was still an arresting portrait. All that was needed to make drama of Plutarch's masterpiece was—dramatization. This is all the credit to which Shakespeare may by claim; he realized to the full the dramatic elements latent in Plutarch's *Life of Antony.*

Perhaps no Life of Plutarch's offered more difficulties in presentation on the stage. The vast arena of the conflict for the *imperium;* the great battles by land and sea; the years of protracted bickering; the vere number of great characters would have proved superable difficulties to any but the greatest of playwrights. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the means by which the great panorama of Plutarch is presented upon the Elizabethan stage furnishes possibly the final proof of Shakespeare's mastery of his art. And this is accomplished not so much by the dramatic condensation of scene and heightening of dialogue, as by ignoring the customary sustained treatment of story, concentrating upon poetic power, and revealing intense depths of character.

Half-a-score of years in Plutarch's narrative are given in twelve "days of the stage"; and Antony's years of marriage with Octavia are dismissed. His campaign in Parthia, since it touched neither Cæsar nor Cleopatra, was also passed over. No further liberty with the narrative was taken.

Many details of Plutarch's story were already dramatic in essence; they, and often whole speeches of the characters, were appropriated without subterfuge or evasion by the dramatist. Cleopatra's approach upon Cydnus, and the death-scenes of Antony and Cleopatra are supreme examples of the "freedom of the city" of thought, which is the privilege of genius. These speeches from Plutarch, representing some of the choicest memories of antiquity, are fitted so harmoniously into the original Shakespearean fabric, that no trace of the work can be perceived. This is the true dramatization of history.

It is, then, what Shakespeare contributed to his source that makes the play great. Plutarch emphasized Antony's recklessness and libertinism; Shakespeare shows all this, but still sets forth his manhood. Plutarch gave Cleopatra out to be "a pestilent plague," an utterly cruel and sensual wanton; Shakespeare allowed her all this, and yet makes us feel, when she is present, something of that "grave charm" which took in all who knew her. The poet's sense of fitness was unerring. Cæsar and Octavia, whose prominence might injure the first parts in the play, were subordinated; while Enobarbus was given an unhistorical prominence as the cynic Chorus of the piece. In inventing for this scoffer, who knows but does not follow wisdom, a weak betrayal and a tardy if pathetic atonement, Shakespeare was both more original and more just than most modern dramatists.

No better example of the use of a passage from Plutarch could be given than that telling of Cleopatra's death. A comparison with Shakespeare's scene (V. ii.) will illustrate every process of dramatization.

"Then, having ended these doleful plaints [at the tomb of Antonius], and crowned the tomb with garlands and sundry nosegays, and marvelous lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took

out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marveled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he had told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women: then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit he sent one before in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden. For those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman called Charmion half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra ware upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion?' 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings.' She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see her; howbeit that, when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, 'Art thou there then?' And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Other say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit few can tell the truth. For they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head: and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or of any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only, that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also, that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned, the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvelous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honorable burial. Cleopatra died being eight-and-thirty year old, after she had reigned two-and-twenty years, and governed above fourteen of them with Antonius. And for Antonius, some say that he lived three-and-fifty years; and others say, six-and-fifty."

CRITICAL COMMENT—Critics from the time of Johnson have been at one over the superb poetry of the play, and the power of the character drawing; but there has been doubt upon many sides as to the success of the play as a whole, from the very elements which give it grandeur. Dr. Johnson noted its great power of interest. "This play keeps curiosity always busy and the passions always interested. . . . But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated." Hazlitt thought it "a very noble play," and commenting on the quality of poetic genius, called it "a richness like the overflowing of the Nile." On the other hand Hartley Coleridge spoke of "the general neglect of (the play) by all but students of Shakespeare," and Hudson confessed it was the last of Shakespeare's plays which he had grown to appreciate. F. S. Boas says: "The multiplicity of details is bewildering, and no single event stands out boldly as the pivot on which the catastrophe turns."

The joy of critics, especially since the romantic apotheosis of the courtesan, has centered in Cleopatra. Heine said, "Cleopatra is a woman. She loves and betrays at the same time." Others severely deny the love, but say that Antony was "the supreme sensation." Bradley wisely pointed out the mystery which surrounds her motives. The Seleucus episode and the causes of her suicide are no less puzzling than the reasons for her acts in life. John Masefield comments instead upon the beauty of her death: "Cleopatra is the only Shakespearean woman who dies heroically upon the stage. Her death scene is not the greatest, nor the most terrible, but it is the most beautiful scene in all the tragedies . . . and

those most marvelous words, written at one golden time, in a gush of the spirit, when the man must have been trembling—

> 'O eastern star! Peace, peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
> That sucks the nurse asleep?'

are among the most beautiful things ever written by man."

With this praise from a poet we may contrast the words of a dramatist (Bernard Shaw): "After giving a faithful picture of the soldier broken down by debauchery, and the typical wanton in whose arms such men perish, Shakespeare finally strains all his huge command of rhetoric and stage pathos to give a theatrical sublimity to the wretched end of the business, and to persuade foolish spectators that the world was well lost by the twain."

RELATED PLAYS—French classical tragedy seized upon Antony as proper spoil long before Shakespeare's play. Jodelle's version in 1552 was the first French tragedy. Robert Garnier's *M. Antoine* (1578) was translated by the Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, in 1592. Samuel Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra* (1594), in the French classical style, achieved a seventh edition. *The False One,* by Fletcher and Massinger (1620), deals with the story of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra. It was imitated by Colley Cibber in *Cæsar in Egypt* (1725), and by Bernard Shaw in his *Cæsar and Cleopatra.* Later versions in English, to which Dr. Furness has added numerous others in Italian, French, and German, were those of Thomas May (*The Tragedy of Cleopatra,* 1654), and Sir Charles Sedley (1677).

By far the most famous of Shakespearean adaptations is Dryden's *All for Love, or the World Well Lost* (1678), which supplanted its original upon the English stage until the nineteenth century. Dryden's play possesses every merit of the successful tragedy save that of grandeur of character and the loftiest verse. Lowell said, "*All for Love* is, in many respects, a noble play." It derives its fame chiefly from its concentration upon the single passion of love, which is often scarcely more than sentiment, and from the abundance of passages of great poetic power, though scarcely of dramatic genius.

In structure the contrast between Shakespeare and Dryden is marked. The elements of time, action, number of characters (even Cæsar is omitted), and the imperial background are greatly reduced, with a consequent loss in the main interest of the original play for which "correctness" is but a slight compensation.

STAGE HISTORY—Nothing is known of the early stage history of *Antony and Cleopatra.* Dryden's *All for Love* held the boards from 1678 until 1818. A solitary set of six performances by Garrick was given in the season of 1758-1759, in a version arranged by the editor Edward Capell, but was a disappointing failure. In 1813 a version wrongly attributed to Kemble, "with additions from Dryden," was acted at Covent Garden with Young as Antony and Mrs. Faucit as Cleopatra. Macready in 1833 revived the play with but slight success, Miss Phillips playing Cleopatra. Samuel Phelps, on October 22, 1849, inaugurated the longest run the play has enjoyed, with crowded houses throughout the winter. Miss Glyn's Cleopatra was considered her best character. She repeated this impersonation in 1867 at the Princess Theatre, London. A later venture, by Chatterton at Drury Lane in 1873, was one of those which caused that manager to say that "Shakespeare spelt ruin." Nevertheless Miss Rose Eytinge, in 1878; Kyrle Bellew, in 1889; and Mme. Modjeska in 1898-1899 had successful seasons in America. Sir Henry Irving avoided the play, but Sir Herbert Tree, his successor in London, held a triumphant season in 1906-1907 at His Majesty's Theatre. Miss Constance Collier's Cleopatra, and Mr. Basil Gill's Octavius were highly praised. In this version the death of Enobarbus was omitted; and an attempt at grand spectacular effect was made, not always successfully. E. H. Sothern's revival with Julia Marlowe as Cleopatra, was one of his few failures in Shakespearean production, but the setting with which he opened the New Theatre in New York in 1908 was greatly admired on account of its magnificence. A French version by André Gide was presented at the Paris Odéon in 1920, with special music by Florent Schmitt, the sea-fight being depicted by the orchestra during the change of scene; Ida Rubinstein as Cleopatra gave an admirable impression of "languid oriental capriciousness." A notable New York performance was that of Jane Cowl in 1924, highly appreciated for its competent intelligence, although somewhat lacking in sensuous charm.

In Germany, *Antony and Cleopatra* is rarely played; and the record of performances in England and America proves that the play, if attended with extravagance of modern settings and costume, is likely to be a dangerous experiment. The tragedy has suffered also from the lack of actresses capable

of portraying Cleopatra; Mrs. Siddons, who declined the part, once said "she should hate herself, if she should play the part as it ought to be played."

DATE—"A book called Antony and Cleopatra" was entered in the Stationers' Registers, May 20, 1608, licensed to Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the First Folio of 1623. This is generally held to refer to Shakespeare's play, although *Antony and Cleopatra* was one of the sixteen plays entered just before the publication of the First Folio by Blount and Jaggard, as "not formerly entered to other men," and the necessity for this second entering is a mystery.

TEXT—Despite the entry of 1608 already referred to, no copy is known of any edition before the Folio of 1623. The text of the Folio has been the basis of all subsequent editions, and is here followed. The emendations, references to which appear in the Notes, are chiefly given to the correction of printers' errors; for it appears that the copy supplied to them in the case of this play is above the general level of the Shakespearean text.

M.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[Scene: In several parts of the Roman empire.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Mark Antony, Octavius Cæsar, M. Æmilius Lepidus — triumvirs.

Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo — friends to Antony.

Mæcenas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus — friends to Cæsar.

Menas, Menecrates, Varrius — friends to Pompey.

Taurus, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.

Canidius, lieutenant-general to Antony.

Silius, an officer in Ventidius's army.

Euphronius, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, a Eunuch, Seleucus, Diomedes — attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

Octavia, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.

Charmian, Iras — attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view.
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me; the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.'
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like!
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*]
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger, but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it; [*To the Messenger.*] speak not to us.
Exeunt [*Ant. and Cleo.*] *with their train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!
Alex. Soothsayer!
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.
Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are

Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Booth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage; find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Booth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Booth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my children shall have no names; prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Booth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.
Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Booth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Booth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!
Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.
Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?
Eno. No, lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, madam.
Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
Eno. Madam?
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger [*and Attendants*].

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us. *Exeunt.*
Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay;
But soon that war had end, and the time 's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On;
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Eúphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. *Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!
First [*Att.*] The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?
Sec. [*Att.*] He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger, with a letter.

What are you?
Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Sec. Mess. In Sicyon;
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
[*Gives a letter.*]
Ant. Forbear me.
[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*]
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it;
What our contempts doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly. I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
Ant. Would I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia?
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein that when old robes are worn out, there are

members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea. Our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.—*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does;
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick; quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall.
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go! when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words; no going then!
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change; my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness; can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen;
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear:
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV.—*Rome. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their Train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the ábstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt;
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,

Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome; 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me; now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both;
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper;
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt.*

[ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—*Messina. Pompey's house.*]

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well;
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without-doors; Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wann'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver;
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar,
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cément their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Rome. The house of Lepidus.*]

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia!
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. *Flourish.*
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act; I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet; for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak.
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye; to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again. You shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly; let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon's;
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the mount Misenum.
Ant. What is his strength by land?
Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
Flourish. [*Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]
Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mæc. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.
Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that

The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper; she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*The same. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, [and Attendants].

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by; I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him;
Exit [*Soothsayer*].
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true; the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
Mæc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards; come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now;
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antonio's dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good things! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Strikes him down.
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? Hence,
Strikes him.
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head,
She hales him up and down.
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
Draws a knife.
Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
Exit.
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*]
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter [*Charmian and*] *Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you.
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal; he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em. [*Exit Messenger.*]
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint; O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair; bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*]
Let him for ever go;—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas
[*To Mardian.*]
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*]

Flourish. Enter Pompey [*and Menas*] *at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods: I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.
Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
All. That's our offer.
Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard;
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that; he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now; how farest thou, soldier?
Eno. Well,
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand.
I never hated thee; I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all;
Will you lead, lords?
All. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.
Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.
Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be deni'd what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety. You have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.
Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
Men. No slander; they steal hearts.
Eno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity; Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*]

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir; they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear; what is't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.
Whispers in's ear.
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as

it is, and moves with it own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessels. Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats;
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act; being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer;
But I had rather fast from all, four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha 't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows; sound and be hang'd, sound out! *Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my cap.

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. *Exeunt.*

[ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—*A plain in Syria.*]

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, [with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers;] the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person; Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along! *Exeunt*

[SCENE II.—*Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one; O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. [What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar;' go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
[*Trumpets within.*] So;
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well!
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Oct. My noble brother!
Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.
Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! *Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to. Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian; dull of tongue, and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one.
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian;
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*Athens. A room in Antony's house.*]

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;

Spoke scantly of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts;
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults,
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, [meeting].

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old. What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind [the one] the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.—*Rome. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mæc. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia; she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Who does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle; then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mæc. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd. We should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.
Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience; my dear'st sister!
Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Near Actium. Antony's camp.*]

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy; no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forgo
The way which promises assurance; and

Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well; away!

Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't. So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
[*Can.*] Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VIII.—*A plain near Actium.*]

Enter Cæsar, [and Taurus,] with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll; our fortune lies
Upon this jump. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX.—*Another part of the plain.*]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE X.—*Another part of the plain.*]

Canidius marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld;
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her;
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well;
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.
Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is asham'd to bear me! Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever; I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
All. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone!
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now.
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you—I'll see you by and by.
Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and [*Iras*]; *Eros* [*following*].

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam!
Iras. Madam, O good empress!
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war. Yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;

He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me. O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches.
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is a' come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
Exeunt.

[SCENE XII.—*Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, [Thyreus], with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter [Euphronius], ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
[*Euph.*] Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be't so; declare thine office.
[*Euph.*] Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens; this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
[*Euph.*] Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*]
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra. Promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question; 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony with [Euphronius], the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]
Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attendant.*]
Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly. Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on; right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right; mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit.*
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me; of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter a Servant.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again. The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
Exeunt [*Attendants*] *with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever;
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for I am sure
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Servant with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone!

Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood.
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. *Exit.*

[ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his Army; Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.
Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction; never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No?
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou. You have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
All. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night.
May be it is the period of your duty.
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter a company of Soldiers.

Sold. Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.
Sold. It will determine one way. Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
Sold. Nothing. What news?
Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.
Sold. Well, sir, good night.

They meet other Soldiers.

Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
They place themselves in every corner of the stage.
Sold. Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
Music of the hautboys as under the stage.
Sold. Peace! what noise?
Sold. List, list!
Sold. Hark!
Sold. Music i' the air.
Sold. Under the earth.
Sold. It signs well, does it not?
Sold. No.
Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
[*They advance to another post.*]
Sold. How now, masters!
Speaking together. How now!
How now! do you hear this?
Sold. Ay; is't not strange?
Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1. Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*The same. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, [*Charmian,*] *with others.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros [*with armour*].

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well.
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Despatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
Sold. A thousand, sir,

Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

[*Capt.*] The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that. This way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukeable
[*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.
Exeunt [*Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*Alexandria. Antony's camp.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; [*a Soldier meeting them*].

[*Sold.*] The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
[*Sold.*] Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it.
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings.
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Despatch.—Enobarbus! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.—*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *Exeunt* [*all but Enobarbus*]
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony. For this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger

Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *Exit.*
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee? No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*

[SCENE VII.—*Field of battle between the camps.*]

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa [and others].

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.
[*Retreat*] *far off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VIII.—*Under the walls of Alexandria.*]

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter Cleopatra, [attended].

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them;
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX.—*Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter a Sentry and his company; Enobarbus follows.

[*1. Sent.*] If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
[*2. Sent.*] This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3. Sent. What man is this?
2. Sent. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
1. Sent. Enobarbus!
3. Sent. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]
2. Sent. Let's speak
To him.
1. Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
3. Sent. Let's do so. But he sleeps
1. Sent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
2. Sent. Go we to him.
3. Sent. Awake, sir, awake! Speak to us.
2. Sent. Hear you, sir!
1. Sent. The hand of death hath raught him
Hark! the drums *Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note; our hour
Is fully out.
3. Sent. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. *Exeunt* [*with the body.*]

[SCENE X.—*Between the two camps.*]

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us; order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven; [further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XI.—*Another part of the same.*]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. *Exeunt*

[SCENE XII.—*Another part of the same.*]

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit Scarus.*]
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage!
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!
Exit.

[SCENE XIII.—*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously; hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument!
Exeunt.

[SCENE XIV.—*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs?
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead, then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.
Exit Mardian.
Off, pluck off!
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
Exit Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal, then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me!
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me; do't; the time is come.

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His córrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me!
Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precédent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance.
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*]
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then! thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. *Kills himself.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*]
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, despatch me!

Enter [*Dercetas and*] *Guard.*

1. Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2. Guard. The star is fall'n.
1. Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1. Guard. Not I.
2. Guard. Nor I.
3. Guard. Nor any one. *Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? *Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed; call my guard, I prithee.
Dio. What, ho; the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1. Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

Exeunt, bearing Antony.

[Scene XV.—*The same. A monument.*]

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not;
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, [below,] Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, [below,] Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken; not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight; had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived.
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*]
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*]
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart.
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away!
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
Exeunt; [those above] bearing off Antony's body.

[ACT FIFTH]

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, [Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others,] his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
[*Agr.*] And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mæc. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
[*Agr.*] A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do launch
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world; but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?
Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! *Exit*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]
Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings; go with me, and see
What I can show in this. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A room in the monument.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, [*to the gates of the monument,*] *Proculeius,* [*Gallus, and Soldiers.*]

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but

I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.—

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*]

You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*]

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself; let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee; for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Exeunt Proculeius [*and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't. An Antony it was
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra!
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know't.
Flourish. All [*shout within*] 'Make way there: Cæsar!'

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, [*Seleucus,*] *and others of his Train.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam.
Cleopatra kneels.
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot próject mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world; 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve

Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*]
Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest; still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear queen;—
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep;
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so. Adieu.
Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself; but, hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*]
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this. Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. *Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras; saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never see't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? *A noise within.*
[*Exit Iras.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be deni'd your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, and Clown [*bringing in a basket.*]

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.
Exit Guardsman.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?
Clown. Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.
Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?
Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do; but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.
Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.
Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.
[*Setting down his basket.*]
Cleo. Farewell.
Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.
Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.
Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.
Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.
Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.
Cleo. Will it eat me?
Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.
Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.
Clown. Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o' the worm. *Exit.*

[*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me; now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come!

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base;
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]
What should I stay— *Dies.*
Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play-

Enter the Guard, [*rushing in.*]

1. Guard. Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1. Guard. Cæsar hath sent—
Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*]
O, come apace, despatch! I partly feel thee.
1. Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguil'd.
2. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.
1. Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! *Dies.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
All. [*Within*] A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter Cæsar and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1. Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd, then.
1. Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake;
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown;
The like is on her arm.

1. Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

NOTES

The Folio (F) gives only 'Actus primus, Scœna Prima'; no other division is indicated. The present division, with the indications of place and the dramatis personæ, is the work of Rowe (1709) and later editors.

ACT I

i. 3 files and musters, armies in battle order.
6 front, brow.
8 reneges all temper, abandons all self-control.
12 triple pillar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavius, the triumvirs, divided the dominion of Rome.
16 bourn, limit.
19 them, the news, usually plural in Shakespeare.
23 take in, take captive.
26 dismission, discharge.
28 process, formal command.
31 else so, so at other times.
34 rang'd, ordered.
37 mutual, closely united.
39 weet, know.
42-43 I will pretend Antony is faithful, (though I know) he will never be.
43 stirr'd, governed.
45 confound, waste.
46 stretch, be protracted.
48 ambassadors, messengers.
50 whose] F_2; who F_1.
54 qualities, occupations, or, perhaps, natural gifts.
58 property, behavior, character.
59 still, ever.
60 approves, proves true.
62 rest you happy, God give you happy repose (of mind).

ii. S. D. Note that Rannius and Lucilius, who do not appear elsewhere in the stage directions, have no speeches in this scene. Mardian is also silent.
2 absolute, perfect.
5 charge] Theobald; change F. The reference is to the putting on a marriage wreath, with an equivocal allusion to the mythical horns worn by deceived husbands.
16 fairer, that is, paler; the term is ambiguous.
25-28 A facetious and anachronistic blasphemous reference to the three kings of the East and the Nativity. The speech helped the 'groundlings' to keep the date of the action in mind.
39 fertile] Theobald; foretell F.
40 for a witch, for all the witchcraft thou hast.
66 go, bear children.
67 Isis, chief goddess of Egypt.
70 cuckold, deceived husband.
95 The state of affairs compelled them to be friends.
103 as, as though. Compare this scene with Cleopatra's acts, II. v. 61-65.
105 extended, seized upon.
107 Lydia, Ionia, Roman provinces in Asia Minor.
109 home, straight out, a home-thrust.
114 minds] Hanmer; winds F.
113-115 We grow idle without reproof; reproof is like plowing. **earing**, plowing.
117 Sicyon, near Corinth in Greece.
127 contempts, feeling of contempt.
129 revolution lowering, threatening changes.
141 occasion, cause.
147 moment, cause.
148 mettle, ardent quality.
161 withal, with. **discredited your travel**, made people think you had seen little.
178 broached, opened, begun.
185 expedience, enterprise.
186 leave] Pope; love F.
197 blood and life, hardihood and activity. **Stands up for**, lays claim to be.
198 main, chief, best.
198 quality, party.
199 danger, endanger.
200 courser's hair, the hairsnake is still popularly believed to come from a horse-hair cast in water.
202 place is] place F. **requires**] require F.

iii. 13 sullen, melancholy.
14 breathing, utterance.
32 color, pretense.
36 bent, look.
37 race, flavor, smack (used of wine).
44 use, trust, lent out, but bearing interest.
48 scrupulous, cautious in taking action.
54 particular, personal interest.
55 safe, warrant.
61 garboils, brawls. best, my best one (referring to Cleopatra); or perhaps the best news.
71 affects, the old N. second person singular.
81 meetly, fair, good enough.
82 my] F_2 *om.* F.
84 Herculean, the Antonii claimed descent from Hercules (Plutarch).
85 carriage of his chafe, the bearing of anger.
90 oblivion, forgetfulness. a very Antony, like Antony (i. e., utterly fugitive).
91 am all forgotten, have forgotten all.
92-93 But that you cleverly make wanton pastime your means of favor, I should think you wholly possessed by it.
97 eye, look.

v. 2 natural vice, personal disposition.
3 competitor, partner. our] Heath; one F.
14 purchas'd, obtained otherwise than by inheritance.
22 composure, disposition.
24 foils, blemishes. Many editors correct to soils, with the same meaning.
26 vacancy, unoccupied time.
28 call on, call to account.
31 rate, chide.
33 rebel to judgment, act against their best judgment.
42 A reference to the fable of King Log and King Stork.
44 dear'd] Theobald; fear'd F.
46 lackeying] Theobald; lacking F. The meaning is 'following like a lackey.'
56 wassails, drinking of wassails, healths.
62 stale, urine. These details are from Plutarch.
66 brows'd] F; browsedst Globe.
71 lank'd, grew thin.

, 4 mandragora, the mandrake-juice, of narcotic and other properties.
11 unseminar'd, without seed.
12 affections, mental tendencies, desires.
23 arm, weapon.
24 burgonet, light steel-cap.
36 medicine, doctor, physician.
37 tinct, elixir, the transmuting compound of the alchemists.
41 orient, eastern.
48 arm-gaunt, the meaning, and perhaps the word itself, is doubtful; perhaps 'worn in warfare' is the best rendering proposed.
71 paragon, compare.
78 or I'll, though I must.

ACT II

21 wann'd, turned wan. salt, lewd.
36 prorogue, prolong, weaken by delay.
27 Lethe'd, as if he had drunk the water of Lethe (forgetfulness).
41 warr'd] F_2; wann'd F_1.
45 pregnant, obvious. square, quarrel.
50-51 It is incumbent upon us, vitally, etc.

ii. 4 move, exasperate.
25 curstness, malignancy, ill-humor.
34 derogately, disparagingly.
39 practise on, plot against.
40 question, motive for quarrel.
44 theme, cause, justification.
47 reports, reporters.
50 stomach, wrath.
52 patch, patch together, invent (not the modern patch up).
53 not] Rowe; *om.* F.
60 graceful, favorable.
74 gibe my missive, drive out my messenger with railing.
96 motive, instigator.
102 atone, reconcile.
115 conditions, dispositions.
122 so] Rowe; say F.
123 reproof] Warburton; proof F.
135 fears, causes of fear. which now import their dangers, which become dangerous by their very existence.
167 spoke together, exchanged blows.
179 stayed well by't, kept things going.
211 Nereides, daughters of Nereus, a sea-god.
212, 213 tended . . . adornings, a famous Shakespeare *crux*. We may read: attended her, with glances directed toward her, and graced her by their graceful obeisances.
216 yarely frame the office, readily do the work.
230 ordinary, price charged for a meal at an ordinary (inn).
244 become themselves, are becoming.
245 riggish, wanton.

iii. 6 kept my square, due bounds.
14 motion, inward prompting.
19 demon, attendant spirit.
30 away] Pope; alway F.
35 chance, good luck.
38 inhoop'd, placed within the hoop for fighting.

iv. 6 the] *om.* F.

v. 12 finn'd] Theobald; fine F.
22 tires, head-dress.
28 yield, give out.
38 favour, face.
41 formal, normal.
43 is] Tyrwhitt; 'tis F.
96 Narcissus, beloved of Echo, fell in love with his own beauty.
103 sure of, acquainted with; Antony's deceitfulness.

vi. 7 tall, strong.
13 ghosted, appeared as ghost to.
24 fear, frighten.
26 o'er-count, outnumber.
27 o'er-count, over-reach.

30 **from the present**, beside the point.
55 **counts**, lines used in counting; hence, furrows in the face.
casts, casts up, reckons.
59 **composition**, agreement.
126 **made more**, was stronger argument.
131 **conversation**, conduct.

vii. 2 **plants**, soles of the feet.
5 **alms-drink**, drink beyond his **share**, contributed by others (Collier).
7 **pinch . . . disposition**, bear grudges at each other's conduct.
14 **partisan**, halberd.
18 **disaster**, an astrological term, prove ill to.
20 **S. D. sennet**, trumpet-note of approach.
23 **foison**, plenty.
74 **pales**, surrounds.
100 **reels**, contraction for revels (Furness); but perhaps merely the dance.
103 **strike the vessels**, clink the cups.
107 **possess it**, be master of it.
117 **holding**, burden, refrain.
bear] Theobald; beat F.
121 **pink eyne**, blinking eyes. **pink**, wink, contract.
127 **off**] Rowe; of F.
131 **disguise**, disorder.

ACT III

i. **S. D. Pacorus**, son of Orodes, the king of Parthia.
1 **darting Parthia**, the Parthians were famous for archery, especially for shooting in flight.
2 **Marcus Crassus**, proconsul with Cæsar.
24 **darkens**, obscures.
27 **Sil**] Theobald; *Rom.* F.
34 **jaded**, spurred to fatigue.

ii. 6 **green-sickness**, anemia, peculiar to women.
10 **Agr**] Rowe; *Ant.* F.
12 **Arabian bird**, the phœnix, of which but one was fabled to exist.
20 **shards**, wing-cases.
26-27 As my uttermost bond shall be pledged for thee.
28 **piece**, specimen.
35 **curious**, particular.
51 **S. D. ff.** Note that these asides give scope to the single scene, as the frequent change of scene enlarges the general canvas on which the empire is portrayed.
51 **cloud in's face**, used also of a white mark on a horse, as shown in line 52.

iii. 3 **Herod**, the traditionally fierce Herod of the miracle plays.
22 **station**, standing still.
44 **no such thing**, no such great thing.

iv. 8 **them**] then F.
9 **took't**] Theobald; look't F.
15 **presently**, now.
24 **branchless**, destitute.
27 **stain**, throw in the shade.

v. 6 **success**, sequel.
9 **rivality**, partnership.
13 **up**, all up, done; or perhaps, shut up.
14 **world thou hast**] Hanmer; would thou hadst F.
14 **chaps**, jaws.
16 **the one**] Johnson; *om.* F.

vi. 6 **Caesarion**, son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra. Octavius was Julius Cæsar's grand-nephew and adopted heir.
10 **Lydia**, a Roman province in Asia Minor.
13 **he there**] Johnson; hither F.
16 **Cilicia**, the coastal plain on the south of Asia Minor.
20 **queasy with**, sick of.
25 **rated**, assigned.
29 **being**, being deposed.
60 **pardon**, permission.
61 **obstruct**] Theobald; **abstract** F.
67 **levying**, assembling.
88 **make them**] Capell; makes his F.
93 **large**, licentious.
95 **regiment**, government. **trull**, lewd woman.

vii. 3 **forspoke**, opposed.
5 even if not, since the war is proclaimed against us, etc. Cæsar proclaimed war formally against Cleopatra (Plutarch). Some editors, however, omit the comma after 'not.'
17 **charge**, part of the cost.
37 **ingross'd**, recruited.
39 **yare**, readily manœuvered.
45 **unexecuted**, unused.
52 **head**, headland. Actium is in southern Greece.
58 **power**, army.
61 **Thetis**, a sea-nymph, mother of Achilles.
69 **action**, enterprise.
70 **in the power on't**, in the most promising direction.
73 [Can.] Pope; *Ven.* F.
77 **distractions**, detachments.

viii. 6 **jump**, crisis.

ix. 2 **battle**, battle-array.

x. 2 **admiral**, flagship.
6 **cantle**, part.
9 **token'd**, indicated by tokens (on the skin).
10 **ribaudred**, made up of ribaldry.
14 **breese**, gadfly.
18 **loof'd**, brought head round in the wind.
20 **mallard**, wild duck (male).
37 **in the wind**, with the wind from hunter to game.

xi. 3 **lated**, belated.
18 **loathness**, unwillingness.
39 **lieutenantry**, use of subordinates.
47 **but**, except.
53 **what**, for what; i. e., the fleet.
58 **tow**] Rowe; stow F.
69 **rates**, counts for.

xii. 12 **requires**, begs, asks.
31 **Thyreus**] Theobald; *Thidias* F (and elsewhere).
34 **becomes his flaw**, suits himself to his broken lot.

xiii. 1 **think**, despair.
5 **ranges**, ranks.
8 **nick'd**, cut irregularly, as the hair of fools was clipped.
10 **mered**, single, from mere, to bound.
26 **comparisons**, advantages.
27 **declin'd**, though in a fallen state.
29 **high-battled**, aided by great battalions.
71 **shroud**, protection.
74 **in deputation**, by proxy.
91 **muss**, scramble.
108 **abus'd**, deceived.
110 **boggler**, waverer.
112 **seel**, close by sewing up the lids (practised in falconry).
120 **luxuriously**, lustfully.
124 **quit**, requite.
127 **Basan**, Bashan, a land famous for bulls; Psalms XXII, 12, etc.
157 **points**, tagged laces for attaching the hose to the doublet.
161 **determines**, ends.
163 **memory**, memorials, here, children.
165 **discandying**] Thirlby; discandering F, dissolving.
171 **fleet**, nimbly. **sea-like**, like the sea itself.
180 **nice and lucky**, unconsidering and reckless.
183 **gaudy**, Lat. *gaudium*, a feast.
193 **contend with**, rival.
197 **estridge**, ostrich.
199 **preys on**] Rowe; prays in F.

ACT IV

.. 8 **boot**, profit.

i. 8 **take all**, let the winner take all, equivalent to 'no quarter.'
25 **period**, end.

ii. 16 **Hercules**. Cf. note on I. iii. 84.

v. 2 **chuck**, chick.
3 **mine**] Hanmer; thine F.
15 **tight**, dextrous.
19 **warlike charge**, the position of commander.
22 **trim**, equipment.
32 **mechanic**, base.

. 1 [**Sold.**] Thirlby; *Eros* F.

i. 5 **three-nook'd**, the meaning is obscure. The allusion is to the peace universal when Christ was born.
26 **saf'd**, authorized.
34 **blows**, swells to the point of bursting.
35 **thought**, regret.

ii. 2 **oppression**, trouble.
6 **clouts**, bandages.
9 **bench-holes**, privies.
10 **scotches**, gashes.

iii. 2 **gests**, deeds.
15 **proof of harness**, armor of proof.
21 **nerves**, in the modern sense.
23 **favouring**] Theobald; savoring F.
31 **owe**, own.
37 **tabourines**, military drums.

ix. 13 **disponge**, pour down as from a sponge.
17 **dried**, exhausted.
20 **in thine own particular**, for thyself.
29 **raught**, snatched.
31 **demurely**, with subdued sound.

x. 7 **Further on**] Rowe; *om.* F.

xii. 4 **augurers**] Capell; auguries F.
8 **fretted**, corroded.
13 **triple-turn'd**, thrice faithless.
21 **spaniel'd**] Hanmer; panell'd F.
25 **grave**, sublime.
37 **doits**] Thirlby; dolts F. **doits**, fools.
43 **Nessus**, the Centaur sent Hercules a poisoned shirt.
44 **Alcides**, Hercules.
45 **Lichas**, Hercules' companion.

xiii. 2 **Telamon**, Ajax, who went mad because Odysseus received Achilles' armor.
2 **Thessaly**, where Meleager slew a boar.
3 **emboss'd**, foaming at the mouth from exhaustion.
monument, the tomb of Plutarch.

xiv. 10 **the rack dislimns**, the gauzy veils, used in pageants to appear like clouds, now come off. Cf. line 8.
18 **moe**, more.
39 **battery**, beating.
46 **length**, prolixity, delay.
52 **port**, behavior.
54 **haunt**, popularity.
63 **exigent**, crisis, need.
73 **pleached**, folded.
86 **worship**, honor.
123 **dispos'd with**, come to terms with.
136-138 **by welcoming our punishments, we rob them of their character.**

xv. 4 **our size of sorrow**, the extent of our sorrow.
10 **darkling**, in the dark.
19 **importune**, trouble with a request.
23 **imperious**, imperial.
25 **brooch'd**, adorned.
28 **still conclusion**, sedate determination.
29 **demuring**, looking with quiet triumph.
32 **sport**, the sport of angling; cf. II. v. 10.
38 **where**] Pope; when F.
44 **housewife**, harlot.
65 **pole**, standard.
73 **e'en**] Capell; in F.
75 **chares**, chores, household tasks.
85 **sirs**, used to women as to men.

ACT V

i. 2 **mocks the pauses, makes delay a joke.**
19 **moiety**, part.

28, 31 [Agr] Theobald; *Dol.* F.
31 wag'd, waged war, contended.
36 launch, lance.
39 stall, dwell.
59 live] Rowe; leave F.
63 passion, mourning.
65 her life, her living person.

ii. 3 knave, servant.
6 Death as a warder locks up, that is, ends, adversity, then sleeps, and never tastes again the dross (of ambition), which is the nurse of (feeds) beggar and Cæsar alike. Warburton and others propose 'dug' for 'dung.'
14 care to be, care whether I be.
23 reference, submission.
27 pray in aid, call in help from others, a legal term.
29-30 I acknowledge his supremacy.
50 if I must talk idly.
82 rear'd arm, in heraldry, an arm raised on a crest.
85 quail, cause to quail.
87 Antony] F; autumn Theobald, and most later editors.
92 plates, silver coins.
97 stuff to vie, etc., materials with which to rival fancy.
99 piece, masterpiece. 'gainst, in competition with.
100 condemning, making of no account.
104 smites] Capell; suits F.
121 project, set forth.
125 mitigate rather than emphasize (the necessary humiliation).
126 apply to, attend assiduously to.
135 scutcheons, symbols.
138 brief, summary.
140 not . . . admitted, trifles excepted.
151 follow'd, served.
166 immoment, unimportant.
167 modern, ordinary.
178 answer . . . name, pay for others' faults in our official capacity.
215 scald, scurvy, mean.
220 boy, impersonate though a boy. Boys took women's parts until the Restoration.
240 fleeting, floating.
243 worm, snake.
264 do his kind, act after his nature.
276 dress, season, make ready.
307 intrinsicate, intricate.
311 unpolicied, without sense.
316 what, why.
321 awry] Rowe; away F.
332-333 thoughts touch their effects, fears are realized.
339 levell'd at, aimed at, saw to.
351 toil, net.
358 pursued conclusions, prosecuted experiments.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

The Life of Caius Marcius Coriolanus, written by Plutarch of Chæronea in the first century of our era, treats a figure of legend rather than of history. The story with which his name is linked—a city saved by a mother's appeal to a rebellious citizen—bears the marks of folk-tale rather than of fact. Other historians, however, such as Livy and Dionysius, had given the outline of the story in some detail; and the bare facts seemed sufficiently strong for Plutarch to build upon them an acute and searching study of character-conflict—the aristocrat in a commonwealth. Shakespeare, reading Plutarch's story in Thomas North's translation (1579) of Bishop Amyot's French version (1559), evidently regarded the tale as mere truth, and followed the main plot with strict fidelity.

As in his other historical plays, so here, the task of dramatization fell into three types of invention; the more complete and individual portraiture of the chief character; the reduction and alteration of time and incident; and the development of a harmonious background through subordinate character and incident.

In Plutarch the impatience, arrogance, and self-will of Coriolanus are imputed chiefly to his early training, or rather lack of training. The dramatist suggests this cause, but chiefly conceived the man as proud by nature, temperamentally overpowered by a passion of aristocratic feeling. The justification of this state of mind therefore required as a contrast a debased view of the Roman citizenship. Plutarch's attitude towards the *plebs* is that of a philosopher, writing in the decadent days of the Empire. He does full justice to the courage of the people in fight, and the essential fairness of their struggle for greater civic rights. Shakespeare, in his new account of the temper of Coriolanus, gives him good ground for contempt, in the cowardly and greedy turbulence of the rabble, who have been compared to the Kentishmen of Jack Cade's time. This degradation of the Roman *plebs* may be taken not as the dramatist's own opinion of the social order, but as an adjustment demanded by his new conception of the chief character. Had the alteration not been made, Coriolanus would have been, like Leontes in *The Winter's Tale,* a figure removed from the tragic stage by the absence of motive for his heartless cruelty. As the people are degraded, so the character of Coriolanus is heightened by many happy strokes. The unvarying loftiness of his speech imparts the sense of genius, comparable with that of Hamlet. The devotion of Cominius, his superior in command, and of Menenius, his senior in age and the respect of the people, is an important addition of the dramatist's, removing from the hero the unpleasing trait of Timon-like surliness which is dwelt upon by Plutarch. On the other hand his passions are much more easily moved, and his resentment more lasting and fatal, in the play than in the *Life.* His refusal to show his wounds, and his contemptuous words to the people in soliciting their suffrages, are entirely the dramatist's invention. The fury with which he is willing to sacrifice the lives and goods of friends as well as foes in a general conflagration is equally new; Plutarch's hero made war only to recover Volscian territory, and spared the goods of the nobility. Numerous minor touches in the play make clear Shakespeare's conception of Coriolanus as a man controlled by impulsive feeling rather than by thought, in whose every act there throbs a spirit of unreasonable strain and striving.

The reduction of incident resulted in the combination of the three public uprisings at the opening of the story into a single one (I. i.); the omission of the usual list of omens and portents of disaster; and the shifting, for dramatic irony, of the final catastrophe from Antium to Corioli, the scene of former triumph. In accordance with the needs of dramatic time, the banishment of Coriolanus takes place in the play immediately after his disqualification as consul; in Plutarch this came some time after, and as a result of his attitude on free corn.

Finally, the development of the subordinate elements led to the increase of interest in Volumnia, and to the creation of Menenius, whose place in the drama as a cynical Chorus seems suggested by that of Enobarbus in *Antony and Cleopatra.* The passage given below, if compared with the play

(IV. v.), will illustrate not only, in Coriolanus' speech, the debt of the dramatist in incident and diction, but also, in the reply of Aufidius, the skill with which original invention is blended with the source, and the dramatic unity of the whole is realized.

"For ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he said unto him. 'If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit nor recompense of all the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname; a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard: but pricked forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, whom now I begin to be avenged on, putting my person between my enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it, as my service may be a benefit to the Volsces, promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than ever I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more; then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him, who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee.' Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvelous glad man, and taking him by the hand, he said to him: 'Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou dost us great honor; and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands.'"

CRITICAL COMMENT—Opinions about *Coriolanus* have differed chiefly in proportion to the critic's interest in class conflict. Hazlitt justified what he thought to be the aristocratic tendency of the play by the demands of poetic rather than real justice. "Poetry is right royal. . . . The insolence of power is stronger than the plea of necessity. . . . The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. . . . This is the logic of the imagination and the passions." Gervinus, on the other hand, tried to restore the balance by a study of the character of Coriolanus; and finds in his excessive greatness the cause of his downfall. Dowden expressed the opinion of his time, in calling the subject of the play "The ruin of a noble life through the sin of pride." Masefield has called it "the clash of the aristocratic temper with the world," while Professor Sherman terms it "the tragedy of the uncompromising idealist." Mr. E. K. Chambers blames Volumnia who "has lit and fostered in him that wayward ideal of honor. Of sympathy or of any ethics save those of the camp, she has taught him nothing. . . . Beneath the mask of honor there lurks the subtle sin of egoism, laid bare to us, as in the Sir Willoughby Patterne of later days, by the patient and pitiless insight of the philosopher." Opinions on the merits of the play range at the present time from Max Beerbohm's verdict, "a bad play," to Masefield's "one of the greatest of Shakespeare's creations." Critics are not wanting who still attack the drama as feudal in sentiment and unjust to the theory of democracy. The final word on the subject may properly come from Aufidius (IV. vii.) whose critical opportunities were considerable.

> "So our virtues
> Lie in the interpretation of the time;
> And power unto itself most commendable
> Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
> To extol what it hath done."

The recognition of genius lies at the mercy of public opinion, and the easiest way to destroy true self-respect is the fatal necessity of parading one's own merits. The pain and tragedy of self-advertisement, so common in our time, appear to be, in

the opinion of Aufidius, the real cause of the ruin of Coriolanus.

DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE—Among the greater Shakespearean tragedies *Coriolanus* approaches in its structure more closely to the perfection of regularity than is usual. For this reason the play has been a favorite with students who have analyzed the drama philosophically. It is mentioned first by Gustav Freytag in a list of plays which "contain the most powerful dramatic elements that have ever been created by a Teuton or Saxon." Freytag cites the play also as a "splendid example" of the union of the "climax" and the "tragic force." "In this piece, the action rises from the exciting force (the news that war with the Volscians is inevitable) through the first ascent (fight between Coriolanus and Aufidius) to the climax, the nomination of Coriolanus as consul. The tragic force, the banishment, begins here; what seems about to become the highest elevation of the hero, becomes by his untamable pride just the opposite; he is overthrown. This overthrow does not occur suddenly; it is seen to perfect itself gradually on the stage—as Shakespeare loves to have it—and what is overwhelming in the result is first perceived at the close of the scene. The two points, bound together here by the rapid action, form together a powerful group of scenes of violent commotion, the whole of far-reaching and splendid effect. But also, after the close of this double scene, the action is not at once cut into; for there is immediately joined to this, as contrast, the beautiful, dignified pathos scene of the farewell, which forms a transition to what follows; and yet after the hero has departed, this helps to exhibit the moods of those remaining behind, as a trembling echo of the fierce excitement, before the point of repose is reached." Freytag further points out that the play, after its climax, rises rather than falls in interest, and that its two "great scenes," Coriolanus's reception at Aufidius's house and his meeting with his mother, take place after the catastrophe has been clearly foreshadowed.

STAGE HISTORY—Coriolanus has suffered much in stage adaptation. *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of Caius Martius Coriolanus* was played in 1682. Its author, Nahum Tate, made more than the usual alterations in suiting the tastes of the Restoration audience. His principal addition was the invention of a minor villain, Nigridius; but he also added a "mad scene," for Volumnia, the deaths of Aufidius and Menenius, and the suicide of Virgilia. Tate himself had no illusions about his work:

> "So we our audience charm with noise and rant,
> 'Tis thus we please; and I dare take my oath
> That decency and sense would break us both."

A second adaptation was that of John Dennis, *The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment* (1719). Barton Booth performed this at Drury Lane. Dennis followed Tate in killing Aufidius at the dictate of poetic justice.

James Thomson, the poet, left a tragedy, performed posthumously in 1749 at Covent Garden. His *Coriolanus* was not derived from Shakespeare, nor indeed from Shakespeare's source; but chiefly from Livy and Dionysius. An amalgamation of this lifeless and sophisticated version with Shakespeare was effected by an unknown hand, and played in 1754 at Covent Garden. Thomson's style may be guessed from the words spoken upon the hero's death:

> "'Tis an awful scene,
> Demanding serious solemn meditation."

Another version, with less of Thomson, was acted by John Kemble and his sister, the famous Mrs. Siddons, in 1789, and became the favorite vehicle for their classical and statuesque form of acting. Kemble's Coriolanus was the part which he chose for his farewell appearance in 1817. Three years later Edmund Kean failed in the part, in a version entirely Shakespeare's, though somewhat condensed. His less studied elocution and unimpressive figure did not catch the audience which had praised Kemble. Macready made a great success of the play in 1838, putting on an enormous mob, and making much of the stage scenes depicting the siege of Rome. In America Edwin Forrest gave a dignified and yet impassioned rendering in 1828 and 1864, and carried the play through one of his longest runs in New York City. A statue of Forrest as Coriolanus was executed as his own choice of his best character. Since his time the play has not held the stage. Sir Henry Irving's Coriolanus, put on in 1901, was harshly criticized; and the great actor's elocution was then too feeble to sustain the part. Antoine, the famous Parisian manager, gave the play at the Odéon in 1910; M. Joubé played the title-rôle. But of late years Coriolanus has lacked an interpreter; and it cannot be denied that the temper of the time is out of sympathy with the social background of the play.

DATE—No very strong evidence exists for the date of *Coriolanus*. The general style and treatment of theme go to show that it is to be grouped with *Antony and Cleopatra* and probably later. The proportions of rhyme, weak endings, and other tests of meter offer plausible evidence upon which the years 1608-10 have been assigned as the probable period of composition. The external evidence is of the slightest and may be disregarded.

TEXT—The play was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. The text is often corrupt. The more important emendations will be found recorded in the notes.

M.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

[Scene: Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Caius Marcius, afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Titus Lartius, Cominius, } generals against the Volscians.

Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } tribunes of the people.

Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.

Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.

Valeria, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Rome. A street.*]

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1. Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1. Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. Away, away!

1. Cit. One word, good citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was

for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1. Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations. He hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. *Shouts within.* What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen; why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. Cit. He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

2. Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2. Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2. Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet; suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

2. Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir. Yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, and 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it;
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2. Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

2. Cit. Your belly's answer? What
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what then?
2. Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
2. Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you'st hear the belly's answer.
2. Cit. Ye're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live; and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—
2. Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?
2. Cit. It was an answer; how apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
2. Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost.
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs.
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
2. Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,

The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.
Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice; one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here; what's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

1. Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him; he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true-bred!
[*1.*] *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
1. Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!
Mar. Nay, let them follow.
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners

Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well grac'd, can not
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate-house.*]

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words. I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is.
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent; most likely 'tis for you.
Consider of it.'

1. Sen. Our army's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.
Let us alone to guard Corioli;
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. Sen. Farewell.

2. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

[SCENE III.—*Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*]

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Marcius: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome!' his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy; the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. *Exeunt Ladies.*

[SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*]

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with drum and colours, with Captains and Soldiers, as before the city Corioli. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls of Corioli.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. *Drum afar off.*
Hark! our drums
Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. *Alarum afar off.*
Hark you, far off!
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus;
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you; look to 't: come on!
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds.
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like. *Enters the gate.*
1. Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
2. Sol. Nor I.
1. Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
Alarum continues.

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
1. Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius;
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1. Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
They fight, and all enter the city.

[SCENE V.—*Corioli. A street.*]

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
2. Rom. And I this.
3. Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver. *Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus [*Lartius*] *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius
Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not.
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me; to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity by thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!
[*Exit Marcius.*]
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away!
Exeunt.

[SCENE VI.—*Near the camp of Cominius.*]

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire; believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle;
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius, [behind].

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth; but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.
They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.
O, me alone! make you a sword of me!
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all; the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII.—*The gates of Corioli.*]

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding. If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *Exeunt*

[SCENE VIII.—*A field of battle.*]

Alarum as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius at several doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius
Holloa me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

Here they fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IX.—*The Roman camp.*]

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'rt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison;
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more. My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances. Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—
Which, without note, here's many else have done,—
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland. In token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear
The addition nobly ever!

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no; howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take't; 'tis yours. What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner.
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity; I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. *Exeunt*

[SCENE X.—*The camp of the Volsces.*]

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1. Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1. Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself; nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1. Sol. Will not you go?

uf. I am attended at the cypress grove; I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
Sol. I shall, sir.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND

[SCENE I.—*Rome. A public place.*]

nter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

en. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.
ru. Good or bad?
en. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.
c. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
en. Pray you, who does the wolf love?
c. The lamb.
en. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.
ru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.
en. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
oth. Well, sir.
en. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?
ru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
c. Especially in pride.
ru. And topping all others in boasting.
en. This is strange now; do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?
oth. Why, how are we censured?
en. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?
oth. Well, well, sir, well.
en. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?
Bru. We do it not alone, sir.
Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride; O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!
Bru. What then, sir?
Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.
Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.
Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?
Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.
Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleed-

ing, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's packsaddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus and Sicinius [*go*] *aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

[*Vol. Vir.*] Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night; a letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician. The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much; brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows; Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; and he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm; there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was a enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius

the general, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates; where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Flourish.
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother!
Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! *Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn; O, welcome home:
And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome.
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

Herald. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours;
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy; only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius [*come forward*].
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him; your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him; seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours, which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak; matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*]

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions, as it were in the Capitol.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?
2. *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.
1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.
2. *Off.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness let them plainly see't.
1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.
2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any

further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

sennet. Enter the Patricians and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the consul. Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

en. Having determin'd of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country; therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.
Sen. Speak, good Cominius;
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*]
Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.
We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
u. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
en. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
u. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. *Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.* Nay, keep your place.
1. Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. *Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home; he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport; as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem. His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet; now all's his;
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world. He covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't;
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour! *Flourish cornets. Then exeunt* [*all but*] *Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*]

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3. Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, bu

it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head, but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Cit. Why that way?

Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?
Cor. What must I say?
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you; pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. *Exit.*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
3. Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2. Cit. Your own desert!
Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.
3. Cit. How not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.
3. Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?
1. Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't; I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?
2. Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms; adieu.
3. Cit. But this is something odd.
2. Cit. And 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. *Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the

tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.
[4.] *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.
Cor. Your enigma?
[4.] *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.
Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly. That is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.
[5.] *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.
[4.] *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.
Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.
Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]
Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices.
Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices;
Indeed, I would be consul.
6. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.
7. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul; the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!
All Cit. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*]
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.
He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter the Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
1. *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
2. *Cit.* Amen, sir; to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
3. *Cit.* Certainly
He flouted us downright.
1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully; he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
3. Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,
Here was 'I thank you for your voices; thank you.
Your most sweet voices; now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sic. Have you
Ere now deni'd the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
3. Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
2. Cit. And will deny him;
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1. Cit. I twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election; enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections, and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus,] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will so; almost all
Repent in their election. *Exeunt Plebeians.*
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people.
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. *Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

[SCENE I.—*Rome. A street.*]

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord,
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on; no further
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1. Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Com. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let 's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
1. Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons.
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves; I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1. Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the cannon.
Cor. 'Shall'!
O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't; being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them; the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more;
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason, where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Senators, &c.] We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, ædiles!
All. Down with him! down with him!
Senators, &c.] Weapons, weapons, weapons!
They all bustle about Coriolanus [*crying*]
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay, hold, peace!'
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath; Confusion 's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace! Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
2. Sen. To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Æd. Peace, peace!
Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I'll die here.
Draws his sword.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
[*Citizens.*] Down with him, down with him!
In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
2. Sen. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1. Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself; be gone, beseech you.
[*Com.*] Come, sir, along with us.

[*Cor.*] I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol—
[*Men.*] Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone;
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little. This must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, [and others].
A Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. *A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
2. Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.
1. Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul! what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are péremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry; when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot

Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.
Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since a' could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
1. Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1. Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*A room in Coriolanus's house.*]

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.
[*A Patrician.*] You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so; lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
[*1.*] *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic

For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us. Speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence; all 's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart

A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lull asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice, then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content.
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will. *Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power; if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine;' if death, cry 'Death.'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*]
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with [Senators and Patricians].

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1. Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then; 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further;
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying 'Good morrow.'
Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That doth distribute it; in the name o' the people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates; i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—
Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak;
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—
Sic. We know your drift; speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.
Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, [Menenius, Senators, and Patricians].
Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
[*Citizens.*] Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!
Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
[*Citizens.*] Come, come; let's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.
Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

[SCENE I.—*Rome. Before a gate of the city.*]

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell. The beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle, wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother;
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee; so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand;
Come. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.—*The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home.
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us; keep on your way.
Vol. O, ye're well met; the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go;
Nay, but thou shalt stay too; I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. 'I would he had'! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone;
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
Exeunt Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go;
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Exeunt.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! *Exit.*

[SCENE III.—*A highway between Rome and Antium.*]

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, [meeting].

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me; your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vols. It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em; know you me yet?
Vols. Nicanor? no.
Rom. The same, sir.
Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.
Vols. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.
Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.
Vols. Coriolanus banished!
Rom. Banished, sir.
Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.
Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.
Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,

thus accidentally to encounter you; you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before Aufidius's house.*]

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop; then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies; is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. *Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me;
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. *Exit.*

[SCENE V.—*The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.*]

Music plays. Enter a Servingman.

1. Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. *Exit.*

Enter a second Servingman.

2. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! *Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house! the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

1. Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. *Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

2. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him

3. Serv. What fellow's this?
1. Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house; prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*]
3. Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
3. Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
3. Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
3. Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid; come.
Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. *Pushes him away from him.*
3. Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
2. Serv. And I shall. *Exit.*
3. Serv. Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
3. Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Ay.
3. Serv. Where's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.
3. Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?
Cor. No, I serve not thy master.
3. Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?
Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!
Beats him away. [*Exit third Servingman.*]

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?
2. Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.
[*Retires.*]
Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man; what's thy name?
Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name?
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel; what's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not; thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't; thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in;
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand; most welcome!

Exeunt [*Coriolanus and Aufidius*].

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1. Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

2. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1. Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him; he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1. Serv. He had so; looking as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1. Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2. Serv. Who, my master?

1. Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. Serv. Worth six on him.

1. Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

3. Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

Both Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

3. Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

Both Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?
3. Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.
1. Serv. Why do you say 'thwack our general'?
3. Serv. I do not say 'thwack our general;' but he was always good enough for him.
2. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.
1. Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't; before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.
2. Serv. And he had been cannibally given, he might have boiled and eaten him too.
1. Serv. But, more of thy news?
3. Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears; he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.
2. Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.
3. Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.
1. Serv. Directitude! what's that?
3. Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.
1. Serv. But when goes this forward?
3. Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
2. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.
1. Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.
2. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.
1. Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.
3. Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.
Both. In, in, in, in! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.—*Rome. A public place.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.
Bru. We stood to't in good time. [*Enter Menenius.*] Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late.
Both Tri. Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus
Is not much miss'd, but with his friends;
The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do,
Were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

[*Citizens.*] The gods preserve you both!
Sic. Goo'-den, our neighbours.
Bru. Goo'-den to you all, goo'-den to you all.
1. Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
[*Citizens.*] Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.
Exeunt Citizens.
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes. His raising!
Nothing but his report.
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely;
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cément, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds; for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true;
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Both Tri. Say not we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip. As many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
[*Citizens.*] Faith, we hear fearful news.
1. Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
2. Cit. And so did I.
3. Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay, what else?
Exeunt [*Cominius and Menenius*].
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd.

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
1. Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.
2. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home.
Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go.
Exeunt Tribunes.

[SCENE VII.—*A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*]

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?
Auf. All places yields to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too.
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd; but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power unto itself most cómmendable
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

[SCENE I.—*Rome. A public place.*]

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.

Men. No, I'll not go; you hear what he hath said

Which was sometime his general, who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name;
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so. You have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected; he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well.
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends; his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains.
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon; we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient; if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. *Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II.—*Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.*]

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. Watch. Stay; whence are you?
2. Watch. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well; but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1. Watch. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
1. Watch. You may not pass, you must return; our general
Will no more hear from thence.
2. Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.
1. Watch. Be it so; go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover; I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer. Nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.
1. Watch. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.
Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.
2. Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.
Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.
1. Watch. You are a Roman, are you?
Men. I am, as thy general is.
1. Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.
Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.
1. Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.
Men. I mean, thy general.
1. Watch. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood. Back,—that's the utmost of your having; back!
Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?
Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you. You shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus. Guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [*To Cor.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary country-

men. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others; though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

Exeunt [*Coriolanus and Aufidius*].

1. Watch. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2. Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1. Watch. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2. Watch. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! *Exit.*

1. Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. Watch. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*]

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, [*and others*].

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this?
Shout within.
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, [*in mourning habits,*] *Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sy worth? of those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod, and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; *Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of súpreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already; yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine; if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Young Mar. A' shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Romans,
'This we receiv'd;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away!
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down! an end.
This is the last; so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[*He*] *holds her by the hand, silent.*

Cor. O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,

If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me; for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!
Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.
[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]
Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*]
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you; all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV.—*Rome. A public place.*]

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol, yon corner-stone?
Sic. Why, what of that?
Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.
Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?
Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.
Sic. He loved his mother dearly.
Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.
Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.
Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find. And all this is long of you.
Sic. The gods be good unto us!
Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?
2. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
2. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why hark you! *Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!
A shout within.
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [*Sound still, with the shouts.*]
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
2. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
2. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter two Senators with [Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c.] passing over the stage, with other Lords.

1. Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! *A flourish with drums and trumpets.* [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI.—*Corioli. A public place.*]

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper; having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!
1. Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.
3. Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.
3. Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of;
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his, and took some pride
To do myself this wrong; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1. Con. So he did, my lord.
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.

1. Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home: but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3. Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1. Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; Commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Doth more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1. Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,

Stain all your edges on me. Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Consp. Let him die for 't.
All the people. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'
2. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*The Conspirators*] *draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
1. Lord. O Tullus,—
2. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3. Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1. Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. *Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.*

FINIS.

NOTES

After I. i. the first Folio keeps up only the division into acts. The scene division with directions as to place and the list of *dramatis personæ* are the work of Rowe (1709) and later editors. In North's Plutarch, Corioles is given as the name of the town; and this spelling is usual in F. Corioli is justified only by the modern sense of historical correctness.

ACT I

I. 12 on't, about it.
16 good, in the business sense.
16 surfeits on, is wearied of.
21 object, appearance, spectacle.
22 particularize, bring out in detail.
23 suffrance, suffering.
25 rakes, with a pun on pike, one meaning of which is pitchfork. Cf. 'As lean as a rake.'
27 Caius Marcius, Coriolanus does not receive his title until Act II. i.
28 very dog, cruel.
74 impediment, hindering, obstacles.
78 thither, that is to further excesses.
95 stale] Theobald; scale F.
97 fob off, to put off with deceit.
99 The fable of the belly appears in Plutarch, but is probably derived from Camden's *Remains* published in 1605.
112 from the lungs, heartily.
116 receipt, things received.
122 muniments, furnishings.
124 'fore me, upon my word.
130 you'st, provincial for you should.
141 cranks and offices, winding passages and quarters of service.
142 nerves, sinews.
163 rascal, a lean deer.
worst in blood, in bad condition.
164 vantage, better position.
167 have bale, have the worst of it.
178 virtue, habit.
179 make worthy, praise.
181 affections, desires.
197 side factions, join parties.
199 feebling, enfeebling.
201 ruth, soft-heartedness.
202 quarry, pile of slain game.
204 pick, pitch.
206 lack discretion, 'discretion is the better part of valor'; but these have neither discretion nor valor.
209 proverbs, such as those which follow in the text.
215 generosity, nobility.
217 as, as if.
218 shouting] Pope; shooting F.
emulation, envy.
219 five tribunes, the 'five magistrates' of Plutarch.
222 unroof'd] Theobald; unroo'st F.
224 win upon, get the better of.
226 fragments, ragged rascals.
229 vent, get rid of.
233 to't, to the test.
243 Lartius] Rowe; Lucius F.
251 worthy you, you are worthy.
254 mutiners, mutinous citizens.
272 giddy censure, unconsidering judgment.
276 demerits, deserts.
281 despatch is made, terms are assigned.
282 more than his singularity, besides his usual custom of aloofness.

ii. 4 what, plural.
9 press'd a power, levied an army.
15 preparation, army ready for action.
24 take in, subdue.
28 set down before, besiege.
remove, raze.

iii. 16 bound with oak, in token of having saved the life of a citizen.
32 hither, coming hither.
43 trophy, tablet set up in honor of victory.
46 contemning] Leo; contenning F.
54 housekeepers, stayers at home.
56 fine spot, fine pattern.
65 countenance, resolution.
71 mammocked, tore in pieces.
74 crack, mere boy, forward child.
76 huswife, gossip, idle woman.
92 Penelope, who to delay her suitors during Ulysses' absence from the island of Ithaca, spun by day what she unraveled at night.
117 disease, trouble.
better, by prolepsis; which would be better.

iv. 12 fielded, set forward in the field.
15 lesser than a little, less than none.
17 pound, impound.
25 more proof, resisting better.
26 thoughts, expectations.
47 to the pot, to destruction, a slang phrase.
51 himself alone, entirely alone.
53 sensibly, although possessed of feeling.
57 to Cato's wish, a phrase from Plutarch. Cato's] Theobald; Calves F.
62 remain, stand (noun).

v. 3 murrain, plague.
5 movers, broilers, disturbers.
7 doit, worth a doit, the smallest Dutch coin.
19 physical, wholesome.

vi. 3 retire, retreat (noun).
16 briefly, a moment ago.
17 confound, waste.
25 tabor, drum.
42 inform, speak.
51 battle, battle-array, army.
53 vaward, van.
59 Antiates, Men of Antium. F reads: Antients.
76 me alone, expect me alone as your protection.
83 cause will be obeyed, occasion shall require.
86 ostentation, demonstration without the modern connotation.

vii. 3 centuries, companies.

viii. 4 fame and envy, envied fame.
5 budger, one to stir.
12 bragg'd, progeny, boasted progenitors. Hector was the capital of the Trojans from whom the Romans claimed descent.
15 condemned seconds, damned assistance.

ix. 6 quak'd, frightened.
7 fusty, ill-smelling.
31 tent, probe.
44 soothing, hypocrisy.
45 parasite, hanger on.
46 coverture] Steevens; overture F. Let the silk be used instead of steel.
48 debile, weak.
57 means his proper harm, intends himself harm.
66 addition, title.
72 undercrest, wear as a crest.
77 articulate, arrange the articles of the treaty.
90 By Jupiter! forgot. This line has no original in Plutarch.

x. 5, 6 condition, (a) terms; (b) character.
15 potch, thrust.
16 or, by which either.
18 suffering stain, being eclipsed.
20 fane, temple.
22 embarqements, embargoes.
25 upon my brother's guard, in my brother's protection.
26 hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality.

ACT II

i. 25 censured, talked about.
26 the right-hand file, the nobility, patricians.
32 little thief of occasion, slightest occasion, warrant.
40 single, simple, silly.
51 humorous, crotchety.
56 motion, motive.
60 wealsmen, statesmen.
60 Lycurguses. Lycurgus was the founder of the Spartan State.
63 can't] Theobald; can F.
64 ass, referring to the final syllable of the names.
68 map of my microcosm, appearance of my character.
70 bisson conspectuities, purblind perceptions. bisson] Theobald; beesome F.
77 legs, bows.
79 forset, casket. So F; Rowe reads fosset, tap for a cask.
rejourn, adjourn.
83 mummers, dancers in a masquerade.
92 bencher, attendant.
98 botchers, menders.
101 estimation, estimate.
102 Deucalion, the Noah of Roman legend.
104 god-den, good even.
128 empiricutic, empirical. Galen, the most famous physician of antiquity.
130 horse-drench, drink for a horse.
166 Tarquin, the last king of Rome.
177 nervy, sinewy.
178 advanc'd, raised.
179 Stage Direction. sennet, trumpet call indicating approach.
182 follows] Steevens; follows Martius Caius F.
214 change, variety.
223 rapture, fit.
224 chats, talks about. malkin, kitchen girl. mall = Matilda.
225 reachy, filthy. lockram, a kind of coarse linen.
226-229 Compare *Julius Cæsar*, I. i. 42.
226 bulks, projecting counters outside shops.
227 leads, roofs made of lead.
hors'd, straddled.
228 variable complexions, different ranks.
229 seld-shown, flamens, rarely appearing priests.
232 damask, blush-red, the color of the damask rose.
233 nicely-gawded, daintily treated.
234 pother, turmoil.
244 upon, on account of.
250 napless, threadbare.
257 like, probable.
264 dispropertied, deprived of value.
267 the] Hanmer; their F. provand, provender.
271 touch] Hanmer; teach F.
272 put upon, put to the test.
286 have with you, we will go with you.

ii. 6 vengeance, used adverbially as an oath.
15 in their disposition, of their conduct.
19 waved, would waver.
23 opposite, opponent.
24 affect, desire.
30 bonneted, unbonneted, with cap removed.
41 determin'd of, come to a decision concerning.
44 gratify, repay.
48 well-found, fully proved.
57 motion toward, behavior before.
58 yield what passes, grant what is decreed.
convented, assembled.
59 treaty, in a general sense proposal.
64 off, not to the point.
75 disbench'd, deprived of a seat.
77 sooth'd, flattered.
81 monster'd, exaggerated.
85 one on's] F_3; on ones F_1.
88 valour, the word corresponding to the Latin 'virtus,' virtue.
92 made a head for Rome, raised a force to conquer Rome.
95 Amazonian, beardless.

100 act the woman, a reference to boys, who took the part of women on the Elizabethan stage.
103 waxed, grew famous.
105 lurch'd all swords of the garland, robbed . . . of the prize. In *The Silent Woman* by Ben Jonson (1609) the same expression occurs (V. i.). This fact is held by some to date *Coriolanus* before 1609, since the expression is comparatively rare.
107 speak him home, praise him fully.
111 stem, front; continuing the metaphor of the line above.
112 took, told, counted.
115 painted, colored (with a sword).
116 shunless, unescapable.
117 struck, a term of astrology shed malign influence.
121 fatigate, fatigued.
131 misery, miserliness.
143 pass, avoid.
144 voices, votes.
148 form, custom imposed.
160 require, request.

iii. 21 auburn. F has Abram, an alternate spelling of the time.
31 block-head, mold for a hat.
63 virtues, the virtues preached and so given to the common people.
107 be off, be with hat off.
122 woolvish toge, shaggy garment. F reads: Wooluish tongue; F_2 woolvish gown.
132 moe, more.
146 limitation, time required.
149 anon, immediately.
177 but, except.
192 plebii, members of the Roman plebs.
204 article, condition.
213 rectorship, government.
227 enforce his pride, put his pride forward as an objection.
232 portance, behavior.
235 fault, blame.
labor'd, resented.
251-252 Insertions from the Globe editors.
257 scaling, weighing.
260 putting on, instigation.

ACT III

i. 3 swifter composition, terms more quickly made.
7 ages, life-time.
23 prank, dress up.
24 noble sufferance, endurance of the nobility.
43 repin'd, grudged.
47 sithence, since.
60 rub, hindrance.
63 not now. The speech is given in full in Plutarch.
70 cockle, the darnel a weed.
78 measles, leprosy.
79 tetter, affect with a skin eruption.
84 choler, anger.
89 Triton, Neptune's trumpeter.
90 from the cannon, like a blast blown from a cannon. Other editors read: from the canon, opposed to the law.
91 good] Pope; God F.
92 reckless, heedless. F reads: wreakless.
93 hydra, the many-headed monster slain by Hercules.
95 horn, with reference to Triton's horn.
98 vail your ignorance, cause your ignorance to humble itself.
104-105 the great'st taste most palates theirs, the chief ingredient is of the popular flavor.
129 motive] Singer; native F.
131 bisson multitude, bosom-multiplied F. cf. II, 70, n.
134 poll, number of persons.
143 where one] Rowe; whereon F.
144 gentry, noble birth.
151 fundamental part of state, essence of government.
154 jump a body, risk a body.
175 innovator, rebel.
208 or, either.
213 the rock Tarpeian, from which criminals were hurled to death.
231 naught, ruined.
236 tent, probe as a surgeon.
237 [Com.] F_3; Corio. F_1.
238 [Cor.] Steevens; Mene. F.
240 [Men.] *om.* F.
248 tag, rabble.
275 havoc, the cry 'no quarter.'
286 peremptory, resolute.
304 clean kam, entirely wrong, crooked.
305 merely, entirely.
313 unscann'd, inconsiderate.
322 bolted, sifted.

ii. 7 muse, wonder.
9 woollen vassals, ragged knaves.
12 ordinance, rank.
18 let go, let it pass.
21 thwartings] Theobald; things F.
29 apt, fitted for it.
32 herd] Theobald; heart F.
52 it lies you on, it is encumbent upon you.
55 roted, learned by rote.
57 allowance, acknowledgment.
67 fawn (noun), servile cringe.
75 bussing, kissing.
78 stout, proud.
86 person, personal influence.
99 unbarb'd sconce, unarmored head, top piece.
102 plot, plan, model (of his body).
113 quired, choired, sang.
114 small, thin.
121 surcease, cease.
127 stoutness, pride.
130 owe, possess.
132 mountebank, play the clown.
133 cog, cheat.
144 invention, plot.

iii. 1 affects, desires.
3 envy, malice.
32 piece, piece of money.

33 **bear . . . volume**, bear being called knave often enough to fill a book.
36 **throng**] Theobald; through F.
43 **determine**, end.
55 **accents**] Theobald; actions F.
63 **contriv'd**, plotted.
64 **season'd**, qualified.
81 **capital**, involving capital punishment.
120 **cry**, pack.
121 **reek**, vapor.
130 **but**] F; not Capell.
132 **abated**, humiliated.

ACT IV

i. 4 **extremity**] F_2; extremities F_1.
26 **fond**, foolish.
30 **fen**, marshes; the reference is probably to the crocodile.
33 **cautelous**, crafty.
practice, deceit.
36 **exposture**, exposure.
43 **advantage**, advantageous.
49 **of noble touch**, proved noble.

ii. 16 **mankind**, human.
18 **foxship**, cunning.
24 **Arabia**, the desert.
43 **baited**, teased like a bear.

iii. 9 **favour**, face. **appeared**, disclosed.
24 **aptness**, likelihood.
49 **entertainment**, service.

iv. 22 **interjoin their issues**, let children intermarry.
23 **hate**] Capell; have F.
25 **way**, opportunity.

v. 11 **in being**, for having won the name of.
14 **companions**, fellows, contemptuously used.
41 **canopy**, Heaven.
47 **daws**, jackdaws.
77 **memory**, reminder.
91 **wreak**, vengeance.
92 **maims**, losses (of territory).
97 **canker'd**, decayed.
115 **clip**, embrace.
126 **target**, shield.
131 **fisting**, grasping.
137 **o'er-beat**, overpower.
142 **absolute**, perfect.
157 **gave**, misgave.
198 **scotched**, cut slashes in.
199 **carbonado**, slice of meat ready for broiling.
203 **made on**, made much of.
213 **sowl**, hold by the ears.
214 **Rome gates**, a construction similar to 'London Bridge.'
215 **polled**, bear.
222 **directitude**, a malapropian invention of the servants.
225 **blood**, good condition.
226 **conies**, rabbits.
237 **spritely waking**] Globe; sprightly walking F.
238 **vent**, pluck, spirits used of hounds in cry.
239 **mulled**, drowsy; used of warm spiced wine.

vi. 2 **tame**, without effect. **i'**] *om.* F.
7 **pestering**, overcrowding.
53 **information**, truthful informant.
67 **spacious**, inclusive.
72 **atone**, be reconciled.
96 **apron-men**, workingmen.
97 **voice of occupation**, labor vote.
100 **fruit**; that is, the apples of Hesperides.
117 **fair hands**, fine handiwork.
125 **points**, trumpet calls, command.
134 **coxcombs**, heads.

vii. 6 **own**, own soldiers.
22 **husbandry**, management.
34 **osprey**, the fish-hawk supposed to fascinate the fish, by a look.
35-57 These lines contain the dramatic judgment upon the character of Coriolanus.
43 **cushion**, seat of civil government.
46 **spices**, traces.
48-49 **but . . . utterance**, but his single merit, valor would be enough to outweigh any vice in proper consideration.
49 **virtues**] virtue F.
50 **lie in . . . time**, must be regarded only from the point of view of opportunity.
52 Self-praise is the surest way of destroying self-respect.
55 **falter**] Dyce; fouler F.

ACT V

i. 3 **particular**, personal relation.
16 **rack'd**, made great efforts.
44 **grief-shot**, sorrow stricken.
60 **prove**, test.
63 **sit in gold**, sit in state.
64 **injury**, sense of wrong.

ii. 13 **passable**, usable as a countersign.
17 **verified**, set in true and firm position.
20 **subtle ground**, smooth field for bowling.
21 The metaphor of bowling is continued.
22 **stamp'd the leasing**, coined the lie.
30 **factionary**, a partizan.
47 **dotant**, dotard.
56 **estimation**, high regard.
68 **office**, prevent by use of office.
89 **servanted**, placed in service.
90 **remission**, forgiveness.
104 **shent**, rebuke.

iii. 3 **plainly**, openly.
41 **out**, out of my lines, forgetful.
48 **prate**] Pope; pray F.
51 **impression**, mark.
59 **fillip**, snap with the finger.
63 **holp**] Pope; hope F.
74 **flaw**, storm.
82 **capitulate**, make terms.
176 **reason**, advances argument.

iv. 1 **coign**, corner.
19 **engine**, machine.
52 **sackbuts**, bass trumpet.

vi. 37 **end**, take in the end.
40 **waged**, paid.
countenance, favor.
45 for which all my injuries shall be used against him.
46 **at**, for the price of.
rheum, tears.
50 **post**, messenger.
58 his story told as you would tell it.
67-68 **answering . . . charge**, replying to us with a bill.
84 **compounded**, agreed.
107 **notion**, mind.
116 **flutter'd**] F_2; flatter'd F_1.
126 **judicious**, judicial.

CYMBELINE

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "CYMBELINE"—*Cymbeline* is unique among the plays of Shakespeare, and, except the four greatest tragedies, there is perhaps none of his works which more requires or better repays close study. Superficially reminiscent of *As You Like It* in the cave scenes, of *Othello* in the general nature of the villain's plot, and of *Antony and Cleopatra* in the wide scope that draws into the play both the centre and the uttermost limit of the Roman empire, *Cymbeline* is essentially like none of these dramas; nor has it much more than a mere stylistic kinship with the two other late plays generally grouped with it: *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. Discussion of the source material of *Cymbeline* and many casual impressions of the play concern themselves chiefly with the wager between Posthumus and Iachimo in Act I and the trick by which Posthumus is deceived in Act. II. This is not the part of the work, one may feel certain, which most interested Shakespeare, and it should not be given too great importance if one would properly value the drama as a whole. It may almost be said that the first two acts of *Cymbeline* are anticipatory, like the first act of *Othello*, and that the true interest develops out of Shakespeare's almost wholly original treatment of Imogen in her distress and his marvelous management of the final reconciliation.

THE CHIEF SOURCE: BOCCACCIO—From the ninth story of the second day of Boccaccio's *Decameron* Shakespeare got the rough material for the Posthumus-Iachimo-Imogen story up to the point of Iachimo's cheating of Posthumus by false evidence and the separation of Imogen from Pisanio (III. iv.). Boccaccio relates how Bernard Lomellin (Posthumus) of Genoa, praising the constancy of his wife a little too extravagantly in a company of Italian merchants assembled at a Paris inn, was driven to wager five thousand florins against one thousand upon her ability to withstand the seductions of a professed libertine, "a young fellow called Ambrose of Piacenza" (Iachimo). Three months was set as the period of the trial, and Ambrose departed for Genoa. Finding the lady inaccessible to his advances, he was about to "conclude that he had come thither upon a very foolish errand: but meeting with a poor woman who frequented the house, to whom the lady was very kind, he wrought so far upon her by means of a bribe, that he was carried in a chest, made according to his own direction, not only into the house, but even into the lady's bedchamber; where it was to be left for some days for the greater security, as if the good woman was going abroad. When night came, and the lady, as he supposed, was asleep, he opened the chest with certain instruments which he had carried with him for that end, and went softly into the room, where a light was burning, by which he observed carefully the form and situation of the chamber, and also the pictures, and everything remarkable in it; which he endeavored to keep in his memory. Coming then to the bed-side, and seeing the lady and a little girl that was in bed with her both fast asleep, he found her as beautiful as if she had been dressed; but yet he could perceive no sign to carry away concerning her unless it was a mole upon her left breast: with which being pretty well satisfied, and not daring, from the lady's known character, to presume farther; after being there the greatest part of the night, he took a purse, and also a gown with a ring and girdle; all which he put into his chest, and went into it again, making it fast as before." The chest was later removed, the treacherous old woman paid, and Ambrose "hastened away to Paris with these tokens before the limited time. There he summoned the merchants together, who were present when the wager was laid, declaring to Bernard that he had won, having brought the tokens which he had promised to produce. First, then, he described the chamber and the paintings, and showed those things which he said he had received from herself. Bernard owned that the chamber was as he had described it; and he remembered also that the things which he had brought belonged to his wife; but he added that he might have an account of the room, as well as procure the other things, from some of the servants; therefore, if he could say nothing more, this did not seem sufficient to entitle him to the wager. When Ambrose replied, 'Truly this ought to satisfy you; but since you would have me say

something more, know then that Madam Zineura your wife has a mole upon her left breast.' When Bernard heard this, he was struck to the very heart, and his countenance changed in such a manner, as to convince them, if he had not said another word, that Ambrose spoke truth; and after some time he replied, 'Gentlemen, what Ambrose says is true; and as I own myself to have lost, he may come when he pleases and I will pay him.'

"The money therefore was paid the next day, and Bernard set out for Genoa most cruelly incensed against his wife; and being come to a country-house of his about twenty miles off, he sent a servant whom he could trust with a couple of horses and a letter to her; wherein he acquainted her with his return, and that he would have her come away along with the servant; whom he had charged at the same time, as soon as he came to a fit place, to put her to death, and repair to him. His servant delivered the letter to his mistress, who received the news with great joy; and the next morning she set forwards with him. As they traveled along, talking of divers things by the way, they came into a solitary vale surrounded with trees, which the servant thought a fit place for the execution of his master's orders: therefore, drawing a knife out of his pocket, and taking the lady by the arm, he said, 'Madam, commend your soul to God, for here you must die.' . . . The lady wept, and said, 'Alas! do not murder me, who have never injured you, for the sake of another person: God is my witness, who knoweth all things, that I never did anything to deserve this from my husband; but, setting that aside, you may, if you please, serve God, your master, and myself, in this manner; namely, do you take my clothes, leaving me only your hat and doublet, and carry them to my lord and yours, telling him that you have killed me; and I swear, by that life for which I shall be indebted to you, that I will go where neither he, you, nor any person in this country shall ever hear more concerning me.'" The servant consents willingly to this suggestion, and Zineura in masculine disguise enters the service of a Catalonian gentleman. The rest of the story shows no similarity to Shakespeare's except in the fact that ultimately, in very different ways, the heroine is restored to her repentant husband and the villain's guilt exposed.

KINDRED TALES—It will surprise no one at all familiar with medieval fiction that the general features of this narrative—the wager over the constancy of a faithful wife and the ultimate triumph of wronged virtue—should be instanced from all parts of Europe. The theme is only a kind of combination of the old stories of Lucrece and Susanna, and the wise critic will hardly try to prove mutual dependence between the different forms in which the obvious idea has been presented. There appears now no reason to assume that Shakespeare knew any version of the story except that of Boccaccio, which he must presumably have read either in Italian or in French translation, no English rendering of the time being recorded. A tale which records somewhat similar incidents concerning English characters of the period of the Wars of the Roses cannot be proved to have existed earlier than the appearance of a book called *Westward for Smelts* in 1620, ten years after the play was written. Three thirteenth century French romances, two in verse (*Roman de la Violette, Roman du Comte de Poitiers*) and one in prose (*Du roi Flore et de la belle Jeanne*); and a French miracle play (*Un Miracle de Notre Dame*) can hardly have come to Shakespeare's knowledge. All the works named omit important features of the story which Boccaccio's novel shares with *Cymbeline,* and the improbable assumption that they were known to the poet would not at all affect the certainty that he derived from Boccaccio the particular version of the story which he dramatized.

HOLINSHED—It was an original idea of Shakespeare to set the tale in the reign of the British King Cymbeline, Kymbeline, or Cunobelinus, whose sovereignty is still attested by coins dating from the first half century after Christ. In Holinshed's Chronicle the poet found the history of Cymbeline and his two sons Guiderius and Arviragus, of whom the elder, after his father's death, withheld the Roman tribute and waged war against the Empire. Except this incident, transferred by the dramatist from the son's reign to the father's, there was little that Shakespeare cared to use save proper names, of which Mr. Boswell-Stone (*Shakespeare's Holinshed*) suggests that thirteen were taken over into the play. The most important plot device borrowed from the chronicler came, not from the account of Cymbeline, but from Holinshed's narrative of the Scottish king Kenneth in another part of the book, where Kenneth's battle against the Danes is reported to have had precisely the same miraculous progress as that in which Posthumus, Belarius, and Cymbeline's two sons turn the tide against the Romans.

DATE—The composition of *Cymbeline* between 1609 and 1611 is strongly indicated by the character of the style and metre, which belong to Shakespeare's latest method and associate the play particularly

closely with *The Winter's Tale.* Substantiation of this date is found in the manuscript "Book of Plays and Notes thereof," which describes dramas witnessed by Dr. Simon Forman in 1610 and 1611. Forman gives the following summary of the plot of *Cymbeline:* "Of Cymbeline King of England. Remember also the story of Cymbeline, king of England in Lucius's time; how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute and being denied, [Octavius] after sent Lucius with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford-Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of three outlaws of the which two of them were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old by an old man whom Cymbeline banished, and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cloten that was the queen's son, going to Milford-Haven to seek the love [*i.e.,* lover] of Innogen king's daughter, whom he [Cymbeline] had banished also for loving his daughter. And how the Italian that came from her love convoyed himself into a chest and said it was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the king. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth of it, and viewed her in her bed and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c. And in the end how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken prisoner and after revealed to Innogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel and fled to meet her love at Milford-Haven, and chanced to fall on the cave in the wood, where her two brothers were; and how by eating a sleeping dram they thought she had been dead and laid her in the wood, and the body of Cloten by her in her love's apparel that he left behind him, and how she was found by Lucius, &c." Unfortunately, Forman has neglected to affix to this entry the usual indication of the day on which he saw the play alluded to, but the approximate period is clear enough from the other entries in the book. The *Cymbeline* notice occurs between a discussion of *The Winter's Tale,* which Forman saw May 15, 1611, and one of *Macbeth* dated April 20, 1610. It is interesting, incidentally, that in the quoted passage Forman calls the heroine of *Cymbeline* Innogen. Under that form the name occurs in Holinshed and in the stage direction at the opening of *Much Ado about Nothing,* where Innogen is the wife of Leonato as in *Cymbeline* Imogen is wife of (Posthumus) Leonatus.

TEXT—The text of *Cymbeline* is very unsatisfactory. The only early authority is the 1623 Folio which gives *Cymbeline* the last place in the volume and incorporates an unusual number of printer's errors, either because of the haste of the compositors or from the natural difficulty in comprehending the highly metaphorical and arbitrary syntax of Shakespeare's latest manner. The textual obscurity is much aggravated by the presence of non-Shakespearean lines. Though the bulk of the drama is indubitably genuine, there occur several detached passages and one entire scene (V. iv.) which seem out of keeping with the poet's thought and unworthy of him.

STAGE HISTORY—Under date of Jan. 1, 1633, the record of Sir Henry Herbert, Charles I's Master of the Revels, notes: *"Cymbeline* was acted at Court by the King's Players. Well liked by the King." An effort to adapt the play to Restoration taste, prepared by Thomas Durfey under the title of "The Injured Princess, or the Fatal Wager," published in 1682 "as it was acted at the Theatre-Royal by his Majesty's (Charles II's) Servants," is one of the most extraordinary of all the seventeenth century perversions of Shakespeare. Only six of the original names are retained, and not a shred of the original character. Posthumus is rechristened Ursaces and Imogen Eugenia. Every possible device of brutal violence which might appeal to jaded theatrical appetites is added, and the play degraded to boisterous and grotesque melodrama. An Oxford Professor of Poetry, William Hawkins, left the original less irrecognizable in his *"Cymbeline.* A Tragedy altered from Shakespeare. As it was performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden" (1759), but the plot is nevertheless regularized and the poetry "improved" unmercifully. Another adaptation was made by David Garrick, and yet another in connection with performances in 1777, when Samuel Reddish acted Posthumus. Garrick's Posthumus was "pronounced one of his finest performances"; that of John Kemble, first presented Nov. 21, 1785, and the Imogen of the famous Mrs. Jordan (1762-1816) were likewise "perfect" in the adulatory language of the early nineteenth century. The Garrick version of the play was presented by Hallam at Philadelphia, May 25, 1767, and subsequently with great applause through the various colonial towns of America. The Imogen of this production, Miss Hallam, so fired the dramatic critic of the *Maryland Gazette* at a performance in Annapolis, Aug. 30, 1770, that he appended to his prose eulogy a poem of twelve stanzas, beginning:

"Hail, wondrous maid! I grateful hail
Thy strange dramatic power;
To thee I owe that Shakespeare's tale
Has charmed my ears once more."

In 1823 Edmund Kean played Posthumus at the Drury-Lane Theatre and Charles Kemble in 1827 at Covent-Garden, the description of costumes and division of rôles on both occasions being preserved. Kean's son Charles revived the play both in England and America, and other notable performances were given about the middle of the nineteenth century by Macready and the noted Shakespearean revivalist, Samuel Phelps. The greatest of all recorded Imogens, with only the possible exception of Ellen Terry, was Helen Faucit (1817-1898), later Lady Martin, whose fame in this part was barely equaled by that of her Rosalind in *As You Like It*. In 1857 Henry Irving, not yet arrived at his full fame, played with her in the rôle of Pisanio. After 1872, when Miss Henrietta Hodson played Imogen at the Queen's Theatre, no London performance of *Cymbeline* seems to have been given till 1896 when Sir Henry Irving acted Iachimo at the Lyceum Theatre to the Posthumus of Frank Cooper and the superb Imogen of Ellen Terry.

Great performances of *Cymbeline* were given in New York in 1877 with Adelaide Neilson as Imogen, and again in 1888 with Helena Modjeska in the same part. Other revivals followed: at Wallack's Theatre, 1897, with Margaret Mather, and at the Astor, 1906, with Viola Allen in the chief rôle. In England the play has been not infrequently acted since 1900 by the companies of Ben Greet, Sir F. R. Benson, and Charles Fry, and more recently by the "Old Vic" company under the direction of Miss Lillian Baylis. The newly reorganized Shakespearean company of Stratford-upon-Avon produced *Cymbeline* with much approval at the Birthday Festival, April, 1920, Stanley Lathbury being particularly praised as Cloten. The most brilliant modern presentation was doubtless that which opened at the New Theatre, London, September, 1923, with Miss Sybil Thorndike in the part of Imogen. A synchronizing revival in New York (October, 1923) by the Sothern and Marlowe company was praised for the staging, which attempted an approach to Elizabethan methods; but the declamation and action of the play were found tedious.

CRITICAL OPINION—The magnet which attracts to *Cymbeline* the unswerving admiration of all sympathetic readers is the character of Imogen. "Of all Shakespeare's women," says Hazlitt, "she is perhaps the most tender and the most artless," and other writers have but echoed the sentiment. The most deeply appreciative and original of all the extended analyses of her character is found in the book "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters" (1885) by Lady Martin, who as an actress had most magnificently identified herself with the part. The tendency of the less catholic critics to find in their sympathy for Imogen matter for vindictive outcryings against Posthumus is largely due to defective understanding of Elizabethan feeling and of Shakespeare's dramatic method. The character of Imogen is wholly of Shakespeare's making; the actions, if not the character, of Posthumus are hypotheses necessary to the plot and invented not by the poet but by Boccaccio. Undoubtedly the Elizabethans so understood them. The distortion in the modern attitude is well corrected by Sir Walter Raleigh (*Shakespeare*, 1907, p. 140): "Shakespeare moves in a larger scheme of things, where the sun rises on the evil and on the good. He finds it easy, therefore, to accept his story as a kind of providence, and to abide by its surprising awards. Why did he create so exquisite a being as Imogen for the jealous and paltry Posthumus? He has the precedent of nature, which makes many strangely assorted matches; and he does not greatly care what we think of Posthumus."

Charm and technical skill, rather than psychological intensity or regular workmanship, are the distinctive qualities in *Cymbeline*. The unique impression which the drama makes even among the other late works of Shakespeare is wonderfully sketched by Hazlitt: "*Cymbeline* is one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's historical plays. It may be considered as a dramatic romance, in which the most striking parts of the story are thrown into the form of a dialogue. . . . The reading of this play is like going a journey with some uncertain object at the end of it, and in which the suspense is kept up and heightened by the long intervals between each action. Though the events are scattered over such an extent of surface, and relate to such a variety of characters, yet the links which bind the different interests of the story together are never entirely broken. The most straggling and seemingly casual incidents are contrived in such a manner as to lead at last to the most complete development of the catastrophe. The ease and conscious unconcern with which this is effected only makes the skill more wonderful."

B.

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE

[Scene: Cymbeline's court in Ancient Britain; Rome; Wales in the vicinity of Milford-Haven.

NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

Cymbeline, king of Britain.

Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband.

Posthumus Leonatus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius, Arviragus, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.

Philario, friend to Posthumus, Iachimo, friend to Philario, } Italians.

Caius Lucius, general of the Roman forces.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a physician at the British court.

Philarmonus, a Roman soothsayer.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

Helen, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, British Lords and Gentlemen, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, Gaolers, and other attendants. Apparitions.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.
2. Gent. But what's the matter?
1. Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
2. Gent. None but the king?
1. Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
1. Gent. And why so?
2. Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.
1. Gent. You speak him far.
2. Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.
1. Gent. What's his name and birth?

2. Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in's spring became a harvest, liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
2. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1. Gent. His only child.
He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2. Gent. How long is this ago?
1. Gent. Some twenty years.
2. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1. Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2. Gent. I do well believe you.
1. Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
Exit.
Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,

Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vild one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! *Exit* [*with Lords*].
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.
Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The same. A public place.*]

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

1. Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.
Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?
2. Lord. [*Aside*] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.
1. Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.
2. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.
Clo. The villain would not stand me.
2. Lord. [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.
1. Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.
2. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!
Clo. I would they had not come between us.
2. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.
Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!
2. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.
1. Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
2. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.
Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!
2. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.
Clo. You'll go with us?
1. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
2. Lord. Well, my lord. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was his queen, his queen!
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.
I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—[*Rome. Philario's house.*]

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.
Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.
French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.
Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.
French. And then his banishment.
Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?
Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.
French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.
Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.
French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.
Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.
French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement

of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—[*Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. *Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*]
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. *Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.

Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
Exit.

SCENE VI.—[*Another room in the palace.*]

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.
[*Presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I

Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Imo. Reads. 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust— LEONATUS.'
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgement,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. *Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will's free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do—

I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd
With tomboys hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.
Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device; and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.
1. Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?
Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!
2. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.
1. Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.
Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?
1. Lord. One of your lordship's pages.
Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?
2. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.
Clo. Not easily, I think.
2. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.
Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.
2. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.
[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'ld make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
Exit.

SCENE II.—[*Imogen's bedchamber: a trunk in one corner of it.*]

Imogen in her bed, [*reading;*] *and a Lady.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*]
To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye.
Sleeps. Iachimo [*comes*] *from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[*Taking off her bracelet.*]
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
Clock strikes.
One, two, three: time, time!
Exit [*into the trunk*].

SCENE III.—[*An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*]

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1. Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1. Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.'

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.
[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen. *Exeunt* [*all but Cloten*].

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks*] By your leave, ho!
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. *Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister, your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*]

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity
(T' accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.
Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—
Clo. 'His garment!'
Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search.
[*Exit Pisanio.*]
Clo. You have abus'd me:
'His meanest garment!'
Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. *Exit.*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd:
'His meanest garment!' Well. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—[*Rome. Philario's house.*]

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And there withal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*]
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!

Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thank her) that.
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*]
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn—
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something— *Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won.
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.—*The same.*]

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that [have a] name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.
Exit.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribb'd and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame.' With shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should

we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold.
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome!' *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Another room in the palace.*]

Enter Pisanio, reading of a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*]
'Do't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel. Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you: [*Aside*] and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*]

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.

This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me; my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
Exeunt [*Guiderius and Arviragus*].
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck;' even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—[*Country near Milford-Haven.*]

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. reads. 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.
Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls [blind] first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience: fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir: I desire of you

A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace!
Queen. And you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
Exit Lucius, &c.
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exeunt Messengers.*]
Queen. Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Mess. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! *Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after. *Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my son!
Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!
Exit Queen.
Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but

Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is there? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio [*with the clothes*].

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is

the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. *Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!
Exit.

SCENE VI.—[*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Imogen alone [*in boy's clothes*].

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! *Exit* [*to the cave*].

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.
Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'ld buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'ld change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus 's false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—[*Rome. A public place.*]

Enter two Roman Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
1. Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2. Sen. Ay.
1. Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1. Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their despatch.
1. Tri. We will discharge our duty.
Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Wales: near the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his

mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit.

SCENE II.—[*Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the cave.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how!
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'ld say
'My father, not this youth.'
Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health. So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
Th' imperious seas breeds monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray; be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots In characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.
Fight and exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius [*with Cloten's head*].

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'ld fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. *Exit.*
Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange

What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. *Solemn music.*
Bel. My ingenuous instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen, [as] dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!
Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it, then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;

And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin. [*Exit Belarius.*]
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
Exeunt. Imogen awakes.
Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murther in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,

All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*]

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, and't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her. [*Exit Lord.*]
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.
Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
Exeunt [*all but Pisanio*].
Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain

Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—[*Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I: amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*Britain. The Roman camp.*]

Enter Posthumus, alone [*with a bloody handkerchief*].

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.
Exit.

SCENE II.—[*Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.*]

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door; and the Britain Army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.
Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken. Then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground:
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.
Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Posthumus and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry.

Post. Still going? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord! O noble misery,
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two [British] Captains and Soldiers.

1. Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.
2. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1. Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.
Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, [Soldiers,] and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler [then exeunt omnes].

SCENE IV.—[*A British prison.*]

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

1. Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
2. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vild men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follows the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. 'No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. 'Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. 'Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1. Bro. 'When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. 'With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. 'Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villainy?

2. Bro. 'For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1. Bro. 'Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. 'Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. 'Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. 'Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. 'Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.'

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
Ascends.

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts*] *vanish.*
Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.
Reads. 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.
Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.
Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.
Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.
Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.
Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.
Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.
Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.
Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.
Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.
Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt all but the Gaoler.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *Exit.*

SCENE V.—[*Cymbeline's tent.*]

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.
Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finished.
Cym. Prithee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:

But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, [the Soothsayer,] and other Roman Prisoners [guarded; Posthumus] Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd. Never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles; that sweet rosy lad

Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember— Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthumus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vildly; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—
Post. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie—
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]
Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have' said she 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.'
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vild, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.
Bel. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not; You had a motive for't.
Cym. My tears that fall Prove holy water on thee! Imogen, Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely: but her son Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord, Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten, Upon my lady's missing, came to me With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore, If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant death. By accident, I had a feigned letter of my master's Then in my pocket; which directed him To seek her on the mountains near to Milford; Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments, Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate My lady's honour: what became of him I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story: I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend! I would not thy good deeds should from my lips Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth, Deny't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me With language that would make me spurn the sea, If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head; And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee: By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endure our law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headless man I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender, And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king: This man is better than the man he slew, As well descended as thyself; and hath More of thee merited than a band of Clotens Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone; They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier, Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for, By tasting of our wrath? How of descent As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three: But I will prove that two on's are as good As I have given out him. My sons, I must, For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech, Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave. Thou hadst, great king, a subject who Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man; I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence: The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot: First pay me for the nursing of thy sons; And let it be confiscate all, so soon As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons!
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee: Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons; Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen, that call me father And think they are my sons, are none of mine; They are the issue of your loins, my liege, And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue!
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus!
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Sooth. reads. 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let

A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

NOTES

The first attempt to indicate the scene of action and the names of the characters was made by Rowe (1709).

ACT I

i. **24 a man but he**, any man except him.
speak him far, go far in his praise.
25 extend, praise, glorify.
30 Cassibelan, younger brother and successor of King Lud, said twice to have defeated Julius Cæsar in battle.
31 Tenantius, father of Cymbeline and nephew to Cassibelan, whom he succeeded as king of Britain.
33 sur-addition, added title.
49 feated, made 'feat,' trim or proper.
69 S. D. Enter the Queen, etc. F starts a new scene here.
116 sear up, dry up.
124 see, see each other, meet.
126 fraught, load (verb).
129 the good remainders, the good ones who remain.
140 puttock, kite, a mean bird of prey.
143 vild, vile.
146 overbuys, pays in excess of the fair price.
149 neat-herd's, cow-herd's.

ii. **3 where air comes out, air comes in.** Cloten's open pores which 'reek' so copiously will also let in the less wholesome outside air and produce cold.
11 throughfare, thoroughfare, highway.
13, 14 went o' the backside the town, took a round-about, aimless course, missing Posthumus's body altogether. The progress of Cloten's sword is compared to that of a debtor, avoiding all natural objective points.

iii. **4 As offer'd mercy**, a paper as precious as that which contains pardon for a condemned criminal.
9 this] Theobald; his F.
15 ere left, before you ceased.
16 after-eye, look after.
24 vantage, opportunity.
29 shes, ladies. Shakespeare frequently uses this pronoun as a substantive.
36 the north, the north wind.

iv. **2 of a creseent note**, of a growing reputation, not yet arrived at his full prestige.
16 words him, causes him to be described.
17 from the matter, at variance with the truth.
21 extend. See note on I. i. 25.
34 story him, tell his story.
36 known together, been acquainted.
42 atone, reconcile.
45 importance, affair, circumstance.
62 our country mistresses, our mistresses in our various native countries. This adjectival use of 'country' is frequent in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.
73 abate her nothing, give up no part of her praise.
77 Britain] Johnson; Britanie F. 'Brittany' was commonly used as a poetic form of 'Britain.'
80 could not but] Malone; could not F.
90 or if, either if, this 'or' being correlative with 'or' in the next line.
104 convince, overcome.
107 fear not, fear not for, am not anxious about.
134 approbation, proof, test.
159 no lay, no wager.
180 catch cold and starve. The usual sense of 'starve' in Shakespeare's time was to die of cold, not hunger.

v. **68 what a chance thou changest on**, upon what chance of fortune thou changest thy allegiance (from Posthumus to the queen). Rowe and many later editors alter 'changest' to 'chancest.'
78 hand-fast, marriage contract, confirmed by joining of hands; alluding probably to the 'pre-contract' or preliminary informal marriage.
80 liegers, ambassadors, envoys representing one's interests at a foreign court.

vi. **7 desire**] F_2; desires F_1. The word is probably to be taken in the sense of unsatisfied desire, discontent. Staunton transposes the words **but most miserable . . . glorious** to a position after **comfort** in line 9.
9 seasons comfort. It is not certain which word is the verb here and which the noun. Probably 'seasons' is the former and means 'adds spice to.'
15 out of door, exposed to observation, visible.
17 alone th' Arabian bird, the phœnix, of which two specimens were supposed never to exist at the same time.
35 twinn'd, twin-like, indistinguishable.
36 number'd, numerous.

38 **admiration**, wonder.
40 **shes.** See note on I. iii. 29. **chatter this way**, flock this way chattering in admiration.
42 **favour**, appearance, looks.
47 **trow**, I wonder. The pronoun is omitted.
49 **ravening**, consuming greedily.
51 **raps**, transports, affects with rapture.
52, 53 **desire My man's abode**, ask my man to remain.
66 **furnaces**, belches forth like a furnace.
80 **his beyond all talents**, his greatest talent (treasure) of all.
85 **Deserves**, which deserves; the relative is omitted.
86 **To hide me.** 'Me' is here the ethical dative, merely emphasizing Iachimo's surprise at the reprehensible conduct of Posthumus.
87 **a snuff**, a smoky candle.
107 **Made hard with hourly falsehood**, hardened by being used every hour to ratify false contracts (that is, by the formality of the hand-shake).
108 **by-peeping**, sidelong glancing.
109 **illustrious**, unlustrous, dim.
121 **Would**, which would. See note on line 85.
122 **self**, same; **exhibition**, income, allowance.
134 **variable ramps**, various wantons.
139 **close as sure**, as secret as I am trustworthy.
147 **Solicit'st**] F_2; Solicits F_1.
151 **mart**, trade, traffic (verb).
169 **descended**] F_2; defended F_1.
200 **short my word**, do less than my promise.

ACT II

i. 2 **kissed the jack . . . upcast**, technical terms in the game of bowls.
4 **take me up**, rebuke me.
16 **give**] F_2; gave F_1.
26 **you crow, cock, with your comb on**, that is, you are a coxcomb (Hudson). The professional fool wore a comb like a cock's.
51 **your issues**, what issues from you, your thoughts and actions.

ii. 12 **Our Tarquin**, that is, the Roman Tarquin; Iachimo is his fellow-countryman.
13 **the rushes**, the Elizabethan substitute for carpet. As far as Tarquin is concerned the word is an anachronism.
14 **Cytherea**, probably an exclamation, 'O Venus!'
18 **How dearly they do't**, that is, kiss each other. 'They' refers to the 'rubies unparagon'd,' Imogen's ruby lips.
23 **tinct**, color.
26 **arras**, wall-hangings.
38 **cinque-spotted**, with five spots.

iii. 3 **ace**, the lowest throw at dice.
21 **Song.** This is perhaps the finest example in English literature of the conventional *aubade*, a morning song addressed by a lover to his lady.
24 **chalic'd flowers**, flowers with deep bowls. **lies** is one of Shakespeare's frequent present plurals in -s, the antecedent of **that** being **springs** in the preceding line.
25 **Mary-buds**, marigold buds.
34 **unpaved**, stoneless.
52 **soliciting**] Collier; solicity F_1; solicits F_2.
59 **So like you, if it please you.**
64 **forespent**, formerly bestowed.
86 **ready**, dressed; 'unready' is similarly used in the sense of undressed.
111 **verbal.** It is not certain whether this word is used of Cloten, *i.e.*, 'verbose, talkative,' or of Imogen herself, *i.e.*, 'plain-spoken.'
123 **no more dependency**, nothing more that he can offer.
129 **pantler**, pantry-servant.
134 **Comparative for your virtues**, in proportion to your merits.
143 **presently**, at once.

iv. 6 **fear'd hopes**, anxious hopes, hopes of which the realization is doubtful. F reads 'hope,' a misprint. Instead of 'fear'd' editors have unnecessarily proposed 'sear'd' and 'sere.'
16 **statist**, statesman.
25 **their approvers**, those who prove or test them.
26 **That mend**, as improve.
41 **had**] Collier; have F.
70 **Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman**, etc. A reminiscence of *Antony and Cleopatra* II. ii. 191–223. In Imogen's time the incident was a recent happening.
73, 74 **did strive In workmanship and value**, there was doubt whether the exquisite workmanship or the inherent value of the materials were the more precious.
83 **to report themselves**, to make themselves famous in report.
107 **a basilisk**, a fabulous reptile supposed to have the power of killing what it looked upon.
127 **cognizance**, token.
132 **Of one persuaded well of**, of one of whom one has a favorable opinion.
147 **limb-meal**, limb from limb; compare 'piecemeal.'

v. F indicates no new scene here, and none was probably intended by the author.
16 **a German one**] Rowe; a Iarmen on F. German boars are still famous game.
26 **nice**, wanton. Shakespeare generally uses the word in an uncomplimentary sense, and never with the meaning most common to-day.
27 **that [have a] name.** The bracketed words were added by Dyce.

ACT III

i. 4 **theme and hearing**, subject for narrators and listeners.
31 **giglot**, harlot, inconstant. According to the legend Cassibelan did capture Cæsar's sword, which had become fastened in the Briton's shield.
32 **Lud's town**, London, said to derive its name from Lud, Cymbeline's grandfather.
38 **owe**, possess.
51 **against all colour**, without any pretext.
54 **Clo. We do**] Collier. F omits 'Clo.' and thus adds the following words to Cymbeline's speech, which is not interrupted in this line.
73 **keep at utterance**, keep ready for public circulation or display (referring to the 'honour' which

Cymbeline has 'gather'd'). The metaphor is from a merchant gathering up a stock of goods which he then 'utters' or distributes to the public. This interpretation, suggested by Ingleby, seems much better than the one commonly received, that 'at utterance' stands simply for 'to the uttermost.'

perfect, certain.

87 **all the remain**, all the rest; a striking instance of Shakespeare's tendency to make substantives out of verbs.

ii. 2 **monster 's her accuser**] Capell; monsters her accuse F. The emendation has been almost universally accepted, but it is not absolutely certain that F is wrong.

9 **take in**, capture; a military word.

17 **fact**, deed, Latin *factum;* nearly always used of an evil deed.

21 **feodary**, accomplice, used, of course, of the letter which Pisanio is about to deliver to Imogen.

35 **All but in that**, except only in that; namely, grief over his separation from Imogen.

36 **locks of counsel**, beeswax, with which letters were sealed. **Counsel** has the sense of 'secret.'

38 **forfeiters**, those who forfeit their bonds and may therefore be cast in prison by virtue of the sealed document.

39 **tables**, writing tablets.

43 **would even renew me with your eyes**, the mere sight of your eyes would have more power to restore me than would all your father's cruelty to do me harm.

45 **Milford-Haven**, a sea-port in the south-western peninsula of Wales, near Pembroke.

56 **bate**, abate, deduct.

59 **bores of hearing**, ears.

79 **you're best**, you were best, it would be best that you should.

80 **nor here, nor here.** These words are probably accompanied with gestures indicating what is to right and left respectively.

81 **what ensues**, what is behind. Imogen means that everything to right, to left, and behind her is hazy. She sees only the course which lies immediately ahead.

iii. 5 **jet**, strut.

20 **sharded**, having imperfect, scaly wings.

23 **bauble**] Rowe; Babe F; bribe Hanmer.

33 **travelling a-bed**, like travel whose scope is limited by the extent of the imaginative patient's bed.

35 **To stride a limit**, to overstride or pass a set boundary. Debtors were safe only within certain prescribed districts, and they required no other check than their fears of arrest to keep them from venturing farther.

83 **wherein they bow**] Warburton; whereon the Bowe F.

v. 9 **haviour**, behavior.

37 **worms of Nile**, asps; perhaps another reminiscence of *Antony and Cleopatra.* See note on II. iv. 70.

52 **Whose mother was her painting**, who owes her very existence to her paint; that is, would be nothing at all without it.

62 **scandal**, bring into disrepute.

64 **lay the leaven on**, taint, sour; a metaphor from the making of bread.

81 **afore't**] Rowe; afoot F.

83 **scriptures**, writings, letters (with a play on the sense, Holy Scripture).

96 **be disedg'd**, lose the edge of thy passion.

97 **tirest on**, preyest on, like a voracious hawk.

104 **blind.** This word, which seems certainly required, was inserted by Hanmer.

112 **elected**, selected.

118 **tent**, probe, search.

124 **singular**, unrivaled, unique.

143 **livers**, living men. See III, iii. 9.

150 **full of view**, with good prospects.

158 **niceness**, coyness.

160 **it**, its.

166 **common-kissing Titan**, the sun, which kisses indiscriminately all it shines on. See *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 133.

177 **happy**, skilful.

179 **embrace**, receive, welcome.

v. 9 **Queen. And you.** F omits 'Queen,' thus giving the following words to Lucius. It is possible that this is correct and that **And you** is the Roman's contemptuous farewell to Cloten.

17 **the Severn**, the old boundary of Wales.

44 **loudest noise**] Rowe; loud of noise F.

80 **packing**, plotting, cheating.

85 **Close**, secretive. See note on I. vi. 139.

100 **S. D. Presenting a letter.** The letter appears to be the same that Pisanio had previously given to Imogen. See III. ii. 40, etc.

vi. 7 **Foundations**, that which is most firmly fixed. As Imogen uses the word, she thinks of the other meaning, 'charitable foundations,' and alludes to it in the next line.

27 **Such a foe**, send me such a foe!

27 **S. D.** Imogen retires into the rear stage, which represents the cave, as Belarius and the others enter the outer stage.

34 **resty**, sluggish, inactive.

36 **throughly**, thoroughly.

70 **your groom**, *i.e.*, bridegroom.

71 **I bid for you as I'ld buy**, I am sincere in the appreciation I express; a metaphor from bidding at auction.

ACT IV

i. 16 **imperseverant**, unperceiving. The word is connected with 'perceive,' not 'persevere.'

ii. 8 **citizen**, city-bred, effeminate. **wanton**, spoiled child.

10 **journal**, diurnal.

26, 27 These lines have been rejected by Pope and other critics as not by Shakespeare. So with lines 34-36, 52-56 (**as if . . . rail at**), and 59, 60. There

is the strongest internal reason for suspicion in each case.
29 **Doth miracle itself**, becomes a miracle. **lov'd**, who is loved; the word agrees with this in the preceding line.
97 **my proper**, my own.
104 **lines of favour**, marks of feature.
106 **absolute**, positive.
107 **very Cloten**, Cloten himself.
118 **perfect**, certain.
121 **take us in.** See note on III. ii. 9.
129 **For**, because.
149 **my way long forth**, *i.e.*, my way forth (from the cave) long or tedious.
160 **That possible strength might meet**, against which our strength might by any possibility contend. **through**, thoroughly.
170 **how**] Pope; thou F.
184 **clotpoll**, thick head.
186 **my ingenuous instrument**, probably an Æolian harp. 'Ingenuous' is often used for 'ingenious' in Elizabethan English.
193, 194 **Triumphs . . . boys.** This trivial couplet is probably a spurious addition.
205 **crare**] Sympson; care F. 'Crare' means a small trading vessel.
207 **but I**, but I know.
224 **the ruddock**, the robin.
229 **To winter-ground**, conjectured to mean to protect a plant in winter by a covering of straw. 'Winter-guard' and 'winter-gown' are among the numerous suggested emendations.
271 **thunder-stone**, thunder-bolt.
275 **Consign to**, sign the same contract with.
293 **'Ods pittikins**, a disguised oath from 'God's pity.'
300 **bolt**, arrow.
310 **His foot Mercurial.** Mercury, messenger of the gods, had a winged heel.
315 **irregulous**, unruly, lawless.
325 **pregnant**, obvious. This is from the old French *preignant*, pressing, cogent, and is a different word from the more common 'pregnant' from Latin *prægnans*.
337 **the confiners**, those dwelling within the confines (of Italy).
387 **and't**, if it.
391 **a century**, a hundred.

iv. 5 **or . . . or**, either . . . or.
11 **render**, confession.
29 **summer's tanlings**, the tanned (sun-burnt) favorites of summer.
33 **o'ergrown**, covered with beard.
51 **your country wars.** See note on I. iv. 62.

ACT V

i. 5 **wrying**, turning awry, deviating.
14, 15 Two difficult lines. **elder** seems to mean 'later,' as in 'elder years'; **them** refers to **ills**, which are dreaded by the general public and thus become the means of profit (**thrift**) to the doers.
15 **dreaded**] Theobald; dread it F. If the reading of F is retained, it is barely possible to make a kind of sense by taking **them** to refer to some (line 13) and **it** to their evil course of life in general.

ii. 16 **As**, as if. **hoodwink'd**, blindfolded.
17 **or . . . or.** See note on IV. iv. 5.

iii. 5 **wings** (of the army).
7 **strait**, narrow.
19, 20 **to run The country base, to play a boys'** game similar to 'prisoner's base.'
22 **cas'd**, covered with a mask.
42 **stoop'd**] Rowe; stopt F. 'Stoop' is the technical expression in falconry for the swoop of a hawk.
42, 43 **slaves, The strides**, etc., like slaves they retraced the strides which they had made as victors.
51 **mortal bugs**, death-dealing terrors.
74-76 **For being . . . part I came in**, since death now favors the British side, I, no longer a Briton, have resumed my Roman garb.
86 **silly habit**, humble dress.

iv. S. D. **two Gaolers**] Rowe; Gaoler F. The text makes it clear that there were two.
14, 15 **gyves, Desir'd more than constrain'd**, fetters imposed more by my own wish than by constraint.
29 S. D.-151 S. D. There is practical certainty that this long passage dealing with the vision of Posthumus is spurious. Perhaps it was worked up by the players, for stage effect, out of the hints given at the close of the play (V. v. 425-458), or perhaps it replaces a briefer Shakespearean treatment of the same matter.
57 **deem**, judge of. **dignity**, worthiness.
67 **geck**, a fool.
81 **look out**] F_2; look, look out F_1.
134 **fangled**, fond of trumpery.
147 **tongue and brain not**, talk senselessly of.
158 **the shot**, the reckoning, tavern-bill.

v. 5 **targes of proof**, impenetrable shields.
43 **bore in hand**, feigned, falsely pretended.
88 **feat**, dexterous. See note on I. i. 49.
93 **favour**, countenance.
164 **straight-pight**, straight-pitched, erect.
167 **hook of wiving**, the baited hook with which husbands are caught. What the 'hook' is the next line explains: 'Fairness which strikes the eye.'
177 **crack'd**, boastingly spoken.
200 **simular**, counterfeited, specious.
250 **temper**, mix, compound.
262 **upon a rock**, upon a cliff, whence you may throw me from you forever.
271 **naught**, wicked. **long of**, on account of.
279 **feigned letter.** See note on III. v. 100 S. D. **feigned** means not that the letter was not written by Posthumus, but that it contained 'feigned' (deceitful) information and sentiments.
305 **Had ever scar for**, ever did anything to deserve; a metaphor from military service.
353, 354 **more Unlike**, more inherently improbable.
409 **fitment**, preparation.
452 **seeming**, plausibility.
464 **Whom**, on whom.

THE WINTER'S TALE

SOURCES—The earliest known reference to Shakespeare as a dramatist—"an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country"—this outburst of the jealous artist came from the pen of Robert Greene, poet, dramatist, novelist, and literary hack, in 1592. The exact occasion of Greene's resentment is unknown; not until nearly twenty years later, when Greene had been long dead, is Shakespeare known to have borrowed from the work of his angered rival. Greene's novel *Pandosto, The Triumph of Time* (1588), better known in its own day by its subtitle *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia,* furnished Shakespeare with the romantic plot of *The Winter's Tale.* Under still another title, *The Fortunate Lovers,* the novel was popular as a chapbook until well on in the eighteenth century. The invention of the narrative is a pleasing one; and credit for the originality of the plot has been generally given to the novelist. So numerous are the changes made by Shakespeare in the plot of Greene's story, that a brief summary of *Pandosto* is necessary.

Pandosto, king of Bohemia, growing jealous of the innocent intimacy between his wife Bellaria and his guest Egistus, king of Sicilia, instigated his cup-bearer Franion to murder Egistus. Franion, however, disclosed all, and fled with the intended victim. Pandosto, fearing to war upon Egistus, who was the son-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, wreaked his wrath upon Bellaria, sending his guards to deprive her of her new-born babe and setting the infant adrift in an open boat. At the trial of Bellaria it was determined to seek a judgment of the oracle on the Isle of Delphos, which being obtained declared that the queen was innocent, and that "the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." The king instantly repented; but the sudden news of the death of his son Garinter caused Bellaria to die of sorrow, and Pandosto was left stricken. The "tragical discourse" of the young infant Fawnia next tells of her finding in Sicilia by the shepherd Porrus and Mopsa his wife, and of her growth and beauty. Prince Dorastus, intended by King Egistus for a Danish princess, fell in love with Fawnia, when in pursuit of a falcon. Much space is given to the courtship, and to Dorastus' proposal of flight. The Shepherd, fearing the betrayal of Fawnia, resolved to tell the king of the jewels found in the little boat with the child. In this he was fooled by Capnio, Dorastus' servant, who led him instead aboard the ship in which Dorastus planned to flee. The elopers sailed with the shepherd to Bohemia, where Pandosto fell in love with his own daughter, and threw Dorastus (who called himself Meleagrus) into prison. The prince was freed at the request of ambassadors sent by Egistus; and Fawnia, Capnio, and the shepherd were condemned to death. Upon this followed the disclosure of the shepherd's treasure found with the child, and Pandosto's recognition of his long-lost daughter. The old shepherd was made a knight; and festivities held in Bohemia, after which all returned to Sicilia. At the wedding there Pandosto, in remorse at the unnatural passion he had before conceived for his own daughter, slew himself.

In spite of the intricacy of this plot, the slender pamphlet which holds its story is chiefly filled with soliloquies and colloquies, in the manner of Euphues and the characters of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia.* The episodes are no further developed than in a child's fairy-tale; and Shakespeare's title shows his appreciation of this fact. At its best, the style of Greene's story is smooth and graceful, and not without interest. A favorable specimen of the manner is Bellaria's lament for her babe, given below; which should be compared with the queenly restraint and natural loftiness of temper of Shakespeare's Hermione.

"Alas, sweet, unfortunate babe, scarce born, before envied by fortune, would the day of thy birth had been the term of thy life: then shouldst thou have made an end to care and prevented thy father's rigor. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful revenge, thy days are too short for so sharp a doom, but thy untimely death must pay thy mother's debts,

and her guiltless crime must be thy ghastly curse. And shalt thou, sweet babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spited by fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbor, and the hard boat thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter storm? Shalt thou have the whistling winds for thy lullaby, and the salt sea foam instead of sweet milk? Alas, what destiny will assign such hard hap? What father would be so cruel? Or what gods will not revenge such rigor? Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy neck, and if fortune save thee, it may help to succor thee. Thus, since thou must go to surge in the gastful seas, with a sorrowful kiss I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou mayst fare well."

This ennobling of the queen's character, from the shows and conventions of grief to the majesty of true grief in an emperor's daughter, is Shakespeare's chief dramatic achievement in his treatment of his source. In the queenly serenity with which her spirit meets injuries, she stands as a worthy companion to the portrait of Katherine in Henry VIII, but the reconciliation which sweetens the bitterness of Greene's conclusion gives room for the superbly theatrical scene of her forgiveness. To her Shakespeare gives as father the Emperor of Russia, whom Greene had called Polixenes' (Egistus') father-in-law. Leontes (Pandosto) is changed from a fiction of mere jealousy to a man overpowered by an evil obsession so strong that he seems a victim among those he suspects. Polixenes (Egistus) is a sympathetic portrait, of which no trace exists in the original. His visit to the shepherd's feast, and the skilful means by which his resentment of Florizel's actions is justified, is only in the drama. Camillo's (Franion's) part is greatly increased, for he plans the flight of the Prince and brings his master on. Out of Capnio, Dorastus' servant, comes Autolycus, who, though in times past he "had served the prince" and "worn three-pile," is now the most winning of rogues. Paulina, the spirited boy Mamillius (Garinter), the clown (substituted for the shepherd's wife), Antigonus, Emilia,—all these are creations of the dramatist.

A striking alteration is that of interchanging Bohemia and Sicilia, for no particular reason except perhaps that an oracle of "Delphos" might seem more natural in the latter place, while an English country dance and revel would better become the more northern country. The change did not affect the geography of Bohemia, from which Pandosto had sent forth his daughter; and this retention of the mythical sea-coast called down the wrath of Ben Jonson. But Shakespeare's selection of a title for the play asserts his freedom of historical accuracy or consistency; these are the lands and customs of fairy-tale, not a real Bohemia or Sicily.

OTHER PARALLELS—Recent investigation in the field of source-materials has failed to disclose much that sheds light on the origin of Greene's *Pandosto,* or Shakespeare's use of it. A Polish tale, first published by J. Caro in 1878, gives a sixteenth-century narrative of a cruel prince, Ziemovit of Masovia, who killed his wife out of jealousy; and whose son, saved from his rage, was brought up secretly and restored to him in later years, after the innocence of his princess had been proved. It is not impossible that through some version of this story came Greene's choice of Bohemia as his scene, and the main outline of his novel. A trace of the same story in Dutch folk-lore goes to prove that Shakespeare divined the nature of this winter's tale. Other elements in the play have no known parallels worthy of account. A play by Robert Wilson, *The Three Ladies of London* (1584), contains an entrance of Tom Beggar and his companions with a thieves' song; but the prevalence along English roadsides of "feigned beggars and fawning fellows," as Dr. Forman calls them, would seem to have given all needed material here. The name Autolycus, of course, Shakespeare chose to match his semi-classical setting. Finally, the device with which the play is brought to a fortunate conclusion in a general way resembles a number of similar scenes in earlier plays, without any direct evidence of borrowing. The reunion of husband, wife, and daughter marks the close of Shakespeare's *Pericles;* while the theme of the animated statue had been seen in the old tale of Pygmalion, elaborated in Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image,* in 1598, and in other works which borrowed the same device. Lope de Vega's *El Marmol de Felisardo* (*Felisardo's Marble Image*) presents the impersonation of a statue by the sweetheart of a young prince, who has obtained his father's consent to wed the marble lady; *The Tryall by Chivalry* (1605) gives the opposite situation of a lover, as statue, hearing his lady's confession. Apart from the mere device of the statue, the closest parallel to the closing scene of the drama is perhaps that of Euripides' *Alcestis,* in motivation and in the treatment of character. We are reminded also of the last scene in *Much Ado about Nothing.*

CRITICAL COMMENT—"None of our author's

plays," says Malone, "has been more censured for the breach of dramatic rules than *The Winter's Tale*." Dryden classed it as one of those "which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused you mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Such incongruities as the "free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia" and of Giulio Romano's living in the same age as the Delphic oracle, meet with more or less indulgent censure, according to the critic's belief in the Unities. It is natural, therefore, that *The Winter's Tale* should have been called a profound tragedy by Victor Hugo, the chief of the romantic critics.

An interesting comment upon the play may be drawn from the fact that criticisms of this drama are chiefly studies of individual character, rather than of more generai themes. Florizel, Perdita, Paulina, and Autolycus have been the subject of sympathetic sketches; but the more notable writers have been chiefly concerned with Hermione and Leontes. What Greene called the "infectious sore of jealousy," exhibited in Leontes, was well analyzed by Coleridge; and his remarks on "genuine jealousy of disposition," as contrasted with Othello's passion, are well worth noting. Its effects are "an excitability by the most inadequate causes . . .; a grossness of conception . . .; a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of temper; a dread of vulgar ridicule . . .; and . . . a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

Of Leontes' queen no critic has ever expressed himself in terms of less than superlative eulogy. One may cite as an example Hudson's "her proud submission, her dignified obedience; with her Roman firmness and integrity of soul, heroic in strength, heroic in gentleness, the queenliest of women, the womanliest of queens." Her gentleness and serenity give tone to the play, which a critic of our day has called the most gentle of all Shakespeare's dramas. Some of this quality lies, as Dowden points out, in the paternal leniency with which the young lovers are drawn by the dramatist.

STAGE HISTORY—Dr. Simon Forman saw the play at the Globe Theatre in May 15, 1611, and noted its story in his *Book of Plays*, giving nearly as much space to his impression of Autolycus, "the rogue that came in all tottered like Coll Pixci," as to the story of Perdita. A performance on November 5 of the same year is listed by Cunningham in his copy of the much-debated Revels Accounts. The play was selected as one of those likely to please at the wedding festivities of Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Frederick, in February, 1613. Two other early performances are recorded, in 1624 and 1634. *The Winter's Tale* was unsuited to Restoration taste, and Genest's earliest records of it are in January, 1741, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, and in 1742 and 1754 at Covent Garden. *Florizel and Perdita, or* The *Sheep Shearing*, by Morgan, was acted in the latter year; but it was soon superseded by David Garrick's dramatic pastoral, *Florizel and Perdita* (1756). In both of these performances the first three acts were lopped away; and in Garrick's text even the remainder was much altered, Garrick all the while protesting in his *Prologue*,

> "'Tis my chief Wish, my Joy, my only Plan,
> To lose no Drop of the immortal Man!"

Like his other perversion of Shakespearean comedy made at the same time, *Katherine and Petruchio*, Garrick's *Florizel and Perdita* was highly praised, and held the stage till the end of the century. A performance of it in New York in 1796 is recorded by Seilhamer. Dr. Warburton, the famous editor, praised Garrick at the time for having given "an elegant form to a monstrous composition."

Shakespeare came to his own again in the splendid production by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, in 1802, at Drury Lane. The impressive rendering of Leontes by this great tragedian was eclipsed by the magnificent performance of his sister as Hermione. The part, especially in the final scene, seemed perfectly adapted to her classic and statuesque beauty. Samuel Phelps gave a successful production of the play in 1845-6; but this was surpassed by the classical revival in the spring of 1856 under Charles Kean, whose spectacular treatment endeavored to make the play truly antique. A Pyrrhic dance was introduced into Act I, and a Dionysia into Act IV. Bohemia was changed to Bithynia, following Hanmer's emendation; the Sicilian setting was localized at Syracuse; and Greek music, costume, and scenery, all advertised as careful studies from the ancient, were everywhere lavished. As a specimen of the elaboration may be quoted the program account corresponding to Shakespeare's "Enter Time, the Chorus"; "A classical allegory representing the course of Time. Luna in her car, accompanied by the stars (personified) sinking before the approach of Phœbus. Cronos as Time surmounting the globe describes the events of the sixteen years supposed to have elapsed."

Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) made Hermione one of her most famous parts in 1847. It was

reserved for an American actress, however, to make the most striking innovation of recent years, the acting of Hermione and Perdita by the same person. In 1887, at the suggestion of Thomas Hall, and fortified by the approval of Lord Tennyson, Miss Mary Anderson essayed the double rôle, and the season proved a great success. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson acted Leontes. The parts were later repeated in America; and Miss Anderson made her farewell appearance as Hermione in 1889. The double rôle has been adopted by other actresses, such as Miss Viola Allen. In 1899 a prosperous season took place at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. Tree's production in 1906, when Miss Ellen Terry acted Hermione, just half a century after her appearance as Mamillius in Kean's revival, was a notable success. Miss Mathison's Hermione, at the New Theatre in New York City in 1910, was one of the few triumphs of that ill-starred venture. Like the production in the same year at the Théâtre Shakespeare in Paris, an attempt was made, not without profit, to reproduce, within the limits of the picture stage, the acting conditions of the Elizabethan theatre. A similar attempt was made at the French revival at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, Paris, in 1920.

DATE—Dr. Simon Forman, as has been said, noted the play in his *Book of Plays* under the date of May 15, 1611. *The Winter's Tale* comes last of the comedies in the First Folio, as *The Tempest* comes first. These, as the places of honor, would naturally be assigned to the comparatively new pieces. Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to James I, entered on August 19, 1623,—"For the King's Players. An old play called winter's tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Buc." This latter official in 1603 obtained a reversionary grant of the office of master of the Revels, and on occasion exercised its privileges. He did not, however, obtain the office till August, 1610, on the approaching demise of his predecessor. The probabilities in favor of a date for *The Winter's Tale* after his incumbency are therefore slightly greater than for the years 1603-1610.

The servant reports of the satyr masquers (IV. iv. 345) that "one three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the King." A dance of satyrs occurs in Jonson's *Masque of Oberon,* performed at court on New Year's, 1611; and it is not improbable that a relation is indicated by the servant's remark. The tone and title of the play, it may be added, befit mid-winter. With these dates (August, 1610-May, 1611) the tests of style agree. The style is concise and heavily charged with thought; and the use of metrical license is remarkably free, weak endings and run-on lines being numerous.

TEXT—The sole authority is that of the First Folio, which is here happily free from most of the corruptions and printers' errors common in other plays. In this *The Winter's Tale* resembles *The Tempest,* and probably for a like reason, that the texts are comparatively new, still unpublished, and popular on the stage. A few of the more important emendations are indicated in the Notes.

M.

THE WINTER'S TALE

[Scene: *Sicilia, and Bohemia.*]

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Leontes, king of Sicilia.

Mamillius, young prince of Sicilia.

Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } Four Lords of Sicilia.

Polixenes, king of Bohemia.

Florizel, prince of Bohemia.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.

Autolycus, a rogue.

[A Mariner.

A Gaoler.]

Hermione, queen to Leontes.

Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a lady [attending on Hermione].

[Mopsa, [Dorcas, } Shepherdesses.]

Other Lords and Gentlemen, [Ladies, Officers,] and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.
[Time, as Chorus.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*Antechamber in Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia. 5

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed— 10

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence —in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us. 17

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance. 22

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 35

Arch. I think there is not in the world either

malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*A room of state in the same.*]

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, [*and Attendants*].

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen. Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly.' Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble; to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong.
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting. Yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'

One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty,' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us and that with us
You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things. One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal!
My last good deed was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you; O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose. When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'
Her. 'Tis grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice.
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.
Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me. My heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer! O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain.
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything. But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you moved, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft does, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leon. You will! why, happy man be's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden; shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*]
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play.
There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in 't
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. [*Exit Mamillius.*] Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold.
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They're here with me already, whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth;' 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be't; 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage. If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight. Say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie!
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia! who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir.
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all.
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange; methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself. Even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me; 'tis thereabouts:
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee.
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand.
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature. As she's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me.
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence; let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns; please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
Exeunt.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught this?
Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace; we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter; I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard—I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

[*Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.*]

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed
Them even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar!
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted; that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know't too well.
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him.
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
''Tis pity she's not honest, honourable.'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself; these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest;' but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom.
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A fedary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspéct more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities. But I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause. When you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out. This action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord.
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*]

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves;
You are abus'd and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven
The second and the third, nine, and some five
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations. They are co heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose. But I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty.
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness

Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have despatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*A prison.*]

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, [*and Attendants*].

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.
[*Exit Gent.*]
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

[*Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.*]

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam.
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The accéss of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

[*Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.*]

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live; the queen receives
Much comfort in't, says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,

Commend my best obedience to the queen.
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue. There is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen; please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest! it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me; say that she were gone,
Given to the fire; a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

First Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, [with a child].

[*First*] *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

[*Sec.*] *Serv.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can. In this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear.
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*]
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so;
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard,
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callet
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something savours
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours. Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so! farewell; we are gone. *Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
Lords. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You're liars all.
[*First*] *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue; we all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose; at least thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent; any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
Exit [with the child].
Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since; Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
First] Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent; 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords.
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*A sea-port in Sicilia.*]

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report.
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business; when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*A court of Justice.*]

Enter Leontes, Lords, [and] Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

[Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.]

Leon. Read the indictment.
Off. [*Reads.*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal

husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty.' Mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus. If one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how. All I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than **I**, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth
Which to deny concerns more than avails for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threat
The bug which you would fright me with seek.
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second j

And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The inocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this: mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free; if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

[*Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.*]

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*] How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen; look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence.
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes—which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done; he, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. How he glisters
Thorough my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

[*Re-enter Paulina.*]

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
[*First*] *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful; nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by, whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam; this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.
[*First*] *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
[*First*] *Lord.* Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too; take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation; so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*]

Enter Antigonus [*with a*] *Babe,* [*and*] *a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. *Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming. In pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character; there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough; I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. *Exit, pursued by a bear.*

[*Enter a Shepherd.*]

Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of

ivy. Good luck, and't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work; they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things newborn. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so; up with't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry; if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. *Exeunt*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale

Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—[*Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*]

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—[*A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*]

Enter Autolycus, singing.

'When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

'The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

'The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! [with heigh!] the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.'

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

'But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

'If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.'

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see. Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no vir

tue whipped out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well. He hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Flo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Flo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Flo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Flo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Flo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. 'Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.' *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—[*The Shepherd's cottage.*]

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up; but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did; O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

[*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.*]

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome;
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth of
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,

And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Flo. What, like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function; each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out; good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up!
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!
Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.
Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter.
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent; if young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

'Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy.'

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering; clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mis-

tress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*]

'Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.' *Exit.*

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufrey of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us; pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks; I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial; reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. *Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. *Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper. At this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks;
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*]
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd; it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes.
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,

The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true;
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word. [*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears. You might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I could have filed keys off that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*]
We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou

so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, despatch; the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*]
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels; if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance; let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, and it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, and't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself; for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly. The curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I; draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, and't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your per-

sons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. And't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand. I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. *Exit.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow; no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought; now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,

To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir; great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife. One worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now appear, soul-vex'd,
Begin, 'And why to me?'
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Serv. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Serv. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Serv. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Serv. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis strange [*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more, cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you; were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her; thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:—
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak.
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you, upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Before Leontes' palace.*]

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?
1. Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. 21

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. 27

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the king found his heir? 32

3. Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? 44

2. Gent. No.

3. Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it. 63

2. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows. 72

1. Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

3. Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted. 88

3. Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. 104

1. Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3. Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, —a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

Exeunt [*Gentlemen*].

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boars and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend; and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk. But I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*A chapel in Paulina's house.*]

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, etc.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak. First, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine—
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done;
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but

I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On! those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*]
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up; stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs: [*Hermione comes down.*]
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife; this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified

By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What! look upon my brother; both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This's your son-in-law
And son unto the king, whom, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd; hastily lead away.
Exeunt

FINIS.

NOTES

The divisions into acts and scenes is that of the first folio (F). The Names of the Actors are at the end of the play. The direction of place is chiefly from Rowe, Theobald and others.

ACT I

i. 7 **visitation**, visiting.
15 **sleepy**, narcotic.
16 **unintelligent**, ignorant.
30 **attorney'd**, supplied by proxy.
33 **vast** (noun), waste, desert.
35 **loves**, mutual love.
40 **note**, observation.
43 **physics**, heals.

ii. 8 **moe**, more.
10 **part**, depart.
11 **question'd**, troubled.
12 **that**, would that.
13 **sneaping**, nipping.
15 **royalty**, royal entertainment, state.
33 **best ward**, strongest defense.
39 **at**, to.
borrow, pledge, loan.
41 **let**, keep.
gest, journal of the stages arranged for a king's journey, from the French jist, a lodging.
43 **jar**, tick.
44 **lady she**, whatever lady.
48 **unsphere**, take out of the proper sphere by conjuration. In the Ptolemaic system of astronomy each star is fixed within its sphere.
53 **fees**, payment customarily made in England by all prisoners upon departure.
62 **lordings**, lords, diminutive and familiar term.
70 **doctrine**, a trisyllable here. **no**] F_2; *om.* F_1.
74-75 **he . . . ours**, the weight of original sin imposed upon us by inheritance from Adam not being assumed by us.
80 **grace to boot**, God's grace help us.
96 **to heat**, run a heat.
acre, a measure of length, a furlong.
goal, that is of race.
104 **clap, clap up a bargain by slapping the hand into another's as pledge.**
109 **far**, farther.
112 **free face**, open appearance.
118 **mort**, a hunting air to give notice that deer is run down.
119 **brows**, an allusion to the horns of a cuckold.
120 **i' fecks**, circumlocution for a faith.
121 **bawcock**, beau coq, fine fellow.
123 **neat**, play on three meanings, 'clean,' 'affected, and 'cattle.'
125 **virginalling**, playing on the virginals, a kind of harpsichord.
126 **wanton**, folicsome.
128 **pash**, head.
shoots, horns.
132 **o'er-dy'd blacks**, black cloth over-dyed, which rots quickly.
134 **bourn**, limit.
136 **welkin**, blue, like the sky.
villain, rogue.
137 **collop**, a piece of flesh, hence a child.
138 **affection**, excited imagination.
141 **coactive**, working with. Love is represented here as the product of imagination and even more the product of real acts. These Leontes suspects.
144 **commission**, allowance.
145 **inspection**, that is by suspicion.
159 **squash**, unripe peascod.
161 **eggs for money**, nothing for something.
163 **be's dole**, be his portion.
168 **parasite**, companion.
170 **childness**, childish behavior.
172 **walk**, retire.
176 **rover**, archer, Cupid.
177 **apparent**, heir.
179 **bents**, desires.
183 **neb**, beak.
185 **allowing**, commending, approving.
188 **issue**, result.
191 **cuckolds**, deceived husbands.
197 **gates**, that is of fish ponds.
201 **strike**, bring ill influence.
216 **material**, important.

219 gust, learn by tasting.
221 pertinent, a proper epitaph.
224 conceit, imagination.
225 blocks, heads.
227 messes, ranks.
238 cleans'd, that is, by confession and absolution.
244 hoxes, hamstrings.
246 grafted, planted.
248 home, to the limit.
254 puts forth, puts out buds.
256 industriously, intentionally.
260 execution, performance; that is, by some other person.
263 allow'd, highly regarded.
276 hobby-horse] Rowe; holy-horse F.
280 clouded, darken by slumber.
281 shrew, curse.
286 career, gallop of a horse.
291 pin-and-web, a disease of the eyes.
297 opinion, suspicion.
306 glass, hour-glass.
307 her medal, her portrait set in a brooch.
312 undo more doing, prevent more sin.
313 meaner, lower in rank.
314 worship, dignity.
317 wink, sleep.
318 cordial, warming to the heart.
319 rash, sudden in effect.
321 maliciously, malignantly, openly harmful.
322 crack, flaw, sin.
324 question, doubt.
326 appoint, establish.
329 is, is as.
332 ripe, vehement.
333 blench, swerve from the right course.
334 fetch off, kill.
337 forsealing, sealing up. F reads: for sealing.
353 ground, cause.
363 break neck, ruin.
365 warp, change.
369 as, as if.
372 wafting, turning.
374 breeding, afoot.
378 intelligent, conveying intelligence.
388 basilisk, a fabulous animal, said to kill by its look.
390 regard, glance.
393 gentry, noble birth.
394 success, succession.
403 incidency, prospect of danger.
416 vice, screw as by a vise, impel.
419 his, that is, Judas's.
424 thought, suspicion.
426 influences, astronomical term referring to the powers of stars.
431 standing, lifetime.
446, and his execution having been decreed thereupon.
458 expedition, speed.
462 avoid, escape.
441 discovery, communication.
458 comfort, act as an assistance to.
459-460; the queen is not suspected of that of which he suspects me.

ACT II

i. 25 The play's title seems derived from this line.
37 censure, opinion.
40 a spider steep'd, a spider's web, believed to be poisonous; or it may refer to a spider itself.
44 gorge, throat.
45 hefts, heavings.
51 trick, toy.
64 nayward, opposite opinion.
68 honest, chaste.
69 without door, external.
72 out, out of the part, used of an actor who has forgotten his lines.
79 replenish'd, complete.
84 barbarism, the vulgar speech.
90 fedary, accomplice. fedary] Dyce; federarie F.
94 vulgars, vulgar people.
102 centre, earth.
104-105 afar . . . speaks, indirectly guilty merely for speaking.
107 aspect, the attitude of a star with relation to a man's fortunes.
115 heard, obeyed.
118 fools, dear ones.
121 action, suit at law, charge.
141 abused, deceived.
putter-on, informer.
143 land-damn, double damn.
153 thus, Leontes takes hold of Antigonus.
166 in skill, by a trick.
172 overture, public utterance.
182 Delphos, Delphi, a temple sacred to Apollo, really on the mainland of Greece.
195 treachery, treasonable act.
198 raise, rouse.

ii. 23 on, after.
30 lunes, mad fits.
49 hammer'd, having thought.

iii. 4 harlot, used of either sex.
5-6 blank and level, target and aim.
8 moiety, part.
17 solely, alone.
30 free, innocent.
41 gossips, Godfathers and Godmothers.
56 comforting, encouraging.
60; would challenge the traducer to combat.
67 mankind, masculine.
68 intelligencing, tattling.
74 woman tir'd, henpecked; 'tire,' tear like a falcon with the beak.
75 Partlet, a hen; from Pertelote, the hen in Chaucer's tale of the Fox and Cock.
87 foresaid, false.
90 callet, common scold.
100 valley, depression in the forehead.
107 yellow, color of jealousy.
109 lozel, rascal.
140 proper, own.
150 dear, faithful.
162 this, Antigonus's.
170 fail, failure.
178 it, old genitive form of its.

182 **strangely**, as a stranger.
184 **present**, immediate.
189-190 **prosperous . , . fortunate**, more than you deserve from this deed.
192 **loss**, the loss of parents.

ACT III

i. 1 **isle**, Delphos compare II. i. 183.
14 **use**, the interest, expense.
17 **carriage**, conduct.
19 **divine**, priest.

ii. 1 **sessions** (singular), sitting of court.
18 **pretence**, pretention.
26 **boot**, advantage.
34; who least seems willing.
37 **pattern**, equal.
38 **take**, capture.
39 **owe**, own.
50 **encounter so uncurrent**, unjustifiable reception.
82 **lull**, aim.
86 **fact**, committed crime.
88 **like to itself**, as is proper.
91 **passage**, experience.
93 **bug**, ghost.
94 **commodity**, advantage.
103 **immodest**, indecent.
107 **strength of limit**, limited strength.
115 **rigour**, force.
123 **flatness**, plainness, completeness.
142 **mere**, entire.
163 **tardied**, delayed.
168 **practice**, plot.
172 **dark**] F_2; *om.* F_1.
185 **spices**, touches.
187 **of a fool**, in the quality of a fool.
194 **fire**, burning eyes.
197 **high**, very dangerous.
206 **tincture**, color.
231 **remember**, remind.

iii. 1 **perfect**, perfectly certain.
2 **deserts of Bohemia**, the sea coast of Bohemia is taken from Greene's story.
11 **land**, country.
20 **some**, sometimes.
41 **squar'd**, governed.
47 **character**, identification.
63 **ancientry**, elders, old folks.
65 **boiled brains**, rash wits.
69 **ivy**, the sea ivy, seaweed.
71 **barne**, child.
72 **child**, girl.
73 **scape**, escapade.
101 **flapdragon'd**, swallowed as a burning raisin is. See *2 Henry IV* II. iv. 268, and note.
119 **bearing cloth**, cloth used in baptism.
124 **made**] Theobald; mad F.
135 **curst**, ill-willed, savage.

ACT IV

1. Time's speech is thought spurious by R. G. White, but genuine by most other critics.
6 **untried**, unnoted.
8 **self-born twin**, the same.
27 **daughter**, probably pronounced 'dafter' to rime with after in line 28; or 'after' may also have been pronounced 'arter' in Shakespeare's time.
28 **adheres**, belongs.

ii. 9 **o'erween**, dare.
36 **missingly**, by the absence.
41 **removedness**, truancy.
52 **angle**, hook.
56 **uneasy**, difficult.

iii. 1 **peer**, appear.
2 **doxy**, gipsy's sweetheart; a slang word from the thieves' language of the day.
4 **pale**, paleness.
7 **pugging**, thieving.
10 F_2 repeats 'with heigh.'
11 **aunts**, sweethearts.
19 **three-pile**, thick velvet worn by courtiers.
20 **budget**, purse, pocket.
23 **kite**, a bird supposed to steal cloth for nests.
25 **Mercury**, God of thieves.
27 **die and drab**, gambling and women.
purchas'd, obtained.
29 **silly cheat**, picking pockets, or perhaps with loaded dice.
33; every eleven wether will produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.
36 **spring**, trap to catch game.
38 **counters**, counting bee.
44 **three-man song-men**, singers ready to take parts.
46 **means**, baritones.
puritan, tenor.
47 **horn-pipes**, dancing tunes.
48 **warden**, a kind of pear.
50 **race**, route.
92 **troll-my-dames**, a kind of bagatelle, game played on a board.
99 **abide**, stay for a time.
101 **ape-bearer**, clown.
103 **compass'd a motion**, got a puppet-show.
108 **prig**, thief.
122 **bring**, attend.
133 **hent**, take (to leap over).

iv. 4 **petty gods**, the classical *dii minores*.
8 **mark**, model.
11 **mess**, a party of four at a table.
13-14 **sworn . . . glass**, the meaning is obscure. 'Swoon' is suggested as an emendation for 'swan.'
23 **flaunts**, finery.
40 **life**, way of living, rank of life.
56 **pantler**, servant in the pantry.
75 **savour**, smell.
79 **ancient**, old.
82 **gillyvors**, the pink.
89 **mean**, means.
100 **dibble**, a kind of trowel.
118 **Dis**, Pluto who carried off **Proserpine**.
125 **oxlips**, a kind of cowslips.
127 **flower-de-luce**, the iris.
132 **quick**, alive.

134 **Whitsun pastorals**, pastorals played at Whitsuntide.
144 **singular**, uniquely good.
160 **out**] Theobald; on't F.
169 **feeding**, estate, pasture land.
185 **tell**, count.
192 **milliner**, man who deals in clothes.
195 **fadings**, refrains, or jigs, in songs.
198 **gap**, jest.
204 **unbraided**, undamaged.
206 **points**, laces with metal tags.
208 **inkles**, linen and worsted tapes.
211 **sleeve-hand**, cuff.
212 **square**, insertion of lace in a dress.
221 **cypress**, crêpe, perhaps from the Island of Cyprus.
224 **bugle**, glass bead, tube-shaped, commonly black.
226 **quoifs**, caps or cap plates.
228 **poking-sticks**, rods used to stiffen the plaits of ruffs.
237 **against**, for, in preparation for.
247 **kiln-hole**, a fire-place used in making malt.
248 **whistle off**, starting the hawk in falconry.
250 **clamour**, silence, put an end to noise.
253 **tawdry**, a kind of necklace bought at the fair of St. Audrey at Ely.
254 **cozened**, cheated.
261 **charge**, importance.
264 **o' life**, on my life.
268 **carbonadoed**, broiled.
279 **ballad of a fish**. Malone named such a ballad as entered on the Stationer's Register in 1604.
315 **out**, finished.
316 **sad**, serious.
330 **utter**, put in circulation, put on the market.
333 **hair**, skins.
334 **Saltiers**, leapers, tumblers.
335 **gallimaufry**, medley.
341 **homely**, rustic.
348 **squire**, rule.
362 **marted**, bargained.
363 **interpretation should abuse, should interpret** wrongly.
364 **straited**, put in trouble.
374 **bolted**, sifted.
400 **witnesses**, pronounced 'witness.'
407 **incapable**, unable to understand.
409 **rheums**, the defluxion of humors or fluids in nose or eye.
410 **dispute**, treat of.
427 **mark**, witness.
430 **affect'st**, desirest.
433 **force**, necessity.
434 **copst**, come into contact.
438 **shalt**] Rowe; shalt never F.
441 **far**, farther.
Deucalion, the Roman Noah.
468, that is, in unconsecrated ground.
492 **fancy**, love.
510 **our**] Theobald; her F.
524 **fraught**, engaged.
curious, requiring care.
528 **music**, favorite tune.
542 **discontenting, discontented**.
qualify, restrain.
543 **liking**, proper condition of mind and body.
548 **accident**, that is the accident of discovery.
549 **to**, as to, in regard to.
558 **free**, generous.
565 **color**, pretense.
568 **comforts**, evidence of sympathy.
573 **bosom**, confidence.
587 **take in**, take prisoner.
590 **forward of**, above, beyond.
608 **pomander**, a little round ball of perfumes worn to prevent plague.
609 **table-book**, memorandum book, made of prepared parchment.
613 **in picture**, in appearance.
618 **pettitoes**, pigs' feet.
628 **whoo-bub**, hubbub.
647 **discase thee**, undress yourself.
654 **flayed**] Steevens; fled F.
665 **disliken**, make unlike.
687 **unjust**, dishonest.
698 **boot**, something extra given to the bargain.
704 **changeling**, child left by fairies.
727 **fardel**, bundle.
733 **excrement**, anything growing upon the body; used particularly of the hair and nails.
739 **having**, estate.
751 **with the manner**, in the act, red-handed; a Norman law term. Autolycus has possessed himself of the fardel.
755 **measure**, gait.
759 **insinuate**, talk with condescension.
toaze, touse, draw out. or toaze] F_2; at toaze F_1.
760 **cap-a-pe**, head to foot, entirely.
779, picking one's teeth was an ostentatious fad of the time.
794 **hand-fast**, safe guard.
801 **germane**, related.
825 **gently considered**, bribed.
826 **tender**, introduce.
852 **pawn**, hostage.
864 **occasion**, opportunity.
868 **shore**, put ashore.

ACT V

i. 30 **well**, blest, euphemism for dead.
31 **repair**, restoration.
60 **Begin, 'And**] Capell; And begin F.
75 **affront**, confront. **I have done**] given to Cleomenes in F_1.
85 **gives out**, calls, names.
90 **out of circumstance**, against probability.
91 **fram'd**, designed.
108 **professors else**, adherents of other religions.
123 **unfurnish**, rob.
139 **touch'd**, landed at.
142 **waits upon**, attends.
worn time, aged years.
170 **climate**, take the air.
182 **attach**, arrest.
188 **marvel**, wonder.
198 **in question**, under examination.
200 **forswear, contradict**.

207 high and low, high rank (Florizel) and low rank (Perdita), with a play on the throw in dice.
219 since, the time when.
223-228 See the Introduction for this delicate use of Shakespeare's source.
233 way, headway.

ii. **20 importance**, import.
34 pregnant by, established by.
38 character, hand-writing.
41 affection, carriage.
53 favour, face.
89 touches, tricks.
105 Julio Romano (1492-1596), a painter of Rome.
116 remov'd, secluded.
121 unthrifty to, unable to increase.
132 relished, appeared well.

159 preposterous, a mistake by the clown for prosperous.
173 franklins, country land-holders, the next rank below gentlemen.
181 tall, thick.

iii. **12 singularities**, rare sights.
18 lonely, alone. **Lonely**] Hanmer; Louely F_1; Lovely F_2.
19 lively, in a lifelike way.
28 nothing, in no way.
38 piece, masterpiece.
67 fixure, fixed state.
86 resolve you, make yourselves ready.
129 push, crisis.
132 partake to, display to.
145 justified, testified to.

THE TEMPEST

INTRODUCTION

THE ISLE OF DEVILS—The sources of *The Tempest* hitherto discovered do not account for any important constituent of the play. The hint for the title and the setting of the action probably came from the shipwreck of the *Sea Adventure,* which was much talked of and written about in 1610-11, the date of composition assigned by the versification and style of the play as well as by external evidence. Sir George Somers left England for Virginia in May, 1609, with a well appointed expedition of nine vessels and five hundred settlers for the new colony. On July 25 the *Sea Adventure* was separated by a great storm from the rest of the fleet and almost given up for lost, but Sir George Somers, who was in command, descrying the Bermudas, those on board succeeded in making a landing by driving the ship on shore, and after eight months escaped to Virginia in two pinnaces they had built. Some of them returned to England in 1610, and strange tales of their adventures went abroad. It was to set these at rest that "the Council of Virginia" published "A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colony," in which the horrors of the storm are vividly described, and contrasted with the good fortune of the escape. "These islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted as an enchanted pile of rocks, and a desert inhabitation for devils, but all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine." Fuller details are given in a pamphlet published the same year (1610) by one of the adventurers, Silvester Jourdan, under the title "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils." He says:—

"The Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the devil himself; and no man was ever heard to make for this place, but as, against their wills, they have, by storms and dangerousness of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwreck. Yet did we find there the air so temperate and the country so abundantly fruitful of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beer, and victual being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months (few days over or under), we were not only well-refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there:—wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath been, and is still accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorn place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfulest, and pleasing land, (the quantity and bigness thereof considered,) and merely natural, as ever man set foot upon."

A third account, by William Strachy, also dated 1610, although it appears not to have been printed before 1625, gives a lively description of the "most dreadful Tempest," especially of St. Elmo's Fires, which were seen about halfway up the mast (see I. i. 200 and note thereon); the Bermudas are spoken of as *The Devil's Island,* "it being counted of most that they can be no habitation for men but rather given over to devils and wicked spirits." Rich's "News from Virginia," a ballad of 1610 by "one of the Voyage," calls the islands *Bermoothawes.* Cf. "the still-vex'd Bermoothes" of I. ii. 229.

MONTAIGNE—"The conception of Caliban undoubtedly connects itself with the general idea of the desert island, to which it forms an all but in-

evitable supplement." So writes Sir Adolphus Ward, who also draws attention to another element in Caliban's composition. More's *Utopia* was an island of the West, and Montaigne's Essays (translated by Florio, 1603; second edition, 1613) had associated such speculations with the inhabitants of America. Gonzalo's description of an ideal commonwealth (II. i 147–164; see note) is taken directly from Montaigne's chapter *Of the Caniballes,* and "it seems difficult to escape from the conclusion that Shakespeare intended his monster as a satire incarnate on Montaigne's 'noble savage.'" The name Caliban is probably nothing more than a metathesis of *Canibal.*

DIE SCHÖNE SIDEA—Jakob Ayrer of Nuremberg, who died in 1605, wrote under this title a comedy which along with much that is foolish and irrelevant has some points of resemblance with *The Tempest.* The beautiful Sidea is the daughter of a magician, Prince Ludolff, who is vanquished in battle by the Prince of Wiltau. In revenge Ludolff charms the rapier of his adversary's son and carries him off to the forest, where the beautiful Sidea compels him to carry and split logs. But the two young people fall in love with each other, run away, and bring about a reconciliation between their parents. As Ayrer's comedy was undoubtedly earlier in date, he cannot have copied from Shakespeare, and it seems very unlikely that Shakespeare, if he had had access to Ayrer's comedy (no printed copy before 1618 is known), would have disinterred these incidents from the mass of balderdash in which they are embedded. Probably both plots go back to a common original in some Italian novel which has since been lost. Thomas's *History of Italy* (1549) gives Prospero (Adorno) as the name of a lieutenant of the Duke of Milan at Genoa, who was deposed and restored to office, and Alonzo and Ferdinand as names of kings of Naples about the same time (latter part of the fifteenth century).

AT THE COURT OF JAMES I—The earliest mention of *The Tempest* is an entry in the Revels Accounts for 1611:—"By the Kings Players: Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before the Kinges Majestie a play called the Tempest." This indicates that Shakespeare's Company presented the play at Court on Nov. I, in the banqueting hall newly erected by James I. For many years this entry, unearthed by Peter Cunningham, was regarded as a forgery, but recent investigations by an English barrister, Ernest Law, have established its authenticity. The play was probably first produced on the stage of the company's theatre at Blackfriars a few months before, and it seems to have become immediately popular. We learn from the Vertue MS. that it was again presented at Court in February, 1613, as part of the festivities in celebration of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine. In 1613 Ben Jonson, in the Introduction to *Bartholomew Fair,* made an ironical apology for the absence from his play of "a Servant-Monster" or "a nest of Anticks." "He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels." It was doubtless because *The Tempest* was popular, comparatively new, and still unpublished that the printers of the First Folio in 1623 gave this comedy the first place in their collection of Shakespeare's dramas. The text as there given is remarkably correct, and remains the sole authority for any modern edition of the play.

STAGE HISTORY—In 1667 D'Avenant and Dryden laid sacrilegious hands upon *The Tempest* and turned it into a monstrosity called *The Enchanted Island,* which was exceedingly popular; no modern critic would describe it in the words of Pepys "the most innocent play that ever I saw," for the adapters succeeded in converting the crystal purity of the original into gross indecency. Miranda was duplicated with Hippolito "one that never saw woman, right heir of the Dukedom of Mantua," and was given a sister, Dorinda; Caliban's part was similarly doubled with a sister-monster, Sycorax. In 1673 Shadwell subjected this version to further degradation by developing its operatic features, adding new songs and a concluding masque, in which Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus, and Tethys "appear in a chariot drawn with sea horses; on each side of the chariot, sea gods and goddesses, Tritons and Nereids." This was the version that was produced by Garrick at Drury Lane in 1756 with Beard, the popular ballad singer, as Prospero, and by John Philip Kemble in 1767, when Sarah Kemble (afterwards Mrs. Siddons), then aged twelve, appeared as Ariel. Even Macready in 1821 retained the parts of Hippolito and Dorinda, and did not return to the original text till 1838. *The Tempest* had its place in the great Shakespearean revivals of Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells (1847) and of Charles Kean at the Princess (1857), the latter with sumptuous decorations and elaborate mechanical devices. Kemble, Macready, Phelps, and Kean took the part of Prospero. The most noted

Caliban of the early nineteenth century was John Emery.

In recent times *The Tempest* has been one of the most read and least acted of Shakespeare's masterpieces. In the words of a modern critic, "this most ethereal, most imaginative and poetical of plays demands very skillful and delicate handling, and the most praiseworthy rendering of it is likely at the best to fall far short of the imaginative visions of the poet's genius." It offers no easy triumph for a "star" actress; Miranda is an ungrateful part in the sense that it is extremely difficult and affords little opportunity for striking stage effects. Caliban is a still more difficult character as conceived by Shakespeare, and the annals of the stage give no record of successful realization. F. R. Benson gave some notable performances toward the end of the nineteenth century in the English provinces, and early in the twentieth at the London Lyceum; his Caliban was "an ape-like creature, which climbed trees, hung head downwards from branches, and performed other startling athletic feats," reminiscent rather of the university gymnasium than of the enchanted isle. Beerbohm Tree's impersonation (1904) was more imaginative and grotesque. "He enters," says a contemporary report, "eating a whole fish, with fangs which obtrude like those of some wild animal of the woods. His hairy arms and legs, his long nails on fingers and toes, and his wisps of unkempt hair make him a cross between Rip Van Winkle and a chimpanzee." The production was on the scale of spectacular magnificence associated with His Majesty's Theatre. In 1921 Viola Tree took advantage of her father's experience for a costly revival at the Aldwych Theatre, but the London critics in general expressed a preference for a simpler mounting of the play staged about the same time at the "Old Vic." The Lord Mayor of London in place of the usual banquet, in 1897, gave a performance without scenery with the aid of the Elizabethan Stage Society, Mr. Dolmetsch supplying the music with Elizabethan instruments. Ben Greet's company have produced the play in the open air at many colleges on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is a curious fact that *The Tempest,* which professional actors fear to undertake, is a favorite play for amateur performers, from the Oxford University Dramatic Society to the merest schoolgirls.

On the American stage W. E. Burton, John Gilbert, and William Davidge won reputation in the part of Caliban, and Charles Fisher and E. L. Davenport in that of Prospero. The most noteworthy production of later years was that at Daly's Theatre in 1897; Tyrone Power was Caliban; Virginia Earl, Ariel; Nancy McIntosh, Miranda. The setting was delicately charming, the music quaint and sweet; but nearly half of the text disappeared to make way for stage effects. Prospero's bidding to stage manager Ariel, "Bring a corollary rather than want a spirit," has been too generously interpreted by the modern producer. A French *Tempest* in 1889 omitted even the part of Prospero; but as this performance frankly announced itself as a "ballet," it belongs rather to opera than to romantic drama.

In 1916, on the three hundredth anniversary of the day of Shakespeare's death, the New York Drama Society reproduced *The Tempest* under the original stage conditions at the Century Theatre. The performance was under the direction of John Corbin, the dramatic critic, and of Louis Calvert, the latter taking the part of Prospero. In the following month Percy Mackaye's "Community Masque," presenting the main figures of *The Tempest* in their relations to each other on the enchanted island before the shipwreck, was performed in the new stadium of City College.

MUSIC—The original settings of Ariel's songs, "Full fathom five" and "Where the bee sucks," were composed by R. Johnson, and are preserved in Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads,* Oxford, 1660. Later settings in the seventeenth century by the greatest of English song writers, Purcell, and in the eighteenth century by Dr. Arne, still figure on concert programs. Taubert wrote incidental music for a production of *The Tempest* at the Munich Court Theatre, and the orchestral accompaniments arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Tchaikovski and Glazounoff, are also used at modern performances of the drama.

CRITICAL COMMENT—Caliban, the despair of the actor, is the delight of the critic. Dryden, after mangling the play for the stage, chose this character as a signal instance of the copiousness of Shakespeare's invention. "The poet has most judiciously furnished him with a person, a language, and a character which will suit him both by father's and mother's side; he has all the discontents and malice of a witch and of a devil, besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins; gluttony, sloth, and lust are manifest; the dejectedness of a slave is likewise given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a desert island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural lust; and his language is as

hobgoblin as his person; in all things he is distinguished from other mortals." Dr. Johnson (1773) gave the play judicious praise for the regularity of its plot and diversity of its characters. Coleridge brought out a side of Caliban's nature, which had been overlooked. "Caliban is in some respects a noble being; the poet has raised him far above contempt; he is a man in the sense of the imagination; all the images he uses are drawn from Nature and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed, beyond animal passion and repugnance to command." Dr. Daniel Wilson (1873) identified Caliban with the missing link. Ruskin interpreted the play allegorically—Ariel as "the spirit of generous and free hearted service," Caliban as the type of slavery. "The heart of his slavery is in his worship; 'That's a brave god and bears celestial—liquor.'" Dowden was inclined to read the play as Shakespeare's farewell to his art in the character of Prospero, Ferdinand standing for his successor, Fletcher, with whom he collaborated in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII*. Other interpretations have identified Prospero with James I and with Divine Providence, but the multitude of modern allegorical theories has rather tended to discredit this whole critical method. Other critics have employed themselves, with no greater success, in an endeavor to locate the enchanted isle. Rudyard Kipling is an advocate of Bermuda, Edward E. Hale of Cuttyhunk, Mass. The former believes that he discovered Stephano's wine cellar on the beach near Hamilton; the latter points out that the fauna and flora of the island are those of the New England coast, and not of the Gulf of Mexico, or the tropics; he therefore claims Miranda as a Massachusetts girl. Another theory identifies her with Virginia Dare, the first child born in America of English parents. On August 18, 1587, "Eleanor, daughter to the Governor, and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the Assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened the Sunday following, and because this child was the first Christian born in Virginia, she was named Virginia." Captain John White, the Governor, sailed away to England for supplies the same year; on his return in 1590 the little colony had disappeared, and it was supposed they had taken refuge with friendly Indians in the interior. In 1607, when the settlement was next renewed, it was reported that there were still seven of the English alive among the Indians, "four men, two boys, and one maid." "The strange girlhood of this one maid, if she were Virginia Dare," suggests Professor Raleigh, "may well have set Shakespeare's fancy working."

CALIBAN IN IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE—Nothing is so significant of Shakespeare's triumphant achievement in Caliban as the hold taken by the character on the imagination of later poets. Among the evidences of this F. G. Waldron's drama *The Virgin Queen* (1797), "attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest*," has only the interest of curiosity; but Browning's monologue, *Caliban upon Setebos: or Natural Theology in the Island* is remarkable for its extension of the mind of Caliban into regions into which his creator had not ventured. Browning's Caliban is still in the main the Caliban of the play, but he has religious and philosophic interests characteristic of his new maker and of the Victorian era.

In the dramatic fantasy of the French philosopher Renan (1878), Caliban becomes a political demagogue, the spokesman of the Rights of Man and Social Democracy. The cry of "Vive Caliban! Caliban chef du peuple" puts the monster in Prospero's place as Duke of Milan; but once on the throne, Caliban receives new light as to the rights of property and the importance of science, literature, and art. He protects Prospero against the accusations of sorcery and atheism urged against him by the Inquisition, and exploits his studies for the greater glory of the Caliban régime. Ariel's devices have no hold upon a positivistic generation, devoid of imagination, and he bids his old master a last farewell. Renan uses the characters of *The Tempest* for many ironical criticisms of modern democracy and republican government—a far cry, it may seem, from the intention of the original author, though the discerning reader may find in Shakespeare's romantic drama the hints which the writer of the French *Caliban* has ingeniously elaborated. C.

THE TEMPEST

[The Scene: An uninhabited Island.

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Alonso, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.
Adrian and Francisco, } Lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a jester.
Stephano, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy spirit.
Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers, } [presented by] Spirits.
[Other Spirits attending on Prospero.]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—[*On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*]

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master. What cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. *Exit.* 5

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough! 9

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm. 15
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not.
Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21
Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. *Exit.* 29
Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *Exeunt.* 36

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower,

lower! Bring her to try with main-course. (*A cry within.*) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.
(*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!')

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt Ant. and Seb.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—[*The island. Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort,
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'
Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? By any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememberest aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.
Mir. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.
Mir. O, good sir, I do.
Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revénue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?
Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.
Mir. O the heavens!
Pros. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pros. Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends,
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore
Pros. By Providence divine
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. [*Miranda sleeps.*]
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? No more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.
Pros. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? Say what! What shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't. Go! Hence with diligence! *Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well.
Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never

Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! Slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! Speak.
Cal. (*Within*) There's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! When?

Enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave, hence! *Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

'Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden (dispersedly). Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark!
Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.'

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's song.

'Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden. Ding-dong.
Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.'

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! Heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
Draws, and is charmed from moving.
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.
Pros. [*To Mir., who kneels to him*] What? I say,
My foot my tutor? [*To Fer.*] Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! Hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!
An advocate for an impostor! Hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. [*To Fer.*] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. [*To Fer.*] Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. [*To Fer.*] Come, follow. [*To Mir.*] Speak not for him. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Ant. O, widow Dido! Ay, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fished for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most-swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to and impórtun'd otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, [invisible,] playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! What a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience?
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest:
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*]

Enter Ariel, [*invisible,*] *with music and song.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

'While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!'

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. [*Waking*] Now, good angels
Preserve the king!
[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why, how now?

[*To the King.*] Ho, awake!
[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Alon. [*Waking*] What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.
Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing [*a bottle in his hand*].

Ste. 'I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore'—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks. Sings.

'The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!'

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me! Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me. Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils. O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, and if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?
Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.
Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.
Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.
Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!
Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.
Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.
Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.
Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.
Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him.—
Ste. Come, kiss.
Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!
Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!
Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?
Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. (*Sings drunkenly.*)
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. 'No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.'

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero [*at a distance, unseen*].

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,

Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. [*Kneeling.*] My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!
Exeunt [*Fer. and Mir. severally*].
Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.
Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.
Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.
Trin. Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.
Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.
Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.
Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?
Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?
Trin. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!
Cal. Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.
Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
Ari. Thou liest.
Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.
Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—
Ste. That's most certain.
Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.
Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.
Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.
Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave útensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste. Ay, on mine honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master.
Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

(*Sings.*)

'Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.'

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.
Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.
Trin. O, forgive me my sins!
Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!
Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.
Solemn and strange music.
Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*]
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine lov'd darling.
[*Exit above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
Exeunt Seb. and Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? Here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. *Exit.*
Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.
Soft music.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. *They sing:*

Juno. 'Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[*Cer.*] Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.'

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! Avoid! No more!
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. *Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.*] *Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If

I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark! [*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. *Exit.*
Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. *Solemn music.*

Here enters Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.'

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
And if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot,
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I

Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*]
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.
Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pros. You'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]
Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]
Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnis'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near. *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
Exit

FINIS

NOTES

The 'names of the actors,' or, as we should say, the characters, are given in the First Folio at the end of the play.

ACT I

i Lord Mulgrave, an authority on seamanship, commended this scene for the accuracy and skill of its sea-craft. 'The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety.'

3 **Good**, probably a contraction for 'good fellow,' as in line 16. It is not an answer to the Boatswain's question. It may be an interjection equivalent to 'well.'

4 **yarely**, quickly, nimbly. Cf. 'yare' in line 7.

8 **Blow**. This sentence is addressed to the wind. The Boatswain does not care how hard it blows so long as they have sea-room.

15 **assist the storm**, i. e., by engaging our attention and getting in our way.

18 **roarers**, roaring billows. The use of the singular verb is not uncommon with a plural subject following.

25 **present**, i. e., time. **hand**, handle.

30-36 Gonzalo's speech elaborates the old adage: 'He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.'

38 **to try with main-course**, to sail as close as possible to the wind by means of the mainsail.

40 **office**, words of command.

52 **a-hold**, close to the wind. **two courses**, foresail and mainsail.

59 **merely**, absolutely.

60 **wide-chapp'd**, big-mouthed.

61 **ten tides**. A pirate's body, after hanging at low water mark, was left for three tides.

63 **glut**, swallow up.

ii. 1-13 The versification of this speech, with its light, weak, and double endings, is characteristic of Shakespeare's last period.

4 **welkin**, the massed clouds, the sky.

6 **brave**, fine, handsome.

13 **fraughting**, on board.

14 **amazement**, consternation. **piteous**, pitiful.

16 **thee**. Prospero uses the singular of affection; Miranda the plural of respectful address.

19 **better**, nobler, of higher rank.

28 **provision**, foresight.

31 **Betid**, befallen, happened.

41 **Out**, altogether, quite.

63 **holp**, helped.

64 **teen**, grief, trouble.

70 **manage**, management. The involved structure of this sentence is characteristic both of Prospero and of his creator's latest style.

81 **trash**, check.

83 **key**, used in a double sense.

90 **closeness**, privacy.

97 **lorded**, enriched, endowed.

100-102 Many emendations of this difficult passage have been proposed, the change of **into** to *unto* being the simplest. The meaning is clear: Antonio falsified his memory by telling the lie so frequently that he came to regard it as the truth.

103-104 From being the substitute and representative of royalty.

107 **this part he played**, the dukedom.

108 **him he play'd it for**, himself.

109 **me**, for me.

112 **dry**, thirsty, eager.

117 **condition**, agreement. **event**, outcome.

118 **but**, otherwise than.

123 **in lieu of the premises**, in return for the offer.

134 **hint**, theme, subject, as in II. i. 3.

138 **impertinent**, irrelevant, its original meaning.

144 **In few**, in short, as in *Hamlet* I. iii. 126.

146 **boat, Rowe]**; Butt F.

155 **deck'd**, covered.

157 **stomach**, courage.

165 **steaded much**, stood us in good stead.

173 **princess**, used as a plural.

188 Ariel is compounded of the elements of air and fire; Caliban of the other two—earth and water.

193 **quality**, fellows of the same profession.

194 **to point**, exactly.

196 **beak**, figurehead.

197 **waist**, between quarterdeck and forecastle.

200 **flame distinctly**, separately. William Strachy in his *True Repertory* (see Introduction) says: 'Upon the Thursday night Sir George Somers being upon the watch had an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the mainmast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud, attempting to settle as it were upon any of the four shrouds; and for three or four hours together, or rather more, half the night it kept with us, running sometimes along the main-yard to the very end and then returning.' This description, though written in 1610, was not published, so far as we know, till 1625; but there is a similar passage in Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598); 'This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once.'

207 **coil**, tumult, confusion, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* III. ii. 339 and *Hamlet* III. i. 67.

213 **up-staring**, standing up straight.

218 **sustaining**, holding them up in the sea.

223 **odd angle**, out of the way corner.

229 **Bermoothes** (three syllables), an attempt to reproduce phonetically the name of the Spanish discoverer of the islands, Bermudez (1515). They

were little known until the wreck of 1609, which was immediately followed by their occupation and settlement by the English.

still-vex'd refers to the storms which up to that time had given the islands an evil reputation.

234 Mediterranean flote, sea. This is the nearest indication we have of the whereabouts of the uninhabited island. Evidently it is not one of the Bermudas, as Ariel is sent there; and though Ariel, like Puck, might 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,' the Neapolitan fleet would be less speedy, and must be supposed near the Mediterranean at the time of the storm. But all attempts to locate the scene of *The Tempest* are futile. An old ballad, founded on the play, says:—

> 'From that day forth the Isle has been
> By wandering sailors never seen.
> Some say 'tis buried deep
> Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
> Above its savage, rocky shores
> Nor e'er is known to sleep.'

This does not, of course, invalidate the supposition that Shakespeare made use of the circumstances of the Bermuda wreck. The violence of the storm, the separation of the *Sea Adventure* from the rest of the fleet, the apparently miraculous escape of those on board, and the character of the island on which they landed establish a parallel of unmistakable significance. See Introduction.

240 two glasses, two o'clock. The time of the action is about equivalent to that of the representation. Cf. V. i. 4 and 223.

242 pains, toil. Cf. 'to take pains.'

252 ooze, at the bottom of the sea.

257 Prospero is said by modern commentators to speak lines such as this and 285 'playfully.' One would like to think so; but Shakespeare evidently intended to endow Prospero with a certain severity of disposition, perhaps conceived as necessary for the exercise of his power over Ariel.

261 Argier, Algiers.

269 blue-eyed, with blue lids, as in *As You Like It* III. ii. 393.

273 earthy, gross.

274 hests, behests, commands.

282 she] Rowe; he F.

299 discharge, dismiss, release.

311 miss, do without.

312 offices, duties.

314 Thou, repeated, the singular of address to an inferior.

earth, the predominant element in Caliban's composition, as air in that of Ariel.

316 When? an exclamation of impatience.

317 quaint, dainty, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. ii. 7.

323 southwest wind, supposed to bring corruption and disease,

326 urchins, hobgoblins, whose time of visitation is the night.

332-344 This passage has been interpreted by Professor Moulton as a parable of the relations between the aborigines of the New World and the first European settlers.

333 madest] Rowe; made F.

344-362 This is the colonist's view of the savage.

364 rid, destroy.

369 old, intensive, as in *The Merchant of Venice* IV. ii. 15 and *Macbeth* II. iii. 2.

370 aches, pronounced like the plural of the letter 'h.'

374 Setebos, mentioned in Eden's *History of Travel* (1577) as the 'great devil' of the Patagonians.

378 kiss'd. Kissing dances were popular, and a kiss was a common preliminary to a dance. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* I. v. 95-98 and *Henry VIII.* I. iv. 95-98.

379 whist, hushed.

380 featly, gracefully, delicately.

381 the burden bear] Dryden; beare the burthen F.

382 dispersedly, from various parts of the stage. It may be that 'Bow-wow' and 'Cock-a-diddle-dow' were cries made from behind or underneath the stage.

392 passion, suffering.

399-401 These lines are the epitaph on Shelley's grave at Rome.

405 ditty, words of a song.

remember, recall, commemorate. See line 243 above.

407 owes, owns, as in line 454.

414 but, except that.

415 canker, the worm that eats the flower, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. ii. 3.

432 single, simple, weak, as in *Macbeth* I. vi. 16.

438 brave son. This is the only reference to Antonio's son. Staunton would identify him with Francisco (see 'names of the actors') who has a speech of ten lines in II. i. 113-122, and three words in III. iii. 40. But see note on II. i. 232.

443 some wrong, by representing yourself as King of Naples. See 453-454.

471 ward, posture of defense, as in *1 Henry IV.* I. ii. 211 and II. iv. 215.

484 nerves, sinews.

ACT II

i. 5 merchant, used first in the sense of vessel, and then of the person.

11 visitor, offering consolation to the sick.

15 tell, count.

18 dollar, first coined in 1518. Sebastian takes **entertainer** in a sense other than meant, a public entertainer, the landlord of an inn.

36 So, you're paid] Theobald; *Ant.* So you're paid F.

40 miss't, do without it, as in I. ii. 311.

42 temperance, temperature.

43 Temperance, here used as a proper name.

55 eye, shade; the 'green eye' secondarily meant is of course Gonzalo.

56 misses not much, is not far wrong.

60 vouched, asserted, guaranteed.

65 pockets, having a mouth, or, perhaps, having sand or mud in it.

75 to, as.

82 of that, about that.

87 harp, of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes, or of Apollo, those of Troy.

107 stomach of my sense, the inclination of my feelings and reason.
109 rate, opinion.
133 Moe, more.
140 chirurgeonly, like a surgeon.
143 plantation, settlement, colonization, the usual Elizabethan meaning. Antonio purposely misunderstands.
147-164 This was obviously suggested by Florio's translation of the chapter in Montaigne's Essays *Of the Caniballes,* a passage from which reads as follows:—'It is a nation—that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred, but common, no apparel but natural, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon were never heard of amongst them.'
151 succession, inheritance.
152 Bourn, boundary, as in *Hamlet* III. i. 79.
154 all men idle. Shakespeare has misunderstood Florio, who correctly translates Montaigne 'no occupation but idle,' i. e., no occupations but those of leisure. The original reads: 'nulles occupations qu'oysives,' the gender of the last word putting the meaning beyond doubt. But Shakespeare evidently had not the original before him.
161 engine, of war, as in *Othello* III. iii. 355.
163 it, its. **foison,** plenty.
174 sensible, sensitive.
178 to, in comparison with.
181 and, if, flat-long, with the flat of the sword.
183 sphere, orbit, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. i. 153.
185 bat-fowling, birdcatching in the dark.
187 adventure, risk.
188 discretion, reputation for good sense.
190 hear us, laugh (understood) perhaps; but the meaning is doubtful.
194 Take advantage of the offered drowsiness.
207 speaks, calls to.
216 wink'st, closest thine eyes.
221 Trebles thee o'er, triples thy greatness.
standing water, ready to move in either direction. Cf. *Twelfth Night* I. v. 168.
225 stripping it, of obscurity.
226 invest it, with probability.
Ebbing men, on a declining tide of fortune.
231 throes, pains. **yield,** bring forth.
232 lord of weak remembrance, Francisco. See above, lines 113-122. This seems to contradict Staunton's supposition identifying Francisco as Antonio's son.
235-236 Persuasion is his only profession.
242 wink, the least moment or particle.
243 doubt discovery, cannot doubt discovery of a crown. This interpretation, among many offered, gives the best sense.
250 from whom, coming from whom.
251 cast, up on shore.
259 us, the cubits referred to as speakers in 257.
266 chough, commonly used of the jackdaw.
273 feater, more gracefully. See above I. ii. 380.
276 kibe, chilblain, heel-sore, as in *Lear* I. v. 9.
279 candied, congealed.
285 wink, sleep. See note on line 216 above.
286 ancient morsel, Gonzalo.
288 suggestion, evil prompting as in *Macbeth* I. iii. 134.
289 tell, count, as in line 15 above.
306-309 The arrangement of these lines is that of Staunton and Dyce. F ascribes **Why how now . . . looking** to Alonso, and **What's the matter?** to Gonzalo.
316 a whole herd of lions. Note the confusion of guilt in the varying accounts given.
324 these beasts. Possibly Gonzalo is not taken in by the story, and has in mind, not the lions, but Sebastian and Antonio.

ii. 3 inch-meal, inch by inch.
5 urchin-shows, goblin-apparitions. See I. ii. 326.
9 mow, make faces.
22 bombard, a large wine-vessel, as in *1 Henry IV* II. iv. 497.
28 Poor-John, salted hake. See *Romeo and Juliet* I. i. 37.
30 painted, as a sign outside a booth.
32 make a man, make his fortune.
33 doit, a very small coin, less than a farthing.
35 fins like arms. Purchas (II. 1556) describes a sea monster found in Africa about 1590 with 'arms like a man without hair, and at the elbows great fins like a fish.' 'The Caffirs seeing our slaves slay him fell upon him and ate him; which they which spare nothing had not done before, because they thought him (they said) the son of the devil (having never seen the like), the rather because he made a noise which might be heard half a league off.'
40 gaberdine, a long loose rain-cloak.
43 dregs, of the **bumbard** above, line 22.
73 neat's-leather, oxhide. Cf. *Julius Cæsar* I. i. 29.
80 too much, ironical.
85 ways, possibly a nautical expression for 'side,' i. e., turn over; but probably it means simply 'come on.'
86 cat. There is an old proverb, 'Good liquor will make a cat speak.'
98 Amen! An exclamation to bring Caliban's drink to an end.
103 long spoon, in allusion to another proverb, given in full in *The Comedy of Errors* IV. iii. 64-65: 'Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.'
110 siege, stool.
111 moon-calf, monstrosity.
150 drawn, drunk.
176 scamels, some kind of rock-bird or shellfish not positively identified.
187 trencher] Pope; Trenchering F.

ACT III

i. 2 sets off, makes up for; **Delight** is the subject.
15 Most busy least when I do it. Furness records

twelve large pages of discussion as to the interpretation or emendation of this line. It seems to mean simply 'My thoughts are busiest when I do least work.'
37 **hest**, behest, command, as in I. ii. 274.
46 **the foil**, defeat.
63 **blow**, infect.
79 **to want**, through lacking.
80 **it**, love.
89 **of**, accepted of.
94 **book**, of magic. See V. i. 57.

ii. 10 **set**, fixed.
18 **standard**, standard-bearer, ensign.
29 **in case**, in a mood.
30 **deboshed**, debauched.
37 **natural**, idiot.
71 **pied**, in the fool's motley. **patch**, fool.
75 **quick freshes**, springs of fresh water.
79 **stock-fish**, dried cod, which had to be beaten before it was boiled.
89 **murrain**, plague.
99 **wezand**, windpipe.
101 **sot**, fool. French *sot*.
104 **utensils** (accented on first syllable), instruments.
126 **troll**, sing in succession. **catch**, round, part-song.
127 **while-ere**, a short time ago.
133 **S. D. tabor**, a small drum.
136 **picture of Nobody**, a popular comic engraving of the time.
iii. 1 **lakin**, Ladykin, the Virgin, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* III. i. 14.
5 **attach'd**, attacked, seized.
10 **frustrate**, Latin past participle.
21 **drollery**, puppet-show.
36 **muse**, wonder at.
39 **Praise in departing**, a proverbial expression, meaning 'Keep back your praises till you see how your entertainment will end.'
45 **Dewlapp'd like bulls**, afflicted with goitre. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* IV. i. 126.
46 **heads . . . in their breasts**. Cf. *Othello* I. iii. 144-145: 'Men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders.'
48 **putter-out of five for one**, traveler who staked a sum of money on condition that he received five times the amount on his return; if he did not return, the holder retained the stake. This kind of 'inverted life-insurance' was common at the time.
54 **to**, for, as in II. i. 75.
64 **still-closing**, constantly closing after division.
65 **dowle**, feathery thread.
71 **requit**, requited, punished (by the storm).
82 **S. D. mows**, grimaces, as in II. ii 9 and IV. i. 47.
109 **ecstasy**, alienation of mind caused by violent emotion.

ACT IV

2 **Your compensation**, received by you.
3 **thrid**] Tollett; third F. **thrid** is found elsewhere in Elizabethan literature meaning 'fibre.'
7 **strangely**, wonderfully, surprisingly well.
9 **off**, in parting with her; of F_1.
14 **purchas'd**, obtained.
16 **sanctimonious**, sacred.
18 **aspersion**, in its original sense of 'sprinkling.'
26 **suggestion**, temptation, as in II. i. 288.
27 **genius**, attendant spirit.
37 **rabble**, company of spirits (no contempt implied).
43 **with a twink**, in the twinkling of an eye.
47 **mop**, mock. **mow**. See 82 S. D. above.
56 **liver**, supposed the seat of passion.
57 **corollary**, a surplus number, more than enough.
58 **pertly**, quickly, cheerfully, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I. i. 13.
59 Silence was required for charms. See *Macbeth* IV. i. 70.
63 **stover**, fodder for cattle.
64 **pioned and twilled**, trenched and ridged, or, less probably, adorned with peonies and reeds.
65 **spongy**, wet.
68 **pole-clipt**, with vine-clasped poles.
70 **queen o' the sky**, Juno, who had the rainbow (Iris) as her messenger.
81 **bosky**, wooded.
85 **estate**, bestow, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I. i. 98.
89 **Dusky Dis**, Pluto, the god of the lower world, who carried off Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres, to be his queen.
93 **Paphos**, the favorite resort of Venus.
98 **minion**, darling.
101 **right out**, and nothing else, no longer a god.
110 **earth's**, pronounced 'earthès.'
foison plenty, plentiful abundance.
114 **spring**, sowing time.
118 **charmingly**, magically.
123 **rare a wonder'd**, rarely gifted to perform wonders.
127 **windring**, winding or meandering; not found elsewhere; perhaps a misprint for 'winding.'
130 **crisp**, with curling waves.
142 **Avoid**, depart.
154 **inherit**, possess.
156 **rack**, a cloud-drift. There is a remarkable parallel to this justly celebrated passage in an earlier play by William of Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, *The Tragedy of Darius*:—

'Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt—
Not sceptres, no—but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant.
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair:
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls
Evanish all like vapours in the air.'

180 **goss**, gorse.
187 **stale**, decoy.
189 **Nurture**, education.
198 **Jack**, knave.
206 **hoodwink**, cover up, make you forget.
221-222 An allusion to an old ballad a stanza of which is sung by Iago in *Othello* II. iii. 92-93:

'King Stephen was a worthy peer, His breeches cost him but a crown.'

226 frippery, old clothes shop.

237 lose your hair. Sailors shave the heads of novices when they pass 'under the line' of the equator.

239 line and level, the plumbline and spirit level used by craftsmen.

244 pass of pate, stroke of wit.

246 lime, birdlime.

261 aged cramps, such as afflict age. **pinchspotted,** marked with pinches.

262 pard, leopard. **cat o' mountain,** wild cat.

ACT V

3 carriage, what he has to carry.

10 line-grove, of limetrees. **weather-fends,** shelters.

11 your release, you release them, i. e., from the charm.

23 relish, feel. **all as,** quite as. **sharply,** keenly.

24 passion, suffering.

33-50 This speech of Prospero's bears a close resemblance to Ovid's description of Medea's incantation, *Metamorphoses* VII. 197-206, as translated by Arthur Golding (1567). Ovid was a favorite author of the Elizabethans, and Shakespeare took from him the motto of *Venus and Adonis,* which is Ovidian in subject and style. Meres, in speaking of Shakespeare in 1598, compared him to Ovid.

36 demi-puppets, fairies half the size of dolls.

37 ringlets, fairy circles. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II. i. 9.

60 boil'd] Rowe; boile F.

63 sociable, sympathetic.

64 Fall, let fall. **fellowly,** in fellowship.

70 pay thy graces, reward thy kindness.

71 Home, fully, to the uttermost.

76 remorse, pity. **nature,** natural affection.

81 reasonable, of reason.

82 lies] F_1 F_4; ly F_2 F_3.

86 sometime Milan, once upon a time Duke of Milan.

112 abuse, deceive.

128 justify, prove.

139 woe, sorry.

154 admire, wonder.

213 his own, master of his senses.

218 blasphemy, blasphemer.

223 glasses, hours.

224 yare, ready.

236 her] Thirlby; our F.

238 to eye her, at the sight of her.

240 moping, as if bereft of our senses.

244 conduct, conductor, guide.
oracle, supernatural explanation.

248 single, alone, by ourselves.
resolve, give an explanation.

267 badges, worn by Stephano and Trinculo as servants of the royal house of Naples.

271 power, authority, permission.

279 ripe, drunk.

280 gilded (Elizabethan slang), intoxicated.

298 luggage, the 'frippery' taken from the line.

302 waste, spend, as in *Merchant of Venice* III. iv. 12.

310-311 The commentators discern in these lines an allusion to Shakespeare's withdrawal from the stage and retirement to Stratford.

318 Please you, draw near. Prospero evidently shows his guests to the cell, which is behind the curtains at the back of the stage, and returns to the front to speak the Epilogue.

EPILOGUE

10 good hands, applause.

18 Mercy, the All-Merciful. **frees,** frees from.

19-20 An allusion to the verse of the Lord's Prayer 'Forgive us our trespasses.' With this serious and exalted note Shakespeare closes his last play.

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ARTS-HUMANITIES